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TALES OF THE CENTURY

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

JOHN SOBIESKI

AND

CHARLES EDWARD

"Gairn-sa air-sa a' dach

"a' bladhna' gairn-sa a' dach."

(Gairn-sa)

"Gairn-sa a' dach a' dach,

"Gairn-sa a' dach a' dach a' dach."

EDITION

JAMES MACKENZIE

LONDON CHARLES MACKENZIE

MDCCLXVII



TALES OF THE CENTURY

OR

SKETCHES OF THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1746 AND 1846.

BY

JOHN SOBIESKI

AND

CHARLES EDWARD
STUART.

“Gairm-sa air-ais gu-luath
Na bliadhna’ gun tuar a bh’ ànn.”

Ossian.

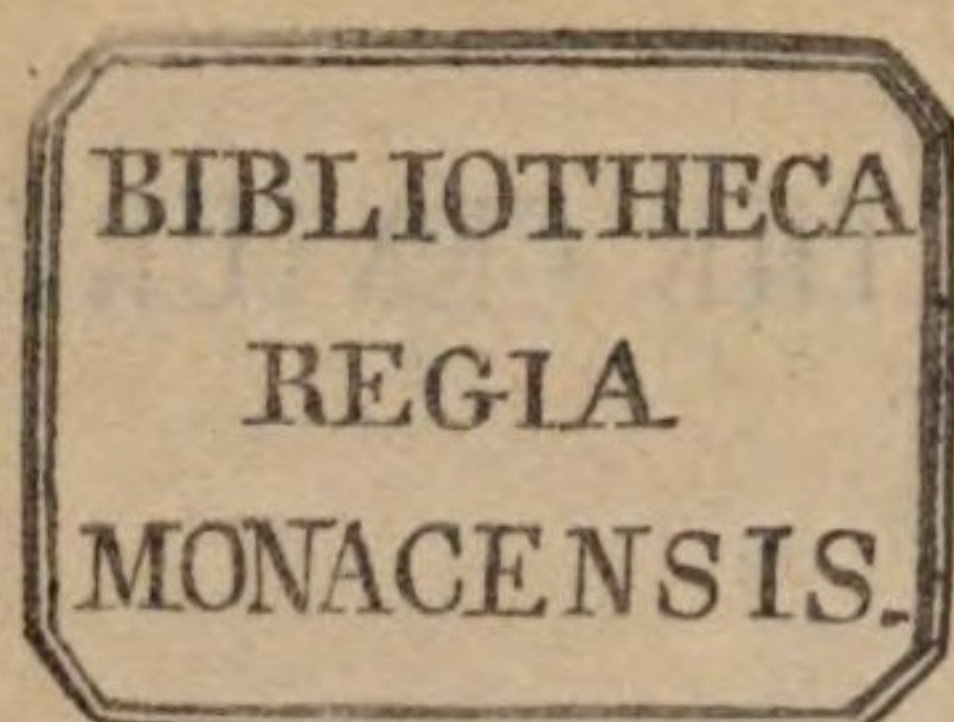
“We call back, maid of Lutha,
The years which have rolled away.”

EDINBURGH

JAMES MARSHALL

LONDON CHARLES DOLMAN.

MDCCCXLVII.



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PREFACE.

TO

MARIE STUART

BY

HER FATHER AND UNCLE.

MDCCCXLVI.

MARIE STEWART

HER FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE.

“HISTORY,” says Lord Orford, “is a Romance which is believed ; Romance, a History which is not believed.”

Most readers suppose that this sentence is a mere paradoxical quibble—the whim of a man amusing himself in a flirtation with his pen. Lord Orford, however, was versed in the manners and the language of the middle ages, and his assertion is an historic truth.

“*Roman*” and “*Romaunt*”—derived from the “*Roman*” language in which the early literature of those periods was written, signified originally a true chronicle, and was only applied to works of fiction ; as in the English synonyme of the pre-

sent day, we have the "*History*" of the Round Table, of Pamela, or Rob Roy. It finally became restricted to writings of imagination; because, in the mutation with which language is continually progressing, it lost its place among the learned, and was retained only by the fabricators of Lays and Legends, with other characteristics of the chivalric age which contributed to the vocabulary and the machinery of their compositions. Hence among the minstrels and jongleurs of the south, the tales of imaginary heroes and events were still called "*Romaunts*" and "*Romans*," as once among the learned the same designation had been given to works of true biography and history.

That the signification afterwards came to mean improbable events, and exaggerated sentiments, arose from the fact that such had been the character of personages and ideas in the middle-age relations, whether true or false.

Meanwhile, History, which in the days of chivalry—under the thirst of glory, the division of power, the love of adventure, the grandeur and the gloom, the rudeness and the magnificence of the Gothic arts, edifices, and manners—had borne in its persons and events the true spirit of the “Romaunt” or Chivalric History—with the world which it accompanied, glided down into a dull and simple narration—the dry obituary of Princes and Prelates—the record of contracted and ruptured treaties—undetailed battles—changes of laws and changes of Ministry; and truth became allied with poverty of action and juste-milieuism of mind, as the events and the characters of men had become subdued and common-place. Hence warriors no longer defied a barrier, like Sir John Swinton, nor hunted in “Lincoln pall,” like Robin Hood; nor built halls, like William Rufus, or cathedrals, like William of Wickham;

wielded an eighteen-pound axe, in emulation of Cœur de Lion ; or won a Magna Charta, like the Barons of King John. With the velvet and the gold, the armour and the blazonry, the cross and the sword of chivalry, vanished the heroism and the splendour, the great crimes and the *great virtues*, of the middle ages ; and the world and its history declined into that Quakerism of the mind and body, that insensibility to dignity and elevation, splendid arts and abstract glory, which skulks to court in a brougham, worships heaven in a barn, and, awakened to the philosophy of courage, when its flank is turned, feels no morbid sensibility respecting the exhibition of its back.

Between all extremes, however, there is a graduating scale, and between the lives of the common herd, and the actions of extraordinary minds, there is the contrast of many ages. Like trees in the forest, nature still creates some to overtop and

overshadow ; and between the spirit, the projects, and the deeds of each contrast, there lies a disparity as wide, as between the saplings of the crowded thicket and the giants of the forest chase. The superlative actions of these partaking the reality of existence, with the Epic of "Romaunt," has properly been called the "Romance of History." In this combination of veracity and exaggeration, there has appeared from time to time, even to the present day, a solitary shooting star, which gleams and falls upon the dull blank sky of History, with a transient and mysterious light.

Among these—however little known, and little appreciated—lived CHARLES EDWARD; and to the age of the veracious Romaunt belonged his adventurous and concentrated character, his daring designs, mysterious projects, and years of unknown seclusion. His enterprise in Scotland, now con-

signed to the shade of other unsuccessful attempts, was prompted by the same spirit which carried his namesake across the Baltic, and Cæsar beyond the Rubicon. It is inglorious, because it failed ; and it failed, because it was divided. But had the Clans accompanied him to London, he would have been crowned in Westminster Abbey ; and had the council of war been unanimous at Culloden, or had Lord George Murray left untransposed the precedence of the Clans, a victory would—*not* have been disgraced by massacre, nor the glory of a triumph darkened by the blood of murdered peasants, and the smoke of peaceful glens. The attempt which has been reproached for temerity, would have been celebrated for heroic enterprise ; and he who is now named an “Adventurer,” would have descended to posterity with the conquerors, who have planned upon no better hopes, and won battles with greater disparity of force.

But if, by his "Adventures" in Scotland, the chivalry of Charles Edward was most conspicuous to the world, the years of mysterious seclusion which followed his expulsion from Paris were no less deeply tinged with the "romance of history." His sudden, secret, and long journeys, his negotiations with courts and individuals, his momentary apparition in the most distant parts of Europe, have left traces of occult enterprises and ceaseless activity, filled with a spirit as far from the animation of the ordinary world, as that which threw him alone and unsupported into the bosom of the Clans. Even to the latter days of his existence, mysterious and extraordinary occurrences have left the traces of a deep and secret history, which appear like twinkling sparks through the veil drawn over his seclusion. Recollections of his concealment still exist in various parts of England—in France—Germany—Sweden and Poland,

and the working of his mysterious designs may yet be traced in the cabinets of Foreign states, the Senate of Great Britain, and even in the British navy—busy mysterious phantoms of tradition more nearly allied to the “Romaunt” of the middle ages than the history of modern times, and leaving such evidence of his spirit, and his conception, that there is no event connected with his comprehension, of which it may not be said, “It is credible, because it is improbable.”

CHAPTER I.

THE PICTURE.

“ Glasgerion was a king's own son.”

Old Ballad.

ONE day in the winter of 1831, as I was passing Puffinwell's auction-rooms, I was attracted by an advertisement for a sale of pictures, which, trusting the catalogue, left no longer any occasion to visit the Louvre or the Vatican. There is a great pleasure in being cheated at an auction, and I immediately turned in.

The sale was more than half over; and, to judge by what remained, there had been great market for *good* pictures. At my entrance into the room,

the two exhibitors were occupied in lifting more than ten yards of canvass to the green baize *bar*, at which the names of Correggio, Poussin, Paul Veronese, and Michael Angelo, were called with as little ceremony as half a dozen drunken *cads* at Bow Street. I tried various lights to gain a sight of the vast subject before me, but the painting was so dark, and the November light so bad, I could distinguish nothing but a black shadowy confusion, and five or six pale round objects, which I took to be the interior of a kitchen, and half a dozen heads of white broccoli suspended from the rack.

Mr Puffinwell looked at the painting out of the tail of his eye, with a leer of admiration.

“A *splendid* picture by *Titian*!” exclaimed he.

“*Titian* paint *broccoli*!” thought I, and pressed nearer the canvass; but it was still *broccoli*, or *perhaps cauliflower*.

“*Splendid heads!*—A *family* by *Titian*!” exclaimed Mr Puffinwell.

“They are *large* heads,” thought I; and that they were all of one family there was no room to doubt—for each particular head was as like the other as any half-dozen cauliflowers in Covent Garden—and I smiled at the auctioneer’s wit.

“*A Doge of Venice and five senators!*” exclaimed Mr Puffinwell.

“The devil!” whispered a voice behind me; and I, who participated in the surprise, forced my way up to the foot of the picture. It was very true, however, they were *portraits*; and what I had taken for the crimp, white, flowery heads of cabbages, were the wrinkled brows, furrowed cheeks, and puckered noses of six sour old greybeards, who looked as if they yet smelled the black fusty crowd of brokers beneath them.

Mr Puffinwell looked hard at me, as I stood with my eyes fixed on the canvass. “What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this noble picture—a thousand guineas?” and he bowed to me with a persuasive smile. I shrunk into the

crowd. "Do me the honour to name your own price, gentlemen," continued the gracious auctioneer—"900—I am persuaded you will not allow me to say *less* than 900!—900 guineas for this noble picture—the finest Titian in Great Britain—800—700—600—500—400—300—200—100. Upon my word, gentlemen!—I hope there are no foreign amateurs present to witness this fall of British spirit—100 guineas for a matchless Titian!—50!—40!—30!—20!—10!—5! Old Tait nodded his white smooth face and broad-brimmed hat—"Five! gentlemen, *five*!—Well, five is a beginning—six!—seven!—eight!—eight and a half—nine (thank you gentlemen)—ten!—for ten guineas!—going for ten guineas!—the Doge of Venice and six Senators going for—ten guineas!—great Titian going for ten guineas!—Gone, by G—!"—and he knocked it down with such a stroke, as though he had been Jephtha, and the picture his daughter.

Several other "*noble*," "*splendid*," and "*match-*

less" paintings were disposed of at such prices as might have led a by-stander to fear that he should see an angel of Guido, or a lamb of Paul Potter, set up in place of *Tumble-down-Dick*, or the *Red Lion at Brentford*. Whether from this or any other apprehension, the amateurs had begun to drop off, when a tall thin old man, in a dark rusty suit, tottered into the room. To judge by his appearance, he might have been the elder brother of old Parr—for his face was wrinkled and puckered like *tripe au lait*, and much of the same complexion. The hair, which fell from under his half-cocked hat, was as white as flax; and his short thin legs, closely fitted in tabby silk small-clothes, looked like a forked raddish, under the vast flapped waistcoat, and square ruffled coat, which seemed to be the very holiday "*thunder and lightning*" of the Vicar of Wakefield's Moses. Could he have been squeezed and dried like a dead fly, Puffinwell would have inlaid him in canvass for a Hogarth.

He pushed through the crowd to the corner immediately below the auctioneer. As the next picture was elevated, he put on his spectacles; but at the first glance he turned away as if slapped on the face, and reseating himself, began to read his catalogue without any notice of the bidding—another and another “*great master*” was sold, but his attention went no further than the first glance. Once or twice Puffinwell suspended his hammer with a solicitous look, such as a wife gives to her husband when he is going to lose the odd trick with the thirteenth trump in his hand; but as the old man caught his eye, he drew a sharp breath through his gums, and started aside, as if the auctioneer had trodden on his corns.

At last a picture, evidently modern, was produced. Puffinwell drew back in his pulpit, and folding his arms, looked round upon the company like a country pedagogue, when he is going to give holiday to his school. It was a small marine painting, which represented a morning after a storm.

The sea and the sky were yet darkened by heavy clouds, and the wreck of a ship appeared at a distance among the rocks ; but a bright ray of the rising sun broke upon a group of figures on the strand, and lit up an august female figure, and a noble-looking man, who knelt at her feet, and presented an infant whom he appeared to have rescued from the waves.

“ There is a *gem*, gentlemen ! ” exclaimed Puffinwell ; “ a gem by *Gavin Hamilton* ! ”

The old gentleman suddenly raised himself on his crutched stick ; but at the first glance of the picture he started—leaned forward—and standing on his tiptoes, almost touched the canvass with his spectacles. For several moments he stood with his eyes fixed on the head of the kneeling man. At last he turned suddenly away, but did not sit down, and remained standing opposite the auctioneer.

“ Gentlemen,” said Puffinwell, “ allow me to say, for this splendid effort of modern talent, 200

guineas—200 guineas for ‘*the Birth of Cupid*,’ by Gavin Hamilton !”

“Gracious !” exclaimed a lady near me ; “ *the Birth of Cupid* ! what a Paphos ! and that wreck looks more like a seventy-four than any bark of Venus.”

“That is nothing, madam,” said I ; “if you should go to Italy, you will see the ship out of which Jonah was cast, sailing under St Mark’s ensign, and she herself as pretty a Venetian *Polacca* as ever was seen in the Adriatic.”

“Fifty guineas !” said Mr Puffinwell, who had plunged to that sum while we were speaking ten words—“for fifty guineas !” —but nobody answered. The old gentleman looked impatient ; but he waited till the first bidding was made at *ten* guineas, and immediately nodded his grey head at the auctioneer :—15—20—30—were successively offered, but he met each without a check ; and I saw one of the dealers glance significantly to his neighbour, and at each bidding of the old

gentleman, another instantly went beyond him. He made no hesitation, however, nor sign of impatience, but stood with his hands folded on his stick, and met every advance by the short, silent, determined nod of his three-cornered hat. At length the bidders began to slacken, and once or twice there was a long pause ; but just as the picture was going to be knocked down to the old gentleman, a lingering competitor tried another venture ; the old man immediately took it up. At last, “ Ninety guineas ! ” proclaimed Puffinwell—none answered—“ going for ninety guineas ! ”—The hammer was suspended in the air, made a sudden flourish for descent—but none spoke ;—again it was lifted, “ going, going, going, for—for ninety guineas ! ” and it struck the desk.

The old man eagerly stretched out his hand to the attendants, as they lifted the picture, and taking it under his arm, whispered a word to the auctioneer, and hobbled hastily out of the room.

The auction now broke up, and I left the room

with the crowd, thinking that the old gentleman had not more wit than his fellows.

A few days afterwards, Lord Archibald Fitzjames invited me to see Dr Beaton's paintings. "He is an old misanthrope," said he, "and lives like a hermit ; but he has a choice collection, and, what will be more to you, he is a Highland Jacobite, speaks Gaelic, and all his family were *out* in the forty-five. You may believe he is above ninety years old, yet his memory is entire, and if you talk of tartan and the *prince*, he will tell you as many old stories as would furnish half a dozen series of tales to the author of *Waverley*."

We immediately drove to a dark, dusty-looking house in Great George Street, Westminster. The door was opened by a grey-haired footman, in a faded but ample livery, which would have become the courtly days of Queen Anne ; and it seemed to be unnecessary to ask if the Doctor was at home, for the old servant stood with the door in his hand ; we followed him through a long pas-

sage, hung with antique portraits, till we were introduced into a library at the back of the house ; but what was my surprise, as I entered, to recognise my old “ *thunder and lightning* ” friend of the auction !

He rose and received us with an alacrity and urbanity which confessed nothing of the age or misanthropy for which I was prepared. “ Mr MacDonnell, of Glendulochan,” said Lord Archibald, presenting me.

“ Hey ! *Mac Alain Mhic Raouil* ! ” exclaimed the old gentleman, addressing me by the patronimic of my family ; and as he observed my surprise—“ Troth, lad, ye’ll no mind me ; but I kent y’re grandfaither when he was a bit *Proitseach*.”

“ *Preserve me* ! Doctor, are you going back to his grandfather already ? ” said Lord Archibald.

“ His *grandfaither* ! Ou, I kent him when he was a bairn,” replied the old man : “ and ’s great-grandfaither, when he was a prettier man than

yourself. But, my Lord, ye'll gang out just, and tak tither tirlie in the pairk, and blink at the bonnie lasses. Ye'll be fashed to hear my auld warld tales, and I maun crack wi' the young man awhile ; it's no every day I'll see his faither's son nor his faither's people's sons. Troth I'd be glad to see ain o' the auld black '*hudies*'* that flie about the tour, for I'm thinking there'll be none else left nou."

Lord Archibald took his hat. " I told him you were an old misanthrope," said he, laughing ; " and I'll go while you are in good humour."

The old man looked in his face, and laid his thin hand on his arm. " Will the sun come to those who lie there ? " said he, pointing to the abbey, now brightened with a sudden gleam. Lord Archibald's smile passed away. " Weel, man, gang awa', gang awa', and look at ' The Fair Foresters,' and bonnie Julia de Campabella, and when *your* sunshine is gone, come back for

* *Hooded* or pied crows.

‘Mac Alain Mhic Raouil!’” and he pushed him gently to the door.

As soon as he was gone he made me sit down in his *own* great tartan arm-chair, and for a long while occupied me with inquiries after the scenes and descendants of his former friends. The tears often started to his eyes as I spoke; and suddenly brushing his hand across his white brow, “Come awa’, laddie,” said he, “come awa’, and see the picturies. We’ll be losing the bit blink o’ the winter sun.”

He opened the door into the drawing-room, and I beheld the walls covered with exquisite cabinet pictures. For a long time I admired, with insatiable delight, such a collection as I had never seen except in the Elysée Bourbon. The old gentleman seemed never weary of my attention and inquiries, and having taken me through several other apartments, brought me into a small bedroom, where I immediately discovered the *Garvin Hamilton*. I stopped suddenly before the picture,

and for some moments gazed upon it without moving.

“Do you *know* him?” said the old man at last.

“I have some faint association of the features,” I replied,—“something that seems to recal, I don’t know why, but our old house and Loch Dulachan, when I was a child.”

“It is CHARLES EDWARD,” said the old man.

“*The Prince!*” I exclaimed; and advanced eagerly to the picture.

“THE KING,” said the old man.

For a long time I gazed upon it, and the old man stood by without speaking. “Do you know the incident, sir?” said I at length. The old man shook his head.

I continued to pore upon the picture with intense interest, for the emblems, situation, and the characters seemed filled with circumstance; but I could not recollect any event to which they might allude, and at last my curiosity overcame my hesitation, and I again ventured an inquiry.

The old man paused, and looked at me, and knit his grey brows until they almost closed over his eyes. For some moments he sat without speaking, and, rising from his chair, walked twice or thrice through the room. He stopped before the picture, and gazed earnestly upon it—"only for *his* service," said he, in a voice of half audible reflection. He repeated the words once or twice. "It *is* for his service," said he aloud, and, turning quickly to me—"Your father's son could not betray it. He was beside me at Gladsmuir and Culloden. We have lain in the same plaid on the heather. I would have trusted him with my life, and so might the king. Though we never met before, your father's heart speaks in your face." I held out my hand—he pressed it with a hard grasp. "Sixty years ago!" said he, "it was committed to my charge—not voluntarily, indeed, but under a most sacred trust; and you must promise as I did when it was reposed in me."

I assured him that every word which he spoke

should be sacred to me. He sat down beside me—
“Sixty years ago!”—said he, and lifted his eyes
and smiled—“Sixty years ago!—and it seems but
yesterday; and what has passed away since!”

He looked at the picture. “*He* was then
alive,” said he—“your father was alive. *He*
would have trusted—he *did* trust him.” The
tears came into his eyes. “The face of your
father’s son brings back the days that are gone.
For twenty — *thirty* years—I have not seen
one—one of the *true blood*. The world is all
changed—passed away—forgotten now. I am
like the old oak on Tòm-a-grian: my branches
are all gone, and my head will soon lie, like its
grey trunk, upon the earth.”

For some moments he remained in deep silence,
and I could not break the pause. “I promised—
I swore”—said he at last—“not to reveal it,
‘*unless in the service of my king.*’ You know
whom *I* mean—But who is *yours*?”

“You speak,” said I, “as if that question

could still have *two* meanings. Of course we have all *now* but *one*. But if I had lived when you did—or *yet*—if *he* who is gone should rise again from the marble of St Peter's—I am a Highlander, and my father's son—I could have none but—‘TEARLACH RIGH NAN GAEL!’” *

* Those who are not intimately acquainted with the character and history of the Highlanders in the past century, cannot comprehend the nature of their sentiments towards Charles Edward. Their devotion to his cause and person was not the mere zeal of loyalty, and the fervour of patriotism, but combined those local emotions which characterized the attachment to their own chiefs, and thus regarded him not only as the legitimate Prince, but as their own peculiar high chief, the great Regulus of the Clans.

Originally this affection resulted from hereditary feeling for the sovereign family, inflamed by national jealousy and personal pride wounded by the imposition of another dynasty, adopted without their consent by their hereditary enemies the “*Sassanach*,” and the “*Dubh-gall*,” but afterwards these sentiments were increased by the personal fascination of the Prince, and the Alcibidian assimilation with which he identified himself with the clans. Nature had endowed him with the popular characteristics of the mountain chiefs. Daring, frank, generous, and gifted with extraordinary activity and endurance, he conceived and executed, with a spirit which realized the beau-ideal of the Highlanders; while, simple, patient, and cheerful, he shared with themselves all the hardships and dangers which they incurred for his sake. Hence, in the misfortunes which followed the ill choice of his councillors, and the deficiency of his military experience, their devotion never acknowledged his errors, and not only absolved him from all share in the obloquy of Sheridan, O’Sullivan, and Kelly, but, because one was fatal and the other offensive to their Prince, confounded the honest though wilful rudeness of Lord George Murray with the vices of the favourites and the suspicion of infidelity.

In those parts of the Highlands where emigration and depression have not yet broken the spirit and the traditions of the people, the memory of the Prince is still cherished with an affection and tenacity which annihilates the interval that has passed between them. Incidents of his wanderings, and places and objects connected with his person, are still remembered as if they belonged to the present generation; and we have seen the old shed tears from their half-sightless eyes when relating the recollections of his presence, or pointing out

The tears started from the old man's eyes, and he grasped my hand with a strength which I did not believe could have remained in his withered fingers.

"I knew it," said he—"I knew all your father's blood was 'steel to the bend.' That which you asked concerned *him—he* who was your father's king and mine—who would have been yours, if the blood which beat so true for the Highlanders had been yet alive in his heart to-day.

the scenes of his distresses. Many of these, and many remains once in his possession, or touched by his hand, are still shown or preserved with affectionate veneration,—the rock where he had lain—the cave by which he was sheltered—the glass out of which he drank—the garment which he wore—and here and there some relique of his own.

It was in the spirit of which these objects are still the evidences, that he was regarded more as the peculiar chief of the Highlanders than as the political representative of the nation. The people had little idea of his existence unassociated with the tartans and the clans. Their superiors had a rational conviction of the object of their struggle—the alienated throne, and the banishment to Windsor, which should be the ultimatum of its success; but the people had no association but of such a sovereign as James the IVth or Vth, the "*Gude-man of Ballangeich*," or the plaided and royal hunter of Balquhiddy and Braemar. In their devotion he was regarded as their own peculiar mountain Prince; and in their personal attachment they almost forgot that he had a father, and already bestowed on himself the title of supreme rank. In this spirit was composed the Pibroch "*Phailté Phruinse*,"—the Prince's Salute,—which, celebrating his landing, began with these words—

"Thanig mo *Righ*
Air tir a Moidart
Thanig *Tearlach!*"
&c. &c.

Thy *King* is come
To the land of Moidart
Charles is come!
&c. &c.

The secret is going down—it must not die with me. It is for ‘his service’ that it should live. I will reveal it to you, that the last of the Gael may have one left, to keep that mysterious hope—*They have yet a King!*”

I sat fixed in amazement, and could not answer a word.

He took my hand—“ You must promise,” said he, “ as I did those who are gone.”

I repeated after him a solemn adjuration ; and for a while after, he sat in silence, his hands folded, and his eyes closed, as if withdrawn into an inward vision.

At last—“ Were you ever in Italy?” said he.

“ No,” I replied ; “ never.”

“ Whoever has travelled from Parma to Florence,” said he, “ must remember the little convent of St Rosalie. I think that I can yet see its deep Gothic portal, half overshadowed by the old gigantic plane, the long grey rampart of the dormitory sprinkled over with lichen and wall-flower, the narrow pointed windows peeping

through the ivy, and the white spires of the church blinking over the avenue of chesnuts which leads to the great gate.

“ As I passed through Italy in the year 1773, I remained for some days in its vicinity, with a lingering fascination which prevented me from leaving the neighbourhood where the king and queen had spent some weeks in profound retirement, on account of her Majesty’s infirm health. I often walked for hours in the deep quiet shades of St Rosalie, ruminating upon my distant country, our past events, and those coming fortunes yet unknown. One evening—it was near sunset—as I walked in the avenue, plunged in profound thought, I was roused by the sudden and rapid sound of wheels, and immediately a calash and four, with scarlet liveries, turned into the alley, and came whirling along the broad drive at full speed. As it approached, I observed that it contained a gentleman and lady ; and in the momentary glance as it went past, I recognized—the Prince! —I knew him at once ; for, though changed with

years and care, he was still *himself*—and though no longer ‘The bonnie Prince Charlie’ of our faithful beau-ideal—still the same noble, eagle-featured, Royal bird, which I had seen on his own mountains, when he spread his wings towards the south. In that brief moment, a world of visionary came by ;—the star on his breast—the keen glance of his eye—the beautiful golden hair—the ‘blind-fair face’ and lofty forehead—and once more I felt the thrilling talismanic influence of his appearance—the sight so dear, so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Highlanders—‘TEARLACH RIGH NAN GHAE!’—

“I stood and gazed after the carriage till it disappeared at the turn from the avenue, and even then, when there was only the solitary green alley, and the lonely pencils of the setting sun, which chequered between the trees, I returned to myself with a sigh, and now remembered the lady; I had no doubt that it was the queen, and tried to recal the recollection of her appearance ;

but my senses had been so absorbed at the sight of the Prince, that I had seen only him, and retained but an uncertain vision of a fair and little person, with an impression of delicacy amounting to paleness and languor. Lost in past and present contemplations, I wandered on until I came to the great porch of the church. The vespers were over, but the door was still unclosed, and I entered the dim, shadowy, now twilight nave. It was still and solitary, except here and there a peasant yet knelt before a shrine in the chapels of the aisles. One by one these soon arose, and glided away with almost noiseless steps, till the last lonely foot-fall died from the ear, and not a sound whispered along the aisles but the shiver of the trees before the porch, and the chance closing of a door within the monastery.

“I was roused from my reverie by a heavy step, and the jingle of spurs upon the pavement; and, looking towards the porch, saw a tall man of superior appearance advancing up the cloister. His

dress, however, was a little equivocal, and not altogether in accordance with his demeanour; for, while he wore a handsome green hunting suit, his hat favoured far too much of Calabria to have been pleasing in a solitary road or a late hour; and his *couteau-de-chasse*, though extremely elegant, was of a dimension which appeared to me, to say the least, like the ornaments of the Gaulish helmets—"prolix for ostentation." And as he crossed before the window, and the faint light glanced beneath his broad hat upon his stern pale cheek, piercing eye, and thick moustache, a sudden idea of the celebrated Torri-fino crossed my imagination. He stopped before me, and with a slight salutation, hastily demanded, 'E ella il Sig.^r. Dottor Betoni Scozzese?'

"I looked at him for a moment before I answered that I was; but as soon as he had heard my reply, he requested me to give my assistance to 'one in need of immediate attendance.'

"I was astonished at this demand, as I had no

idea that my profession was known, except at the Palazzo. I made some hesitation and inquiry concerning the nature of the required service.

“ ‘The relief of the malady, and not the circumstances of the patient, is the province of a physician,’ replied the stranger; ‘and for the present occasion you will best learn by an inspection of the individual.’

“ ‘I mused for a moment, but at last—‘Show me the way,’ said I.

“ ‘My carriage waits in the avenue,’ replied the stranger. ‘But I must beg your excuse for what may seem an unpardonable restraint. There is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstances of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the veturin to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the house of your patient.’

“ ‘No,’ I replied hastily, ‘certainly not; I cannot submit to any proceeding of such mystery, and I must request you to resort to any other

than a Scottish gentleman, if you would procure an accessory to actions which require such concealment.'

" 'Signor!' exclaimed the stranger; but suddenly checking himself, 'Signor, I respect your doubts; by one word I could dispel them. But it is a secret which would be embarrassing to the possessor, and you might hereafter find it dangerous to be acquainted with that with which ignorance will prevent you from being compromised. It concerns the interest and the safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of the exiled Scottish Jacobites.'

" 'What! whom!' I exclaimed.

" 'I can say no more,' answered the stranger. 'But if you would venture any service for one who was once the dearest to your country and *your* cause, follow me.'

" 'Let us go,' said I; and hurried towards the door.

" The stranger hastened before me, and as we

came out on the open green before the convent, I saw a small dark veturin standing under the trees. My conductor preceded me to the carriage, and as he assisted me to enter, spoke a single word to the driver, who, as soon as we were seated, drove off at a rapid pace. As we proceeded along the avenue, my companion drew down the silk blinds of the windows ; and, folding his arms, leaned back into the corner of the carriage in deep silence.

“ We continued with unabated speed, till suddenly the veturin made a sharp turn, and the smooth even rumble of the wheels upon the turf changed to the hard rattle of a high road, from which the hot dust reeked thick into the carriage.

“ We must have driven near half an hour when the horses stopped; and my guide, drawing a black silk mask from his cloak, ‘ I sincerely apologize for this restraint’ said he ; ‘ but I beg you to consider that I am obliged to require it, as much for your own welfare as theirs whom I serve.’

“As soon as I had put on the mask, the door of the carriage was opened, and my companion assisted me to alight. For some moments he led me forward at a quick pace over a damp soft sand, till suddenly I distinguished the light ripple of water, and the splash of oars, at a little distance. My guide stopped, and in a few moments I heard a boat ground upon the shore. The next instant some person leaped on the sand. I was lifted into the barge, and my companion, having seated himself beside me, drew round us the curtains of the awning.

“The boatmen immediately put off, and rowed quickly from the shore, without a word having been interchanged by any person on board. I conjectured that we were upon the Arno, and waited with impatience for some signal of our landing; but the men began to sing to their oars, and continued to pull with a velocity which appeared aided by the stream. Once or twice we passed another barge, and I felt my companion draw the curtains

closer as it went by ; but the crew gave us only an evening hail, and in a short time the deep stillness and increasing chill indicated that the night had closed.

“ At length the boatmen suddenly ceased their song ; a short murmur passed among them, and presently the barge stopped. My conductor rose from his seat, and, assisting me over the benches, I stepped out upon the pavement of a landing-place. My heart beat quick as my conductor led me up a flight of steps, which brought us to what appeared, by the rustle of trees and the aromatic smell of plants, to be a garden alley.

“ For some moments, as we advanced, I felt the gravel footing of the walk, and the air strongly scented with orange-flowers and geraniums, till, by the sudden change of footing, and the echo of our steps, I perceived that we had entered some building.

“ We proceeded through a long range of apartments, when suddenly my guide stopped ; and,

removing my mask, I looked round upon a splendid saloon, hung with crimson velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor; at the further extremity a pair of folding doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a long conservatory, through the stained glass of which the broad pale moon shone among the leaves and flowers, with a faint glistening light, strongly contrasted to the warm glow of the wax tapers on the gilt frames and crimson hangings of the saloon.

“ My conductor rang a silver bell which stood on the table, and a little page, richly dressed in scarlet, ran into the room, and spoke eagerly in German to my conductor.

“ The dark countenance of the cavalier glowed suddenly, and giving some hasty command to the page,—‘ Signor Dottore,’ said he, as he quitted the saloon, ‘ the most important part of your occasion is past. The lady whom you have unhappily been called to attend, met with an alarm-

ing accident in her carriage not half an hour before I found you in the Church ; and the unlucky absence of her physician leaves her entirely in your charge. Her accouchement is over, apparently, without any result more than exhaustion ; but of that you will be the judge.'

"At the mention of the carriage and the accident, the calash which had passed me at such speed in the avenue of St Rosalie flashed upon my mind ; but before I could make any remark, the page entered the room, and speaking briefly to the cavalier, ' Signore,' said the latter, ' they await you ;' and, preceded by the page, he conducted me through a splendid suite of apartments, till we came to a small ante-room, decorated with several portraits, among which my transient glance instantly recognised one of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VIII.

"The page crossed the room on his tiptoes, and gently opening the door at the opposite extremity as I passed, it closed softly behind me, and I found

myself alone in a magnificent bed chamber. The still solitary light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment, and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed which stood beyond. But I had scarce glanced around me, when the rustle of drapery called my attention to the couch, and a lady stepped from the shadow, and, saluting me in English, conducted me towards the bed. The curtains were almost closed, and by the side stood a female attendant, holding an infant enveloped in a mantle; and as she retired, the lady drew aside the curtains, and by the faint light which fell within the bed, I imperfectly distinguished the pale features of a delicate face, which lay wan and languid, almost enveloped in the down pillow. The shadow of the curtains gave but a faint trace of the countenance; but a single beam of the taper glanced upon the dark blue counterpane, and shone across a slender arm and hand which lay upon the velvet, still, and pale, and passive as an alabaster model.

“The lady spoke a few words of German, at which

the patient slowly raised her large eyes, and endeavoured to lift her hand towards me. It was cold as marble, and as I held my fingers on the pulse, they could scarce feel the low intermitting throb.

“For many moments I vainly endeavoured to count the vibrations, while the lady in waiting stood motionless beside me, her eyes fixed intensely on my face. ‘If you will give me leave,’ said I, endeavouring to suppress any indication of the danger to which I was sensible, ‘I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost.’

“The lady conducted me in silence to a writing cabinet, on which she placed the taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection I glanced accidentally on the toilet which stood beside me.

“The light of the taper shone full upon a number of jewels, which lay loosely intermixed among the scent-bottles, as if put off in haste and confusion; but what was my surprise to recognise an exquisite miniature of my noble, my un-

fortunate, my exiled prince, Charles Edward. For some moments I sat with my pen motionless in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the painting. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince in the very dress—the look with which I had seen him ride into the field of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, I gazed upon it till the features swam away in an indistinct glimmer of tears.

“An approaching step roused me to recollection, and hastily passing my hand over my eyes, I began to write as the lady approached the toilet, and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between me and the table. It was but an instant, and she retired; but when I glanced again to the jewels, the face of the miniature was turned.

“It was some moments before I could recal my recollection to my patient; but when I had concluded the prescription, I arose, and, handing it to the attendant lady, again felt the pulse of the in-

valid. I would have desired to see her features, but I observed that they were solicitously shaded from the light; and forbearing to urge my wish, for a few moments I continued to hold her hand, my eyes fixed upon the dim, pale, fragile shadow, which appeared beautiful even in its uncertainty; but at length I felt satisfied that she was suffering from exhaustion and tremor, and laying down her passive hand, and retiring from the couch, made such inquiries, and gave such instructions, as were necessary, adding some assurances more adapted for the encouragement of the patient and the attendants, than resulting from my own conviction.

“ ‘ We thank you,’ replied the lady with a sigh; ‘ your expressions will be acceptable to her, to whom, though a personal stranger, your skill is well known. An apartment has been prepared for you, of which we must entreat your occupation this night; in the morning the arrival of our physician will relieve you of a service which I feel must be remembered more valuably by the receivers than the giver.’ ”

“As she spoke, she conducted me to the door and dismissed me to the ante-room, where I found the page and my conductor awaiting my return. The cavalier eagerly inquired the state of my patient.

“‘She is very weak,’ I replied, ‘but I hope—I trust, she is in no immediate danger.’

“‘*Danger!*’ exclaimed the cavalier: ‘Is there any fear that her ma—that the lady is in *danger?*’

“‘I do not say she *is* in danger,’ I replied; ‘on the contrary, I mean to imply, that if she has care and tranquillity, and that fever does not ensue, there is no reason for alarm.’

“‘Then there may be?’ replied the cavalier hastily.

“‘Certainly,’ I answered; ‘no violent indisposition is without the possibility of an unfavourable turn.’

“The cavalier stood for some moments without reply, while the page looked from one to the other with uncertain eagerness. At length the cavalier turned suddenly, and motioning to the door, the

boy took up the light, and led the way back to the small saloon through which I had before passed. It was now lighted with several tapers, and in the short interval which had elapsed, a supper-table had been covered.

“ I observed that there were but two seats, and my conductor repeating an intimation of my required stay, invited me to sit down, and took the opposite place. No servants appeared during the whole meal, and we were attended only by the page. My unknown companion served me with a politeness and hospitality, the courtesies of which appeared more natural than the unbroken taciturnity which he otherwise maintained; but as soon as our meal was ended, he offered to conduct me to my chamber, and introduced me to a small but richly furnished cabinet, adjoining the saloon in which we had supped. ‘ I hope,’ said he, ‘ that you will sleep here as sound as in your own chamber, and I trust that there will be no cause for interrupting your repose.’ As

my attendants retired, I listened to hear the turning of the lock, but I distinguished only the click of the latch, and their footsteps passed away. I examined my apartment, to find something that might identify the house, but there was nothing except the remarkable splendour of the furniture ; and, after an interval of painful speculation, I tried if the room was secured,—the lock opened at once, and gently unclosing the door, I looked out into the supper room. The lights were gone, and a faint gleam of the moon shone faintly through the open windows.

“ I was in the act of stepping out to gain a sight of what was beyond, when I thought I heard a low sigh ; and as I hesitated, the wind half lifted the silk curtain of the opposite lattice, and a broad gleam of moonshine, falling upon one of the sofas, discovered the figure of my mysterious guide, his head wrapped in his black cloak, and the hilt of his sword half concealed under the mantle.

“ I stepped cautiously back, and closing the door

without noise, lay down on the bed ; but I was incapable of sleeping, and lay revolving all the circumstances connected with my mysterious adventure. I had no doubt that I was in the temporary residence of the King, or—I forget—as you would better know him, the Comte d’Albanie, and that the lady was no other than the Queen. Far, however, had I been from a suspicion that her Majesty had been in a situation to sustain the accident for which I had been called in ; on the contrary, among all those connected with our cause, I had heard only anxiety and disappointment at the absence of any appearance of expectation for an heir to its fortunes. It is true there *had* been rumours, but these had been looked upon as only the gossip of the household, and the too sanguine imagination of the zealous, who ‘ believed what they wished to be true ;’—and the slight and unsupported reports had given place, not only to disappointment, but a much more painful conviction, that her Majesty was

suffering under a tendency to dropsy, said to be in some degree hereditary in her family, and to have appeared at an early age in more than one of her ancestors. But that which most and deeply affected me, was the profound mystery, and even discouragement, observed towards myself. At my first coming, I had presented my name at the Palazzo, and had hoped to have been honoured with some command from the Prince to have been summoned to his presence; but several days had elapsed, and I received no notice. But I knew the cause—you of the new world have forgotten all these passages and events. But no—you may have heard of the factions, the accusations, and perhaps certain delinquencies, which, divided, were raised against, or *really* tarnished, some of the exiles of 1745. You may have heard of the ‘Casket of Jewels’—and what was called the ‘Treason of Barrisdale.’¹ I was Barrisdale’s cousin—my name had undoubtedly been brought into that dark and mysterious affair. It was

sufficient to know. But no—you of these days know nothing ; but, however, a word may have come down to you of the extreme caution—the insurmountable prejudices—the resolutions and tenacity of the Prince: how he never trusted, never would receive the injured, calumniated, but faithful and noble Lord George Murray. It was nothing, therefore, that *I* lay under the cloud, and I felt bitterly that I had lost the place of former confidence, and that my present attendance was a desperate necessity, repugnant to those who were compelled to command my services.” The old man paused, and brushed his hand across his eyes, and for some moments sat in silence. “It was a wonderful fatality,” said he at last, “that *I* should have been the person cast up by Heaven in that emergency. I wish”—and his voice failed—“I wish that his Majesty had *only* been pleased to see me *then* ; all would have been well, and I should have undeceived him in many and important things. But we will not speak of that

—he knows them now. I am unconscious how long I slept. But I was suddenly awakened by some sound, and starting up in bed, heard hasty steps hurry past, and voices conversing with an eager but suppressed tone in the saloon. I listened for some time with suspended breath, but I could catch no words, till at length all became still, and I again lay down. In a few moments, however, a foot-step approached the door, the lock slowly turned, and a ray of light glanced into the apartment. I started up, and drawing back the curtain, saw my mysterious summoner, his pale countenance touched with a severe wanness, by the light of a lamp which he carried in his hand.

“He advanced to my bedside. ‘The physician has arrived,’ said he; ‘your patient is not worse, and though it is adding inhospitality to inconvenience, I must entreat of you to rise and allow me to have the honour of attending you on your departure.’

“I would now very willingly have taken some

rest, but I immediately complied, and throwing on my cloak, prepared to follow my conductor. I thought there was something embarrassed in his manner, and, once or twice, that he was going to speak"; but he said nothing, and as soon as I was ready, preceded me to the saloon.

"A single taper stood on the table, and lighted a silver crucifix, and a rich illuminated volume which lay open on a small desk. The figure of a priest, in his black cassock, was pacing slowly through the apartment; and, as he turned to the sound of our steps, I thought his bending figure, and pale features, were touched by a hand heavier than time. He saluted me in English with a gravity approaching to solemnity; then, making a brief apology for the question, abruptly demanded if I had any affairs which required my stay in Italy.

" 'None,' said I.

" 'Then you would have no disinclination to

pursue your travels in another country ?' he continued.

" 'I am an exile,' I replied, 'and therefore all countries are alike to me, without place, object, or interest.'

" The pale emaciated features of the priest turned upon me with a melancholy look. 'It is desirable that you should leave Tuscany to-night ; and while I regret the impossibility of giving you any explanation which might justify such an apparently unwarrantable interference in your actions, I must entreat your confidence to the assurance that, if the events of this night were disclosed, they would produce the most ruinous consequences upon those most deeply concerned in that cause in which your misfortunes have proved your participation.'

" 'May I venture to ask,' said I, 'by whom I am thus addressed, so familiar with my history?'

" 'I am the *friend* of your *friends*,' replied the priest. 'The day may come when we may meet

again—in a better hour—but that we *may*, I request you to give me your solemn oath that you will never divulge to any living what you have seen, heard, or thought, since you left the church of St Rosalie.’

“ I paused without reply.

“ ‘ I am aware,’ continued he, ‘ that this is a hard request, and to one of your honour and character, looks like an unjust doubt. But human nature is weak—you may have a wife, a child—and in an hour of confidence you might drop some word to them, and—’

“ ‘ I *had* a wife!—I *had* a child !’—I answered—‘ My son lies on the field of Culloden—my wife—is with those who will never speak with mortal man.’

“ The priest turned away his face, and remained for some moments in silence. At length he grasped my hand—‘ There is one born this night,’ said he, ‘ who may yet be a son to the childless—a father to the orphan. By all that you would have

done for the safety of your own, refuse not service to one no less unfortunate !’

“ ‘ There is but *one*,’ I said, ‘ who can be a father to the orphans of my country.’

“ The priest pressed my hand, and turning away, walked once or twice through the saloon.

“ The cavalier sat with his bent brow averted, and his mouth rested on the hand which was clenched on the hilt of his sword. The priest stopped before me.

“ ‘ My son,’ said he, ‘ let us finish the last which remains to be done.’

“ The cavalier arose. ‘ I will do whatever you ask,’ I replied. ‘ *You* could not require that which was unworthy of *my father’s son*.’

“ The priest grasped my hand in silence.

“ For a moment there was a deep pause ; the priest raised the cross, and laying my hand on the book, I swore never to speak of what I had seen, heard, or thought that night, unless it should be in the service of my king—King *Charles*.

“The priest gave the cross to my lips—‘God give you to speak of it,’ said he, ‘in the ears of all the earth. And now, my son, farewell; we shall, perhaps, meet no more in this world, for the years of my exile are few, and yours will be spent far from hence; but carry with you the assurance that you will be remembered by those who have fought, and suffered, and worn out their lives in banishment, for Scotland.’

“He passed the sleeve of his cassock across his eyes, and placed in my hand a weighty purse. I earnestly refused to receive it, but he would not hear me. ‘Those whom you have served are indeed poor,’ said he, ‘but they are richer than you. This will bear your expenses to any part of Europe; and when it is gone, the purse will remind you of this night and of your promise.’

“He pressed my hand once more; the cavalier put on his hat in silence, and conducted me from the room. We returned to the great saloon which I had first seen, and where my guide again

requested me to assume the mask which lay where I had left it ; as soon as I had complied, he took my arm, and in a few moments I heard the trees rustle around us, and felt the night wind blow fresh in my face. After descending the steps which I had before mounted, I was again conducted to the barge, and with the same silence as before, the boatmen immediately put off and rowed from the shore.

“ We must have continued our voyage for above two hours, during which time my guide never spoke, and I heard no sound but the splash of the oar, and once or twice the bay of a distant dog. At length the bell of a church came faintly down the water, and in a little time the barge suddenly grounded, and one of the boatmen, taking me on his back, carried me through the water to the shore.

“ For a few moments my attendants stood in silence ; but presently one of the party made a low whistle, and immediately I heard the sound of

wheels and the tramp of horses in the sand. As soon as they stopped, there was a momentary bustle; the steps of the carriage were hastily let down, and my guide having assisted me to enter, seated himself beside me, and we drove off at great speed.

“My mask was removed on entering the veturin, and in a short time I saw the morning begin to dawn; but as the light advanced, I observed that the blinds of the carriage were closed, and the sunshine began to glimmer through the silk before we stopped. At length I heard a faint gingle of bells, and the rumble of carriages. Suddenly the wheels of the veturin rattled upon the stones of an ill paved street, and my companion drawing up the blinds, I saw the market-place of a large town, thronged with booths, peasants, and fruit-women.

“Our carriage drove up to a hotel in the centre of the square; and my companion immediately alighting, spoke a few words to the postilion, and we followed the host into the house.

“I now observed, for the first time, that the cavalier had changed the peasant’s hat, which he wore on the preceding evening, for an undress military cap ; and as his cloak hung loose on his shoulder, I caught a momentary glance of a small black cross upon his breast.

“He could not have overlooked the involuntary scrutiny with which I regarded him ; but he passed it with a manner of perfect ease and dignity, expressing a hope that I had not suffered from want of rest, and inquiring if I would do him the honour to continue my journey without stopping where we were.

“I could scarcely forbear smiling at the courtesy of a request which was intended as a command. ‘It is too long,’ said I, ‘that I have been accustomed to sleepless nights, and change of place, to regard them now.’ He looked at me, I thought with sadness and hesitation, but he replied only by a bow, and immediately left the room.

“In about a quarter of an hour he returned :

‘Your veturin is ready,’ said he ; ‘but first let me inquire by what road you would travel, and if there is any thing in which I can have the pleasure to receive your commands.’

“ ‘All roads—all ports are alike to me,’ said I.

“The cavalier made me a bow,—‘Let me be permitted to recommend to you Leghorn or Civita Vecchia. There you will find vessels to all parts of Europe.’

“I could scarce reciprocate the courtesy with which my itinerary was thus prescribed. I took up my hat, the cavalier led the way to the court, and crossing the yard, we entered an obscure and narrow street at the back of the inn ; and I observed a veturin standing under the shadow of the overtopping houses, the shade and silence of which formed a striking contrast to the bright glare and mixed buzz of the crowded market-place. The door of the carriage was open, and as the cavalier assisted me to enter—‘I have caused the best provisions which could be pro-

cured to be provided in the carriage,' said he, 'and you will reach the next stage in a few hours.' As the door was about to close, he held out his hand: 'If ever we meet again,' he added, 'it will be as friends whom fortune has united in the same cause.'

"For a moment he held my hand with a strong grasp,—then, turning to the postillion, 'Forward,' said he, and the carriage drove rapidly down the street.

* * * * *

"It was the third evening after my arrival at Porto Franconi; the wind, which had prevented my departure at Civita Vecchia, still continued contrary, and towards sunset I strolled down to the port to make some inquiries of my padrone. While I waited for him in the Caberetta, I took up the Florentine Journal, and my eyes were immediately fixed by the following paragraph:—

" 'We are happy to have the honour of stating

that her Highness the Princess Comtesse d'Albanie has in a great degree recovered from her long indisposition. The change of air to which she has for some weeks resorted appears to have had the most salutary influence upon her constitution, and it is the opinion of her Highness' physician, that unless any unfavourable symptoms should return, the Princess will speedily recover her accustomed health.'

"Engrossed in the ideas excited by this intimation, I thought no more of the padrone, and wandered out upon the shore, absorbed in speculations and conjectures. As I walked along the sands, my attention was suddenly diverted by the appearance of a large vessel standing in towards the port, and by the breadth and snowy whiteness of her canvass, and the light flicker which flashed at times from her main-top-mast head, I distinguished at once that she was a ship of war.

"She advanced with a steady course towards the Mole, and, as she approached, the sun shone bright

upon her mighty side, and showed distinctly the pale streaks and black ports of her closed battery. As I watched her glittering and stately shape rippling through the water, an old fisherman came hobbling up under a load of net, and pumpkin buoys, which he carried over the boat-hook on his shoulder. As he passed, I made an inquiry concerning the ship.

“ The old man stopped, and glanced to the sea, and brushed his grey brow,—

“ ‘ She is an English ship,’ replied he ; ‘ she’s been standing off and on all day.’

“ ‘ Do you know her name ?’ I asked at a careless venture, which anticipated a negative.

“ ‘ The Albina, Commodore O’Halleran,’ answered the old man.

“ ‘ She is running for the port, I suppose,’ said I, as she continued advancing towards the Mole.

“ ‘ Not she !’ replied the sailor ; ‘ she’ll stand away again before she’s within gunshot of the Moor.’

“ ‘ She’s not beating,’ said I, ‘ and the wind’s fair for the west.’

“ ‘ Faith no,’ answered the old man ; ‘ she’s *not beating.*’

“ ‘ What do you think she’s doing then?’ said I.

“ The old man drew down the corners of his puckered and fishlike mouth in silence.

“ ‘ Had you seen her before?’ I asked.

“ ‘ This morning before light,’ replied the fisherman, ‘ I saw two rockets thrown from the Moor’s-head—yonder black point. In a few minutes after, there was the report of a gun in the offing, and when the day broke, the frigate was standing in for the land.’

“ ‘ Perhaps,’ said I, ‘ she was doubtful of the roadstead. Is there a signal-post on the point?’

“ The old man smiled : ‘ No doubt,’ replied he.

“ ‘ Why,’ said I, ‘ is it any thing remarkable?’

“ ‘ Oh, no—nothing,’ replied he ; ‘ only that the signals are not such as you think.’

“ ‘ How so?’

“The old man looked round upon the beach, then pointing to the east—‘Do you see that little deep creek?’ said he. ‘On that rock, under the cork-trees, Geronimo Gaspironi has landed more tobacco than ever came through the customs of Porto Franconi.’

“‘But what has that to do with a British ship of war?’

“The old man shrugged his shoulders, and again mumped his grizzled beard with emphatic silence.

“‘Do you suppose,’ said I, ‘that any on board an English frigate would dare to hold such correspondence?’

“‘The captain of that ship would dare to hold correspondence with the devil,’ answered the old man.

“‘You know him then!’ said I.

“‘So far as I have been his pilot different times,’ replied the fisherman; ‘and I know the ship well enough. It was she brought away

the Spanish captive, who they got by some wild work out of the midst of Algiers.'

" ' And you think he is now on some adventure ? ' said I.

" The sailor looked doubtfully to the ship. ' It is a while ago,' said he ; ' but I am sure he is not the man to be baffling about on a wind for nothing.'

" While he spoke, his comrades holloped from their boat ; and the old man, heaving the net upon his shoulder, hobbled down to the beach. I continued to ramble along the shore, and, absorbed in thought, wandered on regardless of the distance or the declining light, till I was suddenly impeded by an abrupt ridge of rocks, and discovered that I had passed the point and entered the very creek which the fisherman had pointed out as the haunt of Gaspironi. The discovery recalled my attention, and I looked round with curiosity upon a scene which bore strong characteristics for the romantic and adventurous.

“ The sun had long set, and the dim yellow twilight which shone over the western cliff threw into the bay an uncertain glimmer, which gave a deep solemnity to its solitude and stillness. It was a narrow quiet basin, overhung by high precipitous steeps, shadowed with cork-trees and palms, and as far as I could perceive, possessing no outlet but over a small shelf of rock by which I had entered, and through a deep narrow defile, which, overgrown with trees, ascended from the bottom of the creek. On either side of the entrance a reef of rocks ran far into the sea, and though there was now scarce a ripple on the water, a long and frequent flash of surf brightened in the moonshine, and indicated the slumbering breakers which surrounded the dangerous channel. Within, the bay seemed formed by nature for quiet and security ; not a breath disturbed the black still mirror of the water which lipped upon the sands, and the track of wheels and mules gave recent evidence of numerous visitants.

“ I gazed upon the wild picture with an imagination which grouped its characteristic figures, till I looked involuntarily to the sea for the effect of the smuggler’s galley, when I was suddenly struck by the vast black silent shadow of the English frigate lying with her sails aback, not a gunshot from the entrance of the creek.

“ I almost started at the coincidence of the fisherman’s hints, and continued to watch the ship as the rising moon shed a bright silvery stream across her shadow, strongly contrasted to the dark void shape of her broad hull and motionless sails.

“ I remained so long without observing the smallest change of place, that I concluded she had anchored for the tide, and was turning to leave the creek, when I thought I heard the tread of a horse behind me. I stopped and listened for some moments—it did not return ; but, all at once, I plainly distinguished the approaching tramp, and in a few moments the dark shadow of a horseman

emerged slowly from the hollow way. He stopped upon the sand, and stood motionless in the gray moonlight ; but suddenly he turned towards the path, and made a short low whistle, which was immediately followed by the soft rumble of wheels, and the heavy trample of horses in the sand.

“ I watched the road with eager curiosity, and in a few moments a small dark veturin, driven by a postillion, issued from the deep gorge of the defile. The rider immediately proceeded, and was followed by the carriage towards the very spot where I stood under the cliff. I know not why, but I felt an involuntary sensation of being one too many for the occasion ; and as the rider approached I stooped behind some fragments of fallen rock, through a chink of which I had a secure view to the outlet of the creek.

“ The horseman and the carriage passed scarce a pike’s length from the place where I lay, but what was my astonishment when, as the moonlight fell through the trees upon the group, I thought I

recognised the figure of my mysterious guide from St Rosalie.

“ I lay breathless with amazement, and as the cavalier turned the rock, the broad moon shone bright on his face, and showed distinctly the pale stern features so deeply imprinted upon my memory.

“ The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier, having glanced hastily round, blew a loud shrill whistle. The echo had scarce died away along the cliff, when the long black shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind the reef of rocks on the western entrance to the creek. She pulled straight for the spot where the veturin stood, and in a few moments I saw her stern brought round to the sand, and all her oars fly up into the moonlight.

“ The cavalier had already alighted, and, opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady closely muffled in a white mantle. As she descended, I

observed that she bore in her arms some object which she held with great solicitude ; and, at the same time, an officer leaped from the boat and hastened towards the travellers. By the glimmer of the moonlight upon his shoulders, I saw that he wore double epaulettes, and making a brief but profound salute to the lady, he conducted her towards the galley.

“ As they approached, the lady unfolded her mantle, and, turning to the cavalier, I heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished for a moment the glisten of a little white mantle and cap as she laid her charge in the arms of her companion. The officer immediately lifted her into the boat, and as soon as she was seated, the cavalier redelivered to her the child, and folding it carefully in her cloak, I heard her half suppressed voice lulling the infant from its disturbance.

“ A brief word and a momentary grasp of the hand passed between the lady and the cavalier, and the officer lifting his hat, the boat pushed off,

the oars fell in the water, and the galley glided down the creek with a velocity which soon rendered her but a shadow upon the gray tide. In a few minutes I lost sight of her altogether ; but I still distinguished the faint measured plash of the oars, and a feeble wail of the infant's voice, float along the still water.

“ For some moments I thought I had seen the last of the little bark—which seemed to venture like an enchanted skiff into that world of black waters ; but suddenly I caught a momentary glimpse of the narrow boat, and the dark figures of the men gliding across the bright stream of moonlight upon the tide ; an instant after, a faint gleam blinked upon the white mantle of the lady, and the sparkle of the oars, but it died away by degrees, and neither sound nor sight returned again.

“ For more than a quarter of an hour the tall black figure of the cavalier continued fixed upon the same spot, and in the same attitude ; but

suddenly the broad gigantic shadow of the frigate swung round in the moonshine, her sails filled to the breeze, and dimly brightening in the light, she bore off slow and still and stately towards the west.

“ For a little time the red glimmer of the cabin windows struggled with the moonlight, but gradually they faded, till they were lost, and the shadowy sails and dusky hull disappeared like a vast phantom upon the gray water.”—

The Doctor stopped, and sat with his thin hands clasped upon his knee, and his white brow bent upon the fire.

“ And what became of the infant ?” said I, at last.

The old man lifted his hand to the picture.

“ But what does it mean ?” said I.

“ The *waves* received him,” said he at length—“ the *waves* give him up.”

“ But *when—where—to whom !*”

The old man raised his eyes, and shook his head in silence.

“Wonderful!” I exclaimed—“But why such mystery—why—for what—should the birth of an heir to the house of Stuart be thus concealed?—It had—it yet has friends (in Europe), and its interests must ever be identified with those of France, Spain, and Rome.”

“Yes,” replied the Doctor; “but Spain was besotted—Rome had truckled to the great sea-dragon, and Bourbon sold her hereditary ally to her enemy; ignominiously arrested¹—imprisoned—banished—like a criminal from her soil—the prince—the liberator of Scotland—and finally abandoned the interests of his dynasty in the memorable words of Louis XVI.,—‘*C’est une famille malheureuse dont je ne veux plus entendre parler.*’ Do you not know that *all* the great States of Europe so cowered to the influence of England, that they even refused to the Prince an asylum on their soil.² The bread and salt—the hearth to Coriolanus——

“ Thus, a political outlaw, the wounded stag repulsed by all the Royal herd, do you wonder *at any thing* to which Charles Edward resorted for the views of his house? But you did not know him—his character is forgotten in these days—he is now remembered only as the Pageant Phantom of Holyrood—the hero of highlanders, ‘ *Bonnie Prince Charlie!* ’—That is, in the imagination of most—the paladin of girls—the check-pawn of intriguing dowagers—the rash ‘ adventurer ’ of a herd of mountain wolves—the ‘ *over the water and over the lea* ’ intoxication of pot-valiant conspirators. But it is forgotten that gallantry and adventure were but the surface of his character—the glimmer of evening lightning on the cloud. The reigning feature of his mind was deep isolated enterprise.

“ Surrounded by spies and hostility from his infancy, he was accustomed to feel himself in the centre of a political lens ; and hence, to a temper naturally cautious, he added a mistrust approach-

ing to mystery. From the time that he acted alone, he drew around himself a circle, within which none were admitted—not even his most faithful adherents—unless actually employed upon the plan in operation. He was full of projectile mind, and his designs were incessant and elaborate—inspired with daring—but often complicated with the most dramatic intricacy.

“ What was the mystery of his journey to Poland, when he disappeared from Avignon, dismissed the whole of his retinue, and, attended only by Colonel Goring, traversed a large portion of Europe in the deepest secrecy? Where was he, on what employed, in that long and mysterious disappearance, in which he vanished from the eyes of Europe, from 1749 to 1754?—of which the king, his father, was not in the confidence—of which Edgar,* the most confidential servant of

* James Edgar, secretary to James VIII. He repeated these words in a letter to Sir James Harrington, 19th December 1752.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

his sovereign parent said: "*His incognito for so long is one of the most surprising things in the world!*"

"He was certainly in London in 1750. I *know* that he saw Dr King. I *believe* that for many weeks he was concealed in the old manor of Arlingham Court;¹ and if the story of his dropping a glove at the challenge of the Champion in the coronation of George III. is not true, it is quite in conformity to his character and impulse. I *believe* the fact. Of what, then, was he not capable, with a spirit of enterprise verging upon romance, and a depth of secretion devolving into mystery—Of mystery, it is true, he had good cause—and if for himself, how much more for the life of an infant—the last of his line!"

"What!" said I: "do you mean from assassination?"—

"Certainly," replied the old man; "does that startle you—do you think these expedients

were confined to the middle ages—that none used the dagger, the cup, and the bolster, but Hugh Capet, Peter of Arragon, John Lackland, or Crookbacked Richard? How died Paul of Russia, Alexander, the Plenipotentiaries of Rastadt — Count Koningsmark — the Marquis of Loulé — even Caspar Hauser?”

“Yes,” said I; “but that is a different thing. That was”—

The old man looked at me, and his brows knit, and his grey eyes seemed to pierce through me.

“Yes,” I repeated; “that was” —————

“Ah, well!—no matter. Did you never hear of the milliner’s husband—of the balls fired into the Prince’s carriage on his way to Radzivil?”

“No!” said I; “never in my life!”—

The old man lifted his eyes—“How the world wears away! the memory of those days, as if we were but the wreck of another nation!”

“And who was the milliner and her husband,”

said I ; “and what happened to the Prince on his journey ?”

“The woman,” replied the Doctor, “was a wife from—*Hernhausen*, I suppose—and the man, a dūr, grumus, black covenanting crow, who would have walked with Mr John Nevoy ‘over his shoes’ in the blood of Dunaverty,¹ or held the throat of Beaton or Sharp, and thought he did heaven a service. She was purveyoress to yon big house down bye, and he a collector of customs at Alloa.”²

“And he—one of our own kindly Scots—attacked the Prince as an assassin !”

The old man lifted his thin hand and keen grey eye—“That,” he replied, “is known only to the accusing angel. Whether he was an actor in *this* treason, or whether there were other and independent conspirators, is only one more or less to the catalogue of political crimes. It is certain that, before the autumn of 1751, Grossart left Scotland with the determination of assas-

sinating the Prince; and, in the autumn of 1749, his Royal Highness was attacked beyond Wirtzburg by five men in masks, who discharged their pistols into his carriage, one of the bullets passing through his hat, another grazing his breast, and a third lodging in the wadding of the calash, immediately above his head.”¹

“And how did he escape?”

“Heaven, which turned the balls,” replied the Doctor, “favoured his courage, and the determination of his few attendants; they defended themselves with their pistols and swords, until they mortally wounded two of their assailants, when another traveller and his servants coming in sight, the remaining villains abandoned their attack.”

“And can this be true?” said I. “I know that thirty thousand pounds were set upon his head, and that they would, I suppose, have executed him if he had been taken in the forty-five. But

could gentlemen—noblemen—a British government—countenance assassination?”

The old man shook his grey head: “Human nature is the same in all ages and nations,” said he. “Under the gloss of policy—*expediency*—assassination passes into—*execution*; the enemy becomes a criminal—and a fine sophistry argues away the difference between the dagger and the axe.”

I remained some moments in silence, my eyes fixed on his face.

“If there are such things in the world,” said I, “the romance of the middle ages is not yet past.”

The old man smiled with a broad gleam of expression, but not of mirth.—“The world is *full* of ‘*romance*,’” said he, “but the million do not see it. Even in this city—in that park in which you lounge so carelessly—under those calm pale faces—those deep black eyes, and long raven locks—Yes! yes!”—said he, nodding

his head as he caught my eye—" Yes!—you are right! But no matter; under chattain—auburn—any colour you please—*that* at which you open your eyes was only *one* 'fytte' in the romance of 'The Table-ronde'—not of King Arthur, but of George the Fourth. Those calm blank eyes, so vacant in the apathy of fashion—those ears which seem so dull and listless—which, when you speak—twice—thrice—only the absent, but perhaps musical—"wh—a——t"—confesses that they heard you—They have seen—heard—things which might have made a chapter in the Arabian Tales, or the 'Gestis of Sir Launcelot,' and 'Sir Tristram:'. Behind the deep veil of 'the world,' there is another—the world of passion; wealth—power—fear—holds down fast the curtain. But the vision is there—the active busy phantoms are at work—and *will* work, while there is ambition—avarice—love—revenge in the heart of man."

"But the child?" said I, after a long pause,

“ Where can he be ? can he be yet alive ? or how thus unknown—lost to the world ! ”

The old man waved his hand like an Arab, when you ask him, “ Who built Babylon ? ”

“ God alone knows ! ” said he.

CHAPTER II.

THE RED EAGLE.

“ Whom the fire of heaven met in the sky,
And spoil'd of half his wings.”

OSSIAN.

IN the good old time, when houses never changed their inmates nor their furniture—when the parents left their velvet kirtles to their children in their last will, and the children lived at the same board, died in the same chamber, and were laid in the same earth with twenty generations, there was scarce a family in the Highlands which had not its heir-loom, like the ivory hand of Charlemagne, or the *black stone of Scone*. At Calder,

you may yet see the bed in which * King Duncan was murdered ; at Moy, the swords of King Charles and Dundee ; at Dunolly, the brooch which was torn from Robert the Bruce in the battle of Strathfillan, and at Dunvegan, the little four-legged black oak cup, called "*Gloine dhubh*,"† in which the "mighty of the isles" have drank

* Such is the tradition ; but in reality the bed is not older than the time of Charles I. It is, however, an interesting specimen of Scottish manufactures or commerce at that period, being of very rich crimson velvet, bordered with gold point D'Espagne lace, not of the common modern kind, but the rich open work description, similar to the old point thread lace, and still extant in some of the ecclesiastical canopies of the continent.

† This curious and ancient relique is generally called "*Niel-glùndubh*," "*Niel of the Black Knee*." But we have not discovered any tradition by which it is connected with the remote Irish monarch of that soubriquet ; and it is probable that the application of the title is only a confusion, arising from similarity of sound between the name of the king and the appropriate term of the cup. The word "*gloine*," *glass*, is used in colloquial licence, the vessel being one of the antique square "*Mathers*," common to Scotland, Ireland, and other northern countries in the middle ages ; and which, hollowed out of a cube of wood, afforded a simple means of formation where the turning-lathe was not in popular use.

“*Hael*” at the christening, and “*rest*,” at the funeral, of twenty MacLeods.

In our house there was a little old ebony cabinet, called the “BLACK KIST OF GLEN-DULOCHAN.” It was believed to have been the very same in which Moses was laid in the bulrushes, and to have been brought into Ireland by Gathelus, along with *Jacob’s pillow*.* It was a thick, short, hump-backed coffer, supported on four little grinning dumpy black dwarfs, who squatted on their heels under each corner, and looked as if their faces were squeezed short by the weight which they had carried on their heads for so many centuries. The angles of the box were strengthened by silver cramps, and the lock and hinges, which were of the same metal, were elaborately engraved, and bore the initials of two of my great-great-great-grand-parents. The lid, back, and sides, were divided into panels, richly carved, with such a maze of tracery, foliage, and creatures, as might

* According to the fable, the Inauguration Stone of Scotland.

have seemed an epitome of all the hyssop, and cedar, and apes, and peacocks of Solomon, had it not been for a variety of figures in which an idolater might have found objects for adoration without transgressing the commandment.

During my minority it was my fortune to have a guardian, who, even in those days, had a great light of the "*march of intellect*," and among other experiments, to improve my house and estate, cut down the gallowtree, harled the castle, and sold all the furniture which survived going over the devil's staircase. The blessed black kist went with the arras hangings and high-backed chairs. When I heard of it, I commended my guardian to that place which Ariosto says is inhabited by Judas Iscariot and the inventor of gunpowder—but he is dead now, and—what more, I do not wish to mention.

For several years I maintained such a quest after my kist, as King Arthur did for the "*San-graal*," and with about as much success. At last,

only a few days after my interview with Dr Beaton, as I was passing along Wardour Street, what was my ecstasy to see the four little dumpy dwarfs grinning out of the window of a *magasin de curiosités*. At the first sight I sprung into the shop; happily it was empty, and before M. Vetusta entered, I had recollected the self-possession necessary to deal with a *marchand de vertu*. As he appeared, I turned my back on the kist, and pointed to a hideous china jar in the opposite corner. "What is the price of that beautiful Pekin?" said I.

"Fife guinea," replied M. Vetusta.

"Oh!" said I, and passing round the shop, examined, and turned over the whole furniture of the *magasin*, till I came by accident to the kist. I stood with my hands in my pockets, and looked upon it with a gaze of vacant absence: at last—"What is the price of that old gimcrack?" said I, yawning.

"Sare!" exclaimed M. Vetusta.

"That old black tub in the window," said I.

M. Vetusta made a low bow, and took a long pinch of snuff.

“Do you know what is dat?” said he.

“Certainly,” said I.

M. Vetusta simpered and bowed.—“You excuse me, sare—mais, have you ever hear of d’ eleven tousand vergin?”

“To be sure,” said I; “but I very much doubt if ever there were as many at one time.”

“Mafoi oui—et moi aussi,” replied the little man; “mais, dat was de casquet, de coffine, which hold de heart of Santa Clara—dat was one of dem—in de Convent de Macrobius, in Egypt; I take it out of de shrine myself, when I was wid de grand army.”

“You don’t mean so!” I exclaimed.

“Upon my honere!” replied the dealer.

“But,” said I, “was not that sacrilege?”

“Perdi pas!” exclaimed Signor Vetusta; “all de Monke was go—was chassée par de Turke.”

“But how did you discover it contained the heart of St Clare?” said I.

“Ecco la!” exclaimed the Signor, pointing to the lock. “Ecco l’iscrizione ! ‘COR. ST CLAR. S. MAC. DON. ANN. DOM.’ &c. &c. Cioè—*Cor. Sanctæ Claræ Sanctus Macrobius Donator*,—by which you see it was give to de convent by de founder himself—c’est bien curieux !”

“Indeed is it !” said I, “particularly to *me*—and pray what is the price ?”

“Twenty guinea,” replied M. Vetusta, with a bow, “and dat ver sheap—très bon marché—dat is give it away—mais *de bill of reform*, et *cholera morbus* have* played de dev’ wit all affaires. Gentilmen would not give fifty guinea for de tre spindle of de femme de Soloman.”¹

“Then the more reason that I should not give twenty for an old black box which never belonged to a person of so much consideration,” said I.

“Ma de *saint*—!” said M. Vetusta.

“But the reform bill !” said I.

“De carving !”

* This was written in 1831.

“The cholera morbus ! Mr Vetusta.”

“Et tous les gonds—crampons et serrure en argent !”

I laid my hand upon his arm—“Mr Vetusta,” said I, “I will tell you a secret—do you know *me* ?”

“I have not dat honour !” replied the little man, bowing to the ground.

“Five years ago,” said I, “that cabinet was *stolen* out of *my house*.”

The man of *vertu* stood thunderstruck, but immediately recovering himself—“*Mais monsieur !*
COR. ST. CLAR. S. MAC. DON.”

“Which means,” said I, “*Cornelia Sinclair*, and *Simon Mac Donnel*, who were my great-great-great-grandmother and grandfather, when yours were crying roasted chestnuts *quattro per un bajocco* in the Porto del Popolo.”

“Per Bacco!” exclaimed the little man, enraged into his own language ; “Signore ! il mio bisavo era il Reverendissimo Signor Dottor Vetusta de-

cano del Collegio di San Giovanni, e segretario del Gran Duca di Toscana !”

“ Mr Vetusta,” said I, quietly laying my hand on his sleeve, “ I will give you five pounds for the *kistie*.”

“ Il diavolo ! ” exclaimed he—“ I would light de fire wid it before ! ”

“ Good morning,” said I, and turned to the door.

My foot was on the street—“ A-Signore ! ” said Mr Vetusta.

“ *Good morning !* ” said I.

“ Ma Signore ! ”

“ I am in a hurry,” said I, hastily taking out my watch.

“ *E bene ! Bisogna ch’ io vel dia,* ” said M. Vetusta, extending his arms with a generous grimace, “ I must let you have it, since it belong to your grandpapa, and, as I say before, *de bill ! et de cholera !* ”

I took out my purse and paid down the

money. "I send it home to night," said M. Vetusta.

"*A-thank you!*" said I, taking it under my arm though I could hardly grasp it.—"Good morning."

I hurried up Wardour Street, and calling a coach at the corner, drove home with my prize. As soon as I was alone in my dressing-room, I set it by the window, and examined it over and over, as Ulysses did his bow when he was going to shoot against the suitors: it was perfect and entire in every scroll and figure as the last day I had seen it; and suddenly remembering that there was then an old journal of my father's in the false bottom, I touched the spring, the little panel flew open, and to my astonishment a roll of papers fell out on the floor? I snatched them up; they were the very same! and I ran over them overjoyed, for they contained not only very interesting family details, but many important events and valuable legends of the time now passing into

oblivion. I sat devouring the pages which recalled so many profound and melancholy recollections. The greater part of the journal was written at an early period of my father's life, when the desolating changes which followed the forty-five were only *beginning* to come into effect. Several of the distinguished persons, and much of the original character, now gone to the ocean and the grave, then remained in the country, and the following extract, written more than forty years ago, is a brief fragment of the history of a broken house.

* * * * *

It was a calm bright evening, the red October sun was going down over Lammermuir, and, shimmering through the white still smokes of the hamlet, gave its last golden beams on the bright vane and grey spire of the church which rose over the trees. Not a leaf stirred on the aspens, nor a ripple on the sand of the little lake; the gnats danced in the sun, and I could hear the busy

voices of the children playing at "harrow-the-sowie" about the old elm in the market. At intervals, the toll of the large bell came up the hill, and the silent sky, the breathless trees, and still blue water, seemed as if they listened to the sound which told that one of the solitary hamlet was gone to his long home.

The deep heavy knell came slowly over the merry shout and jovial laugh of the children:—"And *you* once laughed as loud at that tree, I thought, and looked as heedless on the sun which now sets upon your grave!" At this moment the funeral appeared between the trees below, and past slowly along the avenue, till it was lost among the doddered oaks. I lingered till the bell had ceased to toll, and leaving Donald to follow the road with the horses, took the little path which descended through the fields.

The sun was set when I came to the wicket of the churchyard: all was quiet and solitary; but, as I looked round for the mourners, I saw one old

woman who stood beside the grave—her head was covered in her dark faded plaid, but her hands were clasped, and I could see that her eyes were fixed upon the new raised earth. I stopped, unwilling to disturb her, till at last she dropped a bunch of heath upon the head of the grave, and drawing her mantle about her face, walked slowly from the churchyard.

I followed her till she entered the avenue, and, as I overtook her, inquired if she could direct me to the cottage of Elspeth Mac Donnel.

The old woman dropped a courtesy, “Yon’s just mysell sir, if ye please !”

I started with surprise and pleasure; for twenty years had so altered the features of my once handsome foster-mother, that I had no recollection of the grey woman before me.

I knew that it was impossible that she could remember me—“Did you ever know one *Ronald Mac Donnel*—in the west country ?” I asked.

“*Heu ! Tha gu-dearbh !*” exclaimed the old woman, involuntarily speaking with her native Gaelic at the mention of her native place—“Deed did I, sir—monie o’ them !—for it’s a kindly name wi’ us, ye ken. There was Raoul dubh, and Raoul brochdair, and Raoul Mac Raoul Mhic Rob, and a hantle others ye’ll no mind, may be.”

“The one I speak of,” said I, “was, I think, called Raoul *beg a’ Thulachan*.” *

“*A’ chial ! a’ chial ! is e Mo-dhalta† fein-sa,*” exclaimed the old woman, suddenly wiping her eyes, and curtseying quickly—“yon was my own Ronald—Raonul beag *Uasal*—Mhic Alain ’ic Raonuil.”

“Can you tell me any thing of what has become of him ?” said I.

“A-weel !” said she,—“but may be ye’r an Englisher, sir ?”

I satisfied her upon this point—“Weel,” said she, and the colour came in her face, “ye wadna

* Little Ronald of Thulachan.

† My own foster-child.

think it o's faither's son—he's awa to faicht for the *Righ dearg*."

"And was not that better than chaffering for stots and queys in Glen Dulochan?" said I.

The old woman shook her head—"He was the first o' his name ever pit dune the '*Ros geal*' for the '*Each ban Hanobheraich*,'" said she. "I wad na thocht his mither had lived to see it, and I did na think to owrlive it mysel, when I saw him gang ovr the hull wi' the dubh gall Dearganach, and a *black* cockade at his lug."

"And where is the old lady, and his sisters—the bonnie lasses of Dulochan?" said I.

Elsbeth turned away her face, and brushed the skirt of her plaid over her eyes, and waved her thin hand upon the air.

"Do you not know?" said I.

"*Gone!*" said the old woman—"Gone like the leaves to the winds!—they are all gone—the *deer* went from the hill—they could na bide wi' a stranger!"

“And the *people*—the *cotters* ?” I exclaimed.

“All,” replied the old woman—“there is none from Strone to Drisach, but the shepherd, and the coly, and the sheep. I looked down the straith at the evening—there were *thirty* white smokes winding up in the sunset—I came out in the morning—there was but *one*.”

“And is there none at the castle of Dulochan ?” I asked.

“*Aye* !” said the old woman, looking sternly in my face.

“It is let then ?” I said.

She stretched her hand to the rooks that were cawing in the elms—“*Aye* !” said she, “to the tenants that God provides for—the ravens and craws—there’s nae anither can live in Glendulochan !”

“And Mr Mac Donnel did this !” said I.

The old woman laughed bitterly—“*Mac Alain Mhic Raonuil* would na put out the *fox* and the *eagle* frae his *ain* craig—suppose they were bad neighbors,” said she.

“And what has made the change?” I asked.

“I ken na weel, pleas o’ law,” replied Elspeth ;
“but there was some auld wadset, or ither like
band that the auld laird had made in the forty-five
—and the writers in Edinbruch seizit the estate,
and sauld it till a suthe-country lord, that did na
ken a hillander frae a black stot. He came doun
the first year to the shooting—but be sure the auld
tour was ovr far frae the muir for his feckless
chay-rimble feet, and the next lammis behoved
to be a bit sclated housie biggit up in the hull,
and the rufe and a’ the timmer-wark was had
off the tour to pit tult, and finish ute a new inn, for
he wad na be chairgit wi’ his freends cattle, and tykes,
and sarvants, ye ken.”

“What !” said I, “send his guests’ horses and
dogs to an inn !”

“Ou aye surely !” replied the old woman ; “and
its mysel that ha’ seen twenty riding pownies in
the stables at Dulochan ! and mair hounds nor
would worry a’ the writer-tykes in *Baile-Dun-*

édin ! but, O me ! yon's but a sma' thing—the next year was to be a new factor.”

“A new factor,” said I ; “and what had old Sandy Mac Alasdair done ?”

“Ou the marquis said he was ower sib to the folk, and he'd no rax them—and sine there cam a bit south-country Yorkshire bodie and a Chiviot¹ shepherd, and at the next Martimass was nae ither fute nor clute in the glen, but what walkit afore his coly.”

The old woman paused for a moment and wiped her eyes. “It was a clear simmer morning,” she continued ; “the sun shone bright on the dew, the bit lochan* was as still and as blue as the sky that was abuve, and the laverochs were singing, and the gulls skirling on the water, and up the hill ye could hear the great stag cry in the corrai—on the green knowie afore the chapel there was a thick black thrang—but it was no the *Sabbath*—the priest stood on the grey

* Little Lake.

stane abuve—in a whilie the bell began to toll—the auld men and the women, and the bairns fall dune on their knees, but the *carnachs* stood about like black ‘*cranns*’ o’ trees, and grippit their aik sticks, and clitchit their teeth to keep the tears out o’ their e’es—the auld man tuk aff’s hat, and lifted up his hands—he could na speak just, at the first; but when the men heard his voice, the tears cam dune their cheeks, and they a’ drappit on their knees thegither—ye might see the tears fa’ like the siller dew on the grass: and when the priest had lift up the cross and given his blessing he cam dune amang them—he spak nae word, but tuk his stick intil his hand, and the pipes began to play—Ou ’twas fearfu’ playing! While the men trussit the packs, and lifted the women and bairns into the cars, the piper walked round and round the wee knowie, playing ‘*Thighibh an-so! Thighibh an-so! Thighibh an-so!*’ *’Chlann Dòmhnail*,* as if

* “*Come! Come! Clan Donnel!*” a celebrated Pibroch.

he would ca' dune the hills about us—but when they were a' ready—at the last time he turnit awa' before them, and the pibroch changit for '*Cha till mi tuille* '”*

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes fast. “We stappit on the top o' the brae,” said she at length. “The last bittie whar ye can see the glen—we lookit back upon the straith—there was nae smoke on a rufe—nae a voice—nae the bark o' a dog. The women, and the bairns, and the *men*—the *tall men*—ye ken the *men o' Glen Dulochan*!—kneelit dune and stretchit out their hands to the glen—and cried!—and cried!—God put it out o' my ears,” and she pressed her hands upon her head.

For several moments she sat with her face rested on her plaid—at last, “They tried to take awa' the women and the bairns,” said she, “but they cast themselves to the ground, and clung to the heather and kissit the fog, and the wee wee

* “I shall never return,” the death lament played at funerals.

things grippit fast to the bushes, and cried ‘Cha téid mi, cha téid mi, *gu’s an Dùthaich chéin*.’* Ou ’twas the death thraw—the pairting o’ the body and the saul.—At last the priest spake to us—we stood round upon the bit shealing—the ‘*Black Cuach*,’ † the cuach that the prince drunk out o’ at Tòmhan a’ Chlèirich was filled, and we looked dune upon the glen, and stretched ute our hands to the grey tour, and cried, ‘Beannachd leibh, Beannachd leibh, Beannachd leibh, a Chlann Raonuill.’ ‡ We poured the last drops into the heather, and brak the cùach on the stane, and cast the staves into the Linne-dhubh—and turnit to the road.”

It was many moments after the old woman had ended before I could ask her another question.

* “I cannot—I cannot go the.”—There is no word in English perfectly expressing the associations of the word *Dùthaich chéin*, but it is all that is melancholy of a land of *distance*, and *strangers*, and *exile*.

† A *cuach* is a drinking-cup made of staves, and hooped with small osier hoops, and those of superior kind ornamented with silver.

‡ “Farewell! farewell! farewell! Clanronald.”

“Do you know nothing of the young laird?” said I, at length.

“Nae mickle,” replied Elspeth. “He’s been to India they say—and whiles auld Norman, the pensioner, gies me a bit wordie o’ him ute o’ the paper when he gangs to the tune for’s pension. But I am no hearing o’ him this while—it’s the peace, ye ken—they’ll be no speaking sae mickle about the regiments and whar they be.”

“Would you be glad to see him out of the red coat?” said I.

Elspeth turned away and wiped her eyes.

“Should you like to see him back in Glendulochan?”

“Ye’d no spier that, an’ ye were na frae the suthe country,” said the old woman.

“*Is mi fién Raonull beag,*” * I exclaimed, suddenly holding out both my hands.

Elspeth’s face came crimson red: for a moment she stood with her eyes fixed on my face;

* “It is I, myself, am little Ronald.”

then suddenly falling upon her knees, clasped the skirt of my cloak upon her face, and sobbed aloud.

I raised her, and threw back the capa from my trews and tartan jacket, and when I could speak, "*Mo mhàthair*" * said I, "mo mhathair, I will never put them off again. I am going to Glendulochan, and you shall go too."

The old woman's hand clenched upon my arm, "Ye canna gang there!" said she. "Ye canna gang to see the sheep feed upon the heap o' my bit husie, and the craws bigging in the tour o' Dulochan."

"I have bought it back," I exclaimed—"the house—the glen—all. To-day the marquis removed to his next estate of Dunrorie."

The old woman clasped her hands and lifted her streaming eyes to heaven.

"Alasdar M'Alasdair is already repairing the tower," said I; "the green heap that was my home in Tulachan shall have a roof and a smoke

* "My Mother."

before Christmas, and there shall not be a *white face* in the hill from Knoc breachd to Ceann dubh.

Elsbeth clasped my hands. "But ye can *never* bring back the *people*," said she.

"I will—I will bring them back!" I exclaimed. "There shall not be a heap that was once a house, but shall rise out of the heather, and be filled again."

The old woman shook her head, "Ye may *fill* them," said she, "but 'twill no be the people o' Glendulochan."

I stood mute and heart stricken,—“There must be *some*,” said I at last, “*some* left. I will call them back from all the glens and fields in Scotland.”

“They are far awa’ in the Duthaich-chein,” said Elspeth, “never to hear the voice that calls them—till HE shall call them, from heaven.”

“They *shall* hear,” I exclaimed; “I will bring them, though it should be from America!”

Elsbeth stretched her hand to the churchyard —“Will ye call them back from the Lich-stone,”

said she—" *There* lies one ye shall *never* bring again ! "

I remembered the grave.

" And is it any whom I know, who lies there ? " said I.

Elspeth grasped my hand hard, but did not speak, and I stood and watched the plaid throb upon her breast, and feared to ask her.

" *He* would have been happy—happy—to see you to day ! " said she at last, in her own calm voice. " The night—the night that he passit awa', he called us a' about him, and bade sit him up in the bed, and bring the *pipes* and the *cuach*. Aonghas filled it up and gave it intil his hand. He took ain o' th' ilk o' us, and bowit his head, ' *Beannachd Dhè oirbh !* ' said he, ' biodh a bheannachd air mo Dhalta, mo Dhalta féin ! mo Cheann Chinnidh-sa ! ' " * " He drank the whisky, and grippit our hands, and kissed us a' round : he looked at Aonghas, but the lad could na see

* " God bless you ! God bless my foster-son ! my own chief ! "

him for the tears. ‘*Mo Mhac!*’ he said, ‘a’
Phìob,* *Cha till mi tuille,*’ and waved his hand
round about from the door like. The light came
into Aonghas’s face, as they say it would come into
the face o’s forbear, Murach mòr, when he played
up in the battle. He said nae word, but he gat
the pipes, and went ute to the green bank, and
blew up the pibroch. Ou ’twas awful to hear
the skirling o’ the pipe come round, and round,
and round the wa’s; and the auld man lay on
the pillow, and held my hand, and whiles waved
his airm, whiles lifted his sight to the bairns,
and whiles it went round after the pipes, and
aye I felt his hand grip sair on mine. At the
last, his e’es did na move, the tear was on them,
but it did na fa’, his hand cam saft, and cauld,
cauld, and drappit awa’ to the bedside.”

Elspeth covered her face, and I wept without
being able to offer her consolation. At length
she dried her eyes, and folded her plaid upon her

* “My son, the pipe!”

breast. "Will ye no come and see the bairns?" said she, in her wonted calm voice. I made a silent motion of assent, and she turned to a little path which led from the avenue. "They are a' at hame," said she, as we went, "a' but Rob, that was at the sea, and bides yet at Oban, at the herring fishing."

It was twilight when we arrived at the cottage. The little chamber was dark and silent as we entered, but the young men and their sisters were sitting about the bed—the bed where their father had died. I will not speak of how we met. You do not know the hearts of the poor. You have never been a Co-DHALTA,* and you cannot feel what it is to meet a foster-brother in the day of trouble.

* * * * *

I arose at sunrise and hastened to the cottage; Elspeth was already at the door looking towards the inn. The young people were gone out to the shearing, but the little room was new sanded, a

* A foster-brother or sister.

small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, stood by the hearth, and a plate of fresh-made scones, and a bowl of new milk, was set in the glowing peat embers. I was going to take the oak settle by the chimney, but Elspeth suddenly held me back and motioned to the high arm-chair, covered with roe-skin, which stood at the foot of the bed. Poor old Ronald's plaid still hung upon the back, and, as I sat down, I saw upon the elbow the black spot where he used to tap out the ashes of his pipe. The tears fell from Elspeth's eyes, and she stooped and busied herself at the hearth—there is no consolation of words for the wounded spirit, and I hastened to speak of such things as should divert her recollection. “*Mo mhàthair,*” said I, as she set the bottle and the cuach before me, “the next ‘*morning*’ that you give me shall be in Tulachan ; in the mean time, you must tell me where to find Rob, for nobody else will see the bit husie sae well biggit.” Elspeth was pleased to talk of her children, and I engaged

her in the stories of past times, and future plans, till I heard the trample of the horses at the cottage door. A tear came to the old woman's eye, but she arose and filled the little cuach in silence. I gave her my hand and drank the "*Deoch an doruis*," and throwing on my plaid hurried out to the horses.

I looked back as I passed the brae head, the white "*mutch*" and gray "*earasaid*" * of Elspeth stood dim, and still and motionless in the sunshine, I waved my bonnet, and as the white wing of the plaid fluttered up in the wind, I turned the brow, and lost sight of the cottage.

I travelled by long stages, but I was obliged to make several halts, and it was near the end of the seventh day before I gained sight of the hills of the west coast. The sun was set as we came upon the wide solitary moor which stretches from Inchmoi to the sea, but the bright glow shone over the black shattered ridges of Sky, and cast a

* The white female plaid, worn only by women.

broad yellow gleam upon the glassy water. I looked for the blue spots of the little islets which lie before Lochdulochan, and the sharp peak of the hill which rises above the castle, but all the space between the island and the main was lost in the deep blank shadow of the mountains.

As I gazed, a faint flash appeared and vanished in the black gorge of the sound; and after a long interval, the low heavy report of a great gun trembled through the still air; I checked my horse. "What shot can that be?" said I to Donald.

The old soldier looked towards the west. "The sun is just down," said he, "but we'd surely no hear the evening gun at Barnera!" *

"It was from the sea," said I, and as I gazed towards the spot, I distinguished the shadow of a large ship under the gloom of the land.

"Presearve me!" exclaimed Donald, "hae we gotten a cruiser in the isles! Weel, I did na think

* Formerly a barrack on the west coast, erected in 1746.

to see yon, forbye a deevil's son o' a gauger in Port-Michael!"

"There was none in your time, then," said I.

"Hoot na!" replied Donald, "deil a cockboat! and nae writer, guager, nor south factor wast o' Innerness—no to speak o' Mungo Downie, for they brent's huse the first week, and he was weel schappit that got awa' in's sairk wi's bukes under's airm."

I could now distinguish the ship gliding in slowly for the land, but in a short time our road turned among the hills, and we lost sight of the sound.

"The twilight was falling as we descended to the little bay of Lochandrine, and as I came out upon the sand, I saw the broad grey shadow of the ship, not a musket-shot from the shore. From her size and rigging she appeared to be a king's sloop, and suddenly the sails, which hung loosely brailed as she had just swung round upon her anchor, diminished and disappeared with a celerity which

belongs only to a man-of-war. As I watched her I heard the splash of oars, and discerned the long black shadow of a galley shoot from behind the little isle which intervened between the shore and the ship. It advanced towards the spot where I stood, and in a few moments the crew run her upon the sand, and a young man, in the full Highland dress, leaped out on the shore. He was attended by a piper, and two or three men in red tartans, and speaking a hasty word to the boat's crew, turned from the water and hastened up the beach. As he passed close to the place where I stood, I was struck with the beauty—the splendour of his figure, and the eagle look of his eye, as he glanced upon me in passing. He wore the great belted plaid, and all the arms and equipment of the old Highland gentlemen, such as I had never seen in the fallen days which followed the proscription of the *forty-five*. His pistols were as bright as silver, and the carved and highly ornamented powder-horn was suspended

from a profusion of silver chain, his dirk and broadsword were of extraordinary breadth and length, and he carried a long silver-mounted Spanish gun, for which I noticed provision in a belt of close bandoleers at his waist.

“A Chial ! a chial !” exclaimed Donald, “chan-fhaca mi riamh samhail mhic 'Athar-sa !”*

The little party crossed the beach, took the pathless cliff, and now lost, now seen among the bushes, ascended rapidly till they reached the summit, and disappeared over the brow of the craig. I turned to make an inquiry of the boatmen, but they were gone, and I saw the boat pulling fast towards the ship. I watched till her long shadow disappeared under the vast black stern, and again resuming my way, spurred on towards Loch Dulochan.

It was deep night when I rode down the narrow broken path into the glen—all was dark, and still, and silent ; not a light twinkled on the

* “I never saw the like of his father's son !”

straith, nor the bark of a dog came from the hill ; but I could discern the dim gray gleam of the lake before me, and at last, the tall, black, silent shadow of the castle tower rising against the sky. My heart beat as Donald spurred past me to knock at the door—the door at which we had not knocked for fifteen years ! He struck on the wicket with the but of his whip, and in a few moments there was a quick step, and it was opened by—*Elspeth*.

“ Failt ! failt Mhic Alain Mhic Raouil ! ” exclaimed the old woman, holding up the light in her hand. “ Surely it was mysel thoucht ye lang a-coming.”*

“ Can this be you, Mo Mhuime ? ” said I, as I sprung from my horse and grasped her hand.—“ How ! when could you come *here* ! ”

“ Ou I hae been here these twa days,” replied Elspeth. “ I kent ye would be sair to want me, and nae body but Donald—ye’re *a man*, ye ken,

* Foster mother.

Donald—and ye canna redd the tour and fire scones, and milk the cou sine as I can—and ochon there's nae wife nor lassie frae Glendoran to the Mount heid."

"I never thought of that," said I, "though Donald has baked me a bannoch on a hot stone, and laid me a pillow on a packsaddle many a night before now."

"Hoot aye! nae doubt!" said Elspeth, "but yon was in the wars—nou ye're at hame ye ken, and ye'll no be to be fashed yon ways."

"And how in the world got you here before me?" said I.

"The morn after ye went," replied Elspeth, "after I redd up the huse, I just walkit in tull Edinbruich" (*thirty miles!*), to my *four hours*,* wi' Janet—she's married ye ken—and syne was awa' the morn wi' my gude brither that's carrier till Port-Michael. When *I* wearyit, the cairt carried me—when the *cairt* wearyit, I walkit beside;—

* Tea or evening meal.

but ou, sirs ! ye'll be weary ye'rsell,"—and she turned before me to the stair.

I followed her up the narrow stone *turnpike*, which had already been repaired, Elspeth turned into the room over the entrance. "There's ye'r ain chaumer," said she, holding up the candle. The verra same that ye sleepit in the night before ye left the countra'—only there's a *new* flure, and new rufe and a winnock, and a door, and sick like—but yon's the verra auld *tapis* on the wall."

The room was, indeed, hung with the identical old arras, and looked as if it had not been moved since the winter nights when I used to lay awake and quake at the grim, tall, shadowy figures which stared and waved upon the wall. "What miracle has preserved this ?" said I.

"Just auld Sandy," replied Elspeth, "Yon southe factor chiel sent them til Port-Michael to be roupit. Lord kens wha should hae boucht them, but Sandy hard o't, and rid a' night to be first i' the morn, and he boucht them ovr's '*mo-*

*deration** wi' the writer bodie that's in the toun enew."

"*Preserve me! a writer in Port-Michael!*" exclaimed Donald, who had followed with my valise.

"Ochon aye! *twa* o' them," replied Elspeth, "and a gauger, and a baillzie, and a toun-sergeant, and a' manner o' justice-fasherie, and law-tulzie, ye never seed the like!"

Donald took an excruciating pinch of snuff.

"I'll awa' just and get ye a bittie to your supper," said Elspeth; "there's *ae* sheep in the huse, and a saumont, and *twa* muir burdies. There's nae a heathcock in a' the mount, for the shepherd's tykes sukit the eigs the year, and the Englisher poachers killit the auld anes—but ye'll get the haggis, and the fush, and chappit petaters, and a soup milk, and whusky—and cakes o'

* The last of the *four* morning drams, the rest being—" *Sgailc*," the morning bumper—" *Friochd*," the after half glass—" *Fradharc*," the power of *vision*. Lastly, "*Stuamachd*," moderation.

new meal, that was shearit, and threshit, and grund, and bakit, and a' this last week."

The old woman set down the light, and hurried away, followed by Donald, who had to provide for the horses. "The're nae *garrons*," ye ken, said he, as he followed Elspeth down the stairs. "The're nae *garrons*, or they'd gang fine in the hill, but deil o' me kens what we'll do wi' sic daisy-rumpled lavroch-shankit corn't wamit bluidies, that canna lie out in the snaw nor eat taps o' heather mair, nor *Billie Buckle*, the laird's jockie at Newmarket!"

Nothing, however, had escaped the forethought of Elspeth and old Sandy; a temporary shed had been built under the rock behind the castle, and enough corn and hay provided to have served the whole of Lord Eaglestone's racing stud. It is true that the corn was hill "*beer*," and the hay had been mowed off the *marsh* meadow only the week before, and it had rained every day since; but if "*Sifada* and *Dusronal*" were like their

master, they eat better, and slept sounder, than ever they did in *Grosvenor Mews*.

The sun was shining into the room when I awoke, and I was scarce dressed when a low, tremulous rap came to the door—"Thigh a stigh," I cried, for I was vain of all the "*bitties*," of Gaëlic I had not lost.

The gray, bending figure of my old steward tottered into the room, his thin scattered hair, now turned to white, and his trembling hand supported on the long oak staff on which I had used to see him bound like a roe over the "*gills*." As I rose to meet him, he felt eagerly before him for my hand; but at the sound of my voice the tears coursed down his face, and he could only wipe his eyes, and shake his head, and grasp my hand between his own. As I spoke my father's great deer greyhound appeared behind at the door, the gray, half-blind, once mighty dog stopped upon the threshold, and lifted his shaggy ears, and stretched forward his long nose; and, for a mo-

ment, his wide black nostrils moved quickly as when he searched the deer in the wind—but all at once he tottered forward, and examined my knees, my kilt, my hands, with an eager breath. “*Constrae!*” I cried, as I patted his rough head; “poor, brave, noble, *Constrae!*” At the sound of my voice the giant dog sprung on my breast, saluted me with his rough beard, howled, whined, layed his long nose on my neck, and wept with joy.

Alaister turned away his head, and for some moments I could only smooth his long shaggy ears in silence, as he closed his dim eyes, and reclined his head upon my breast. “Who has been kind to him that *he* is yet left?” said I.

Alaister brushed his bonnet across his eyes. “The day after Lady Glendulochan and the young ladies left the glen,” said he, “I came by the castle, *Constrae* lay by the door, I ca’d him, but he would na come; I held ute a bittie oat cake, he prickit his ears and waggit his tail, but

syne laid down his head on his feit. I fed him every day for three days, at the last he followed me doun to the huse, and bided there after; but money a day he gangit up till the tour, and sat by the door as if he waited for they that should go in, and of a Sunday he aye todlit dune to the stables, and sat a while on the green knowe afore the coach-huse, as he usit to sit and wait when they pit till the horses for the chapel."

I held out my hand to the old man. "You, and he, and Elspeth, are all that have been left to me," said I, "we will never part more."

The old man held my hand in silence, and the dog lay down beside me, and reclined his head upon my foot. "And how have you been Sandy," said I, "and how are the people in the glen?"

The old man shook his head—"There's nane left for twenty miles," said he; "the marquis pit out the last that was left at the term. Mony o' the auld folk were sweer—sweer to gang, and had nae place to gang till; but they pit fire till

the huses, and puir auld Maggie Mac Kay, that was bedrid for ten years, had the roof lighted ower her heid, and was near brent in her bed; for the lady said, she'd '*find the leigs to rin when the low cam till her.*' I dinna ken what had come o' the puir huseless bit bodies if it had na been for the Iolair-dhearg that was staying at Dundarach, and ou but he was kind! kind! he gangit doun to the glens himsel, and sent runde meal and cairts for the bairns and the auld folk, and monie ain he gied a bittie siller to carry them till Glasgow, that were to gang till America."

"And who is the Iolair-dearg?" said I.

"Ou dinna ye ken? but how should ye that hae been far awa'—but indeed I canna weel say mysel, its mair nor a twal month he's had the auld huse o' Dundarach. He came ae simmer's morning, in a great king's ship till Lochandrine, but 'tis twa months neu she cam for him again. I dinna ken whar for, but Murach Mac Lean the drover, that's in a' pairts, said he seed him and

the ship in Mull, and the Leus, and awa' north in the mainland o' Ross ; I dinna ken if he'll be back again, for there's nae o's servants left in the huse."

"Does he wear the Highland dress ?" said I.

"Ou ye never see'd the like ! except Glen-garve !" replied Alaister.

"And what did you call him ?" said I.

"The fock call him '*Iolair-dhearg*,' the *Red Eagle*, for his red tartan and the look o's e'e, that was never in the head o' man nor bird, but the eagle and Prince Chairlie. But Muster Robison, the post Mister in Port-Michael, says his name is Captain O'Haleran, and that he is son to ane great admiral in the suthe enew ; but I dinna think it ; for the auld French bodie, his servant, ca's him whiles, '*Munsenur*,' and '*Half's-rile*,' and a poor o' names that I canna mind."

"But O'Haleran is not a Highland name," said I.

"Feint a bit o't !" exclaimed Alaister. "But

ye greit folk tak what names ye will when ye're traevling, just like the Juke o' Fonteney was called *Muster Antowne* when he cam through the Hillands; and, to be sure, a bit schuchling bodie he was, mair liker a *muster* nor a *juke*, and contrar was Muster Granton, the marquis's grandson here, that was called '*Cornal*,' when he gied abroad, though deil a bit o'm eiver had a reid coat on's back, forby the *Cummerland hunt*."

"I must go and see him!" said I—who had been thinking only of the young Highlander who landed from the ship—but while I was enquiring the shortest road to Dundarrach, Donald entered the room with a letter in his hand, and a look of importance in his face—

"Here's a note frae ye're auld chief Glen-garve," said he.

"Mac Mhic Raouil!" I exclaimed, "alive! and I shall see him once again!"

"Aye will ye!" said Alasdar, "and *he'll* see *ye* beside—though he's a *hunder* year auld the morn

—and he'll hear a' ye're cracks o' foreign parts. Angus' piper says he'll judge a pibroch yet, better nor half the young chiels in the country—he did na believe it, and sine ae day when he playit the ‘*Cuairt* at dinner,’ he pit the ‘*Creanluidh*’ of ‘*Cumha Craoibhe*’ to the *sieulechin* of ‘*Cille-Chriosd*’¹—the auld man ‘drappit’s knife and fork, as if ye had slappit him on the lug—he did na gie Angus the after-dinner’s dram for a week.”

The invitation was written by Eneas, the grandson of the laird, but with the point, spirit, and kindliness in which I recognised the language of the old man—“Tell the lad,” said he, “that he must come *home* to Craiganiech till the old tower is made canty—to-day I can *see* him, and *hear* him, and take out the siller raven once—to-morrow—I am a hundred years old.”

“Get ready the horses,” said I, “we will cross the Larich-dubh before dinner.”

It was the brightest, the stillest, of October days, the elysium of the Highlands—not a fleck

spotted the clear high sapphire vault of heaven, nor a ripple stirred the deep blue quiet face of the lake, except here and there the long silver line of a duck gliding through the water—I could see even the white micæ glisten on the gray craigs, and the yellow fern wave far upon the rock, while the broad deep crimson heath slept silent in the sun, and now and then the short lonely crow of the muir cocks answered each other from the “*to-mans*.”

I dropped my reins on the neck of the horse, while Donald, who remembered his old chief twenty years ago, beguiled the way with tales of his youth—

“The day that he went to Glenfinan,” said he, “there were three hundred men behind him, and he the tallest amang them a’. There was *Rorie-luath* caught the buck on coire-ouran, and *Angus mòr* that lifted the great stone of Knoc-clach, and *Hugh ard* that was mair nor twa elns and a span out o’s cuaran—but ou! Mac Mhic

Raoul was taller be the hail bonnet, and he wad lay Rorie and Angus ower ither on the fail as I wad pit thegither the heides o' twa bairns. Nae a man eiver lukit in his face, but the Mickle dragoon sergeant at Gladsmuir, and he chappit his heid through the chaff's wi's ax like a *nip*.—Ou ! but he was the fearfulest man in a stour—and the truest heart to's friend—and the gentlest man 'mang leddies, that ever took sword in his hand, or belted his back wi' a plaid."

"And was there not something weird," said I, "the second sight—what he told before the prince came to Muidart, and what he *saw* the night before the route from Preston?"

Donald touched his bonnet, but did not answer. I looked round to him for a reply—

"We'll no speak o' yon sir, if ye please."

"Why," said I, "its nothing about the *Good-neighbors* nor the Brownies, nor the *white lady of Dulochan*."

Donald shook his head. "Nae dubt!" said he,

“but we’ll no be speaking o’t Sir, wi’ your leave,” and he touched his bonnet.

“And do you really believe,” said I, “that he ever told or saw more than you or I, Donald.”

The old man smiled, but not merrily. “I doubt an ye dinna find ye’re chair till the buird and the sheets till ye’re bed,” said he, “monie times I hae heard the like, and troth I wadna wonder if he could tell ye what the prince and the king o’ France speak o’ in their privy closet—or what ’tis the auld admiral has under the *black picture* in Lunnun yonder.”

“What admiral? what picture?” said I.

“Diel o’ me minds the name o’m enew,” replied Donald; “but monie times I hard the servants speaking o’s picture, and ae day that the master was ute—my cousin Hector—that’s his body servant ye ken—tuk me to the huse to see it.”

“Why, then you can tell what it is yourself,” said I, “without the help of the laird or the ‘*Dà-shealladh*.’”

“Diel a bit o’ me,” said Donald; “there’s a grumous black curtain afore it, and just as Hector was on the chair to lift it cam the deevil’s thunder o’ tirling at the door.

“Aie! man! there mad Jock!” cried Hector, and out on’s chair like a linnet.

“And wha’s yon?” said I.

“Wha but the maister!” said Hector, “and awa’ he was and dune the back stair] and I at the back o’m.”

“Aie! man! and we had done yon!” said Hector.

“Deil’s in ye!” said I, “and what then?”

“Lord kens!” said Hector, “but ae day he was near to pit Maggie Macfarlane by the winnock for shaking the dust ute o’ the curtain.”

“And can’t you think of the name of the old madman?” said I.

“Feint a bit o’ *me*,” replied Donald; “and mair’s the wonder, for I hard Hector speak o’m monie times; for his family were aye greit wi’

the prince, and King James before him—hoot, 'tis a lang auld farand Ireland name, for's faither as married upon a lassie out o' yon country wi' a mickle tocher—and sine he take her name, though he himself should be yearl o' Strathgowrie."

"Then he is from the north!" said I.

"Hoot aye!" said Donald; "his forbears—and greit work he has wi' Scotch and Irish—there's nae a man nor a lassack in the huse but hae gotten '*Mac*' and '*O*,' till the fore o's name."

A sudden guess struck me,—“And his own is '*O*'—Haleran,” said I.

Donald clapped the shoulder of his horse with a slap that made him spring a yard out of the road—“The deil's auld chiel! yon's just him!” exclaimed he, “Ou! but I mind yet the fleg he gied me wi's poorful *thirling* at the mikle ha' door.”

“Did you ever see his son,” said I.

“Deil o' me kent he had ony!” replied Donald.

I rode on, making all sorts of conjectures upon the picture and the young Highlander, who I had no doubt was connected with its possessor, till I was roused by Donald riding forward to open the gate of Craiganiech. As we entered the great oak avenue, all the boyish impressions of my first visit to my chief—the *seer*—the hero of the *forty-five*—the *giant* of all my infant romances, and nursery tales, rushed upon my mind as if it was but yesterday, and my heart beat almost with the same awe with which I had approached my first interview. In a short time we came in sight of the vast red half-ruined pile of the castle, once the seat of the lords of Clanranald and the Isles, and which still showed on its grim black shattered turrets the effects of the explosion, by which the rest of the fortalice had been blown up by the Duke of Cumberland. Not a stone, however, seemed to have fallen since I had last seen it, and below wavered the grey head of the old scathed walnut, one of the two favourite

trees of the laird, which had survived the attempt of the soldiers to blast them down with the castle.

About a hundred yards further in the middle of the green lawn, which sloped down to Loch-aniech, stood the modern habitation of the family—all which they had erected after the destruction of the castle. It was a long, low, single-story house, built of birch wattles, plastered without; but within, the stranger was astonished to enter a spacious room, covered by Turkey carpet, wainscoted with gilt panels, and hung with clantartan in rich Lyons' silk; the entrance was a long narrow vestibule, the walls covered with stags' heads of a gigantic size, on the antlers of which were suspended plaids, bonnets, and all kinds of fishing and hunting gear. In a rack on one side stood a long black array of twelve immense "*hang guns*," or wall pieces, which had been part of the armament of the castle; often the shadowy tartans of the piper, or some attendant Highlander, filled up the picture of feudal

retainance, and in the evening the whole household danced to the music of the pipes, and gave a wild romantic pageant, which carried back the mind to the halls of a hundred years ago.

When I now passed through, it was silent and deserted by all but the gray trophies on the wall, and I followed the servant down a long narrow passage, which terminated at a little chamber, the private closet of Glengarve. The servant opened the narrow door, and I entered with an impatient step.

The old man sat by the fire in his black oak chair, his bonnet on his head, and his plaid folded over his knees. Eneas sat by his side reading out of a large black-letter Gaëlic missal,¹ and as the old man bent his head towards the book, his long white hair and silver beard fell like snow upon the deep black velvet of his còta-goïrid.*

At the mention of my name, he raised his head suddenly, and as I approached held out his hand,

* Short coat—the jerkin, which, after the extinction of the Vandyke costume, succeeded the peiteag or doublet in the Highlands.

with a look that told he plainly saw me—"Failt, Failt—Mo Mhic," for so he always called me, and he grasped my hand with a gripe which made my fingers tingle to the points.

"Faith, sir!" said I, "if you had been Milo, you had never left your hands in the oak."

The old man smiled faintly, and shook his head. "The strong and the weak are one day the same," said he, in his wonted deep voice. "*Yesterday* the tree reared up its head against the storm—*to-day* it moulders in the heath——" he stretched out the thin, trembling, still mighty wreck of his gigantic arm. "It was not thus when it first taught you to cast the stone and pitch the bar—But"—and he laid his broad hand upon my shoulder—"sit down—sit down, and tell me a' your new world tales—and you are come back, now that I am just going to leave ye?"

"Alas, no!" said I; "you must live many years yet, and see all that I am going to do: see

me build up the old house, and fill Glendulochan with people."

The old man's brow came sharp and keen, and he shook his head. "Ye canna do it!" said he—"ye canna do it! Ye may call to the winds, and the waters, and the earth, but it will not give them back. *I* have heard the lambs bleat where the maiden sung, and seen the fauld herded upon the green heap, where once the sons and the fathers sat under the roof tree. What will ye do when ye shall call to the hills and the glens for the sword, and the scythe, and your father's sons, and none shall answer but the sheep."

"Curse them!" I exclaimed—"curse those who did it!"

His bending withered frame rose up to its terrible height, and he laid his hand upon the Book—"And *HE will* curse them!" said he; "and the heaven, and the sea, and the earth that opened her mouth to cover their heads, shall say—AMEN!"

He looked upon me till my eyes fell before him; there was a long deep pause, but when I glanced up, the awful spirit of his face was gone, and he sat feeble, and passive, and absent: his grey brow fixed in the emptiness of age, and his thin hands dropped upon his knees.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and the Piper announced—"An *Iolair-dhearg*." A light quick step, and the gingle of arms approached in the passage, and the young Highlander, whom I had seen land in Lochandrine, entered the room. Eneas started up to meet him, and leading him to his grandfather,—“Captain O’Haleran,” said he; “the gentleman of whom I spoke is come to see you.”

The old chief gently nodded his head, but he did not speak, and gazed on him with an absent look. As the stranger bent towards him, a sudden beam of the setting sun came through the window, and lit up his noble features, and the long golden hair which fell upon his shoulders.

I thought involuntarily of the pictures of *Charles Edward*. The old man suddenly started, gazed eagerly upon his countenance, and pulling off his bonnet, grasped the arms of his chair as if to rise : we supported him, and he rose slowly up to his giant height, and bent his knee before the stranger.

The colour came into his face; but he stretched out his hand, and, raising the old man, inquired of his health, without noticing this appearance of failing intellect. The venerable chief turned away, and the tears ran down his face. “God bless your Royal Highness!” said he; “God bless you! Well, indeed I am, to see this day!”

We looked at each other in silence, and the cheek of the stranger came red as his jacket. “You mistake, sir,” said Eneas; “it is——”

“I know!” said he hastily; “I know! it is——” but suddenly he checked the word at the entrance of the servants, who came to cover the table, and sunk down into the chair in silence.

“It is Captain O’Halleran,” said Eneas, anxious to give his mind a decided impression.

The old man smiled, and bowed his head: “Ou aye,” said he—“ou aye! it is just the captain—I am glad to see him. And weel, sir, will ye be lang in the country?” and his white brow fixed upon his face.

“I am not yet certain,” replied the young man; “but your society would be a great inducement.”

Mac Mhic Ranouil shook his head, and held out his trembling hand—“It could *once* have done you service,” said he; “but——,” and he laid his hand upon the head of Eneas, “here are *three* of these, and five hundred men, between Lochness and the sea.”

“God keep you yet to be a father to them,” said the Iolair-dhearg, “for there is a bitter change around them; and he led the conversation to a retrospect of the alteration of the Highlands. The old man spoke with his wonted force, chival-

ric feeling, and profound thought, and told some anecdotes of the "*old time*," with all the vivacity and dramatic character for which he was so celebrated; but as the servants left the room, he suddenly stopped, and looked at the stranger. "Mo Phrionnsa?" said he hastily, "are you in danger, that you are here alone?"

The young man laid his hand kindly on his arm—"I fear," said he, "your remembrance joins me with some other person; I regret to think that you could never have seen me before."

The old man shook his head and smiled sadly. "I might think you should not mind *me*," said he, "but the last time was on the morning of *Culloden*."

"Alas! I was not then born!" replied the stranger.

Glengarve suddenly raised his head, and fixed his eyes upon his face: "It is owr true!" said he; "it is owr true! it is fifty years ago! I forget

how I have outlived them all—but who are ye, sir?”

The young man blushed slightly: “I am the son of a *true Highlander*,” said he; “one whose father lifted his hand in the same cause—the same days with you—but he was yet more unhappy, for he was one of those—*who will never return*.”

Mac Mhic Ranouil wiped away a tear, and for some moments bent down his head in silence. At last he looked up and stretched out his right hand,—“*He* held it in *his* as we went into the moor,” said he; “it has never taken the hand of man since; and now, if they would carry me into the field, and lay the cuckoo¹ across a knowe, I would send a shot for him that should bring down the deer’s cabar.”*

The Iolair extended his hand to take the outstretched hand of the chief; but, at his motion, the old man withdrew it, and gave him the *left*.

* Horns.

For a moment the Iolair held it in silence—
“Not by the hand of man,” said he, “nor by the
will of earth—by the arm of God alone.”

The old man returned his grasp in deep silence,
and leaned down his head upon his hand, the long
white hair fell over his face, and he sat so still and
motionless I thought he had fallen asleep. Eneas
stood beside him, his arms folded, and his eyes
fixed upon him with intense regard—I thought
with awe—for near a quarter of an hour he
neither stirred nor spoke. At last he raised his
head, and swept back the long silvery hair from
his face, a strange, fearful, unnatural light was
in his eyes; he stretched out his hand to the
stranger,—

“I *know* you, who you are!” said he; “God has
written it on your brow!—*thou* art the ‘*true bird of
the mountain!*’ The Rose that blossomed in the
Duthaich-chéin—the *Red Eagle* of victory that
should come from the sea—before the flood shall
wash the foot of the tree at Bail ’Ionarara—before

the coming of '*Gregor with the black knee*'—when the '*white horse*' shall carry the last of Clan O'Duine over Drumalbin ; and the '*many coloured mantle*' shall float down Loch-Fine, and the *Eagle*, and the *Raven*, and the *Hawk*, shall take his own!"¹

His eyes faded, his head sunk down upon the chair, and for a long while he spoke no more. At last he looked up, his face was pale and altered, and there was a dim blank whiteness on his eyes—he swept back the hair from them with his thin fingers, and pointed to the wall.

"Thoir na h-airm !" said he feebly.

Eneas lifted down the long black sword, the dirk, and the target that hung over the chimney. The old man bent his bald eyes towards them, and felt them eagerly with his hands—he groped for the hilt ; Eneas supported the blade, for it was too heavy for him, and he grasped his hand within the guard ; for a moment his pale thin features grew sharp and stern, and his eyes fixed towards

the stranger. He stretched out his left hand, and felt in the air—"A Mhic an Rìgh!" said he; "Thig dlùth Mhic an Rìgh!"

The young man approached, he felt for his arm, and placed his hand in the sword—

"It was at Cillechrakie—Sherramuir—Cullo-den," said he "they came to take it—I hid it by my son's grave, where I buried him in the hill under the rock!—I am going to meet him!"

His voice failed—he bent down his head. Eneas supported him in his arms, and the stranger held his hand as he stood beside him. Once more he looked up, once more pressed the hand of the stranger, and laid it upon the head of his grandson,—"*Mo Rìgh! Mo Mhac! Glòir Alabin gubràth!*" he said. A still smile came over his features, his head sunk down upon the arm of the stranger, and his last deep breath passed across his hand.

* * * * *

The morning was yet scarce light, for the

deep black silent clouds rested upon all the hills, as if they had come down to darken that day of mourning; not a breath of wind stirred the still bosom of Lochaniech, nor a sound came from the hill, but the deep, dull, sullen roar of the distant Garve. All was yet silent in the house, but a red still light shone in several of the windows, and at times a passing shadow told that some were already stirring at that unusual hour.

As the light advanced, a faint uncertain sound came from the mountain; but at length the hum of pipes could be distinctly heard in the gorges of the glens, and suddenly an approaching pibroch, and the heavy tramp of men, advanced up the avenue. It came on till the black shadowy column appeared between the trees, and the light fluttering streamers of the pipe could be distinguished amidst the dark waving of the tartans. In a few minutes another body approached from the opposite side, and in less than half an hour every road was darkened by the long black co-

lums of the clans pouring down towards the house. As they arrived upon the lawn, they formed up into line, leaving an interval between each body, and before the house a larger space, in which was pitched the yellow banner of Glengarve, and the famous *heath*¹ standard of the Clandonnel.

The piper took his place before the colours, and there was a long deep pause, till suddenly the door of the house was thrown open, and a dim glimmer of light appeared in the hall. It was already filled with the ceann tigh, or gentlemen,—heads of houses, or clan septs, and in the midst appeared the deep black pall, which covered the vast coffin. The pistols, dirk, and broad-sword of the deceased lay upon the lid, and at the head the eagle plumed bonnet and a branch of heath, the badge of the Clan Donald. Four Highlanders, with fir torches, stood at the corners of the hearse, and upon the wall a wax taper burned upon the white glimmering forehead of each deer's

skull, and cast a wan light among the shadowy plaids and arms, and over the throng of plumes and tartans which stood about the coffin. At the extremity of the crowd I distinguished the figure of the *Iolair-dhearg*, his tall eagle's wing veiled with black crape, and the bright glitter of his arms and ornaments obscured by the same sable covering. While I watched his deep, noble countenance, as it was fixed towards the hearse, Alandall, blind-Alan, the favourite bard of Glengarve, groped through the crowd towards the coffin. He started as he touched the velvet, but immediately felt it eagerly with his hands, and grasped the coffin, the arms, the bonnet, and we thrilled at his voice, as he wept aloud and exclaimed, "*Ochon ! Ochon ! Ochon ! Mhac Mhic Raonail !—Cha n-fhaic mi thu cha n-fhaic mi thu a-chaidh ? A Làimh dheas a' Ghaeil !*" While we stood round him in silence, Eneas, accompanied by his uncles, entered the hall. Alan stopped at the sound of his step, but his hands clenched in the pall,

and his bald eyes turned suddenly towards the piper. The young chief whispered to the *Iolair-dhearg*, and advanced to the head of the coffin. The stranger came forward and took the head of the bier—the vast flowing veil of black velvet rose slowly upward, and the sudden burst of the pipes blew up the march of *Cille-Chriosd*. The banners were already lifted—the coffin passed slowly out beneath them—and the long procession moved forward to the avenue. As the coffin passed the ruined barbican, a bright flash of lightning shot above us, the flame played upon the arms, and all at once the heavy thunder burst over our head, and drowned the clamour of the pipes. The storm seemed to wake, as if the heaven and the earth rose up to meet us. All the way as we passed on, the lightning flashed above, and the thunder and the rain swept around, as if the heaven shouted over us, and wept its tears upon the pall.

The bard lifted his bonnet, and waved his hand

to the sky. A bright, wild light of inspiration came to his sightless eyes, and suddenly he burst into a deep wild song of lament and exultation—calling the heaven and the storm to the grave of his chief, and constantly recurring with wild burden to the ancient distich :—

“ *Is sona 'Bhean-bainns' air an éirich grian !
Is beannaicht' an corp air an tuit an fhras !* ”

“ *Happy is the bride that the sun shines on !
Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains upon !* ” *

In a few moments the whole host of the people caught the strain, and the deep surge of two thousand† voices rolled up to heaven with the song. As the chorus went and came, the figure of the *Iolair-dhearg* seemed to rouse up like the eagle in the storm, and his tall noble figure

* This sentiment prevails in various European countries, and is probably to be found in all. The English couplet, given in the translation of the Gaelic, is that actually of popular recollection in England.

† At the funeral of Campbell of Lochnel, a little *before* the forty-five, there were *four thousand* men *in arms* present.

moved like the bright battle-spirit of the hills amidst the dark black cloud of cloaks and plaids. His glimmering arms and ornaments glittering with the lightning, and the white rose of his bonnet, and the red wing of his plaid, shining like a pale star, and waving like the red lights of heaven on the clouds above.

At length the black column approached the burn which winds round the little solitary chapel of Laggan, the last resting-place of the great—the beautiful—the noble of Clanranald for a hundred generations. The stream was now swollen to a deep, black, furious torrent; but there was no check amidst the crowd. The dark, dense, shadowy column, rushed amidst the foaming water, and, locked arm to arm, bore through the roaring torrent, amidst a white cataract of foam and spray. For a moment the wild thrilling battle-clamour of the pipes remained stationary upon the bank, as the crowd struggled with the stream; and, at every shock of the wind and flood,

the shrill rapid pealing of the pibroch came up in the blast like the cry of the storm spirit.

The coffin reached the middle of the stream—it stopped; the white spray dashed up over the pall, and the black heavy mass trembled, wavered, rocked, like a toppling tree. *Làmh dhearg bhuadhach! Chlann Dòmhnuille!*” cried Eneas, through the wind. The thunder of the war-cry came up over the storm, and the black waving pall, and all its plumes and bonnets, passed forward through the torrent. We ascended the bank, and crossed the level field, and reached the gate of the chapel girth. The pipes stopped all at once, as they went through; and the deep, heavy tramp of the crowd was all which came amidst the storm.

The coffin passed into the chapel. The mourners gathered round the grave, and the bright figure of the priest in his chasuble came forward through the dark crowd of tartans. A few pale tapers were set about the bier, and shed a faint light across the coffin, and over the deep, dark,

shadowy mouth of the pit where it was to rest for ever. The priest advanced to the brink, and began the service. The corpse was lowered slowly into the grave, and a deep thrilling shudder ran through the crowd, as the fearful hollow sound of the earth rebounded on the coffin. I looked up, the cold clear blue of the autumn sky appeared through the dark roof, and one pale star looked in upon the grave.

“Requiem æternam dona ei Domine,” said the priest—“Requiescat in pace !”

The deep *amen* passed away among the people like a murmuring surge, and the low muttering thunder of heaven answered it back upon the hill.

* * * * *

The night was far gone as I passed along the silent, solitary street of Port-Michael, towards the house where I was to spend the remaining hours till morning. The great bodies of the funeral had marched away before nightfall for their respective glens, but numbers still remained

in the little town ; every room and change-house which could afford a lodging was occupied, and long after dark, many a solitary figure, yet seeking for a shelter, was seen hastily passing through the street. All, however, had now retired to some resting-place. The night was deathly calm and dark as I passed along the shore. Not a star shone in the sky, nor a light in a window, and all was still, and silent, and breathless, as if the heaven and the earth listened with fearful pause for some terrible event.

I stopped upon the brow of the pier-cliff, and looked down upon the sea. It lay like a black, void gulf below me ; no stir, nor sight, nor sound, but the little still red light upon Eilein-marbh, and the low, deep, distant hum of the stream upon Beann-na-gaoith. For several moments I watched the pale spark of the fisherman's hut, and the long quiet pencil of reflection which slept upon the water. "How many a fearful night has that lonely beam seen around it," I thought ;

and, turning from the cliff, hastened to my lodging.

I was aroused by a loud noise. The whole world seemed rocking and rolling round the house. At first, in that confusion with which the mind awakes in any sudden or violent disturbance, I had no distinct sense of the cause ; but in a moment I was aware of the conflict of a hurricane : The wind roared in the chimney ; the rain washed against the window like a torrent ; the blast shook the rattling casement, as if it would shatter the panes from the leads ; and the deep terrific roar of the sea came like thunder through the confusion of sounds. I started up and listened, for I was yet sensible of having been wakened with some other noise. Suddenly the report of a cannon burst in the wind, and the quick rush and clamour of a crowd of people came past under the window. I started up, and hurried on my dress, and descended to the door—Donald was already there.

“ Here’s an awful night, sir ! ” said he.

While he spoke, the thunder of the cannon came again through the storm.

“What guns are those?” said I.

“A great ship has mistaken the light on Eilein-marbh for the pier-head,” replied he, “and has struck on the *Drum-an-t-orc*.”

“Is any gone to her assistance?” said I.

“Chial! Chial! Glendulochan!” exclaimed Donald; “there’s no the face o’ man can cross the Kyle.”

I folded my plaid about me, and hastened out towards the shore. As I approached, the deafening roar of the beach came like thunder through the darkness, and for a moment I could see the dim white mountain of foam and surf burst upon the rocks. The strand was crowded with people, and all the boats were drawn up high above the water. Numerous lanterns moved quickly along the craigs, or shone with a dim stationary glimmer through the storm-haze; but it was so dark, that I could scarce discern the white

sheet of the surge which broke at my feet. The voice of the fishermen could scarce be heard through its roar, and it was only where the lanterns shed a dusk glimmer among the plaids and bonnets that I could discern the dense, still crowd which was gathered about me.

All at once the broad glare of a fire-beacon rose up on the cliff, and shed its dusk-red light over the rock, and the dark shadowy figures along the strand. As the tall fitful flame wavered on the wind, it threw its momentary flashes upon the tops of the mountain breakers, but all beyond was one black empty line of void darkness.

I now discovered the pilots making signals at the tide-post. "Is it yet near the flood?" said I to an old man who stood beside me.

He stooped his lantern to the ground, and I saw that we stood upon the *green turf*, though the waves washed up to our feet. "A chial!" I exclaimed, "is *this* the high-water mark?"

"Never before, since the great flood of the

world," replied the fisherman, "there's no the oldest man on the coast has seen such a tide—at the highest she does na come to the bent hill, and now she's gone ovr the *Brugich-mar*, and is out on the hail carse o' Moi."

"My God!" I exclaimed, "and where are the cattle—the people?"

"Gone to the great deep!" answered the fisherman.

I stood silent and appalled. "To-night," said the old man, "is the anger of God in yonder water—and, ou! ye'll see a sight when the morn breaks!"

While we spoke, the heavy report of the guns continued at steady intervals, and I saw the red flash not above two hundred fathoms before us. As I listened for the shot, a feeble old man pushed through the crowd to the brink of the water, and as he looked upon the surf, he clasped his hands and exclaimed, "O! Dhia! Dhia! an Eilean! an Eilean!"*

* "The Island! the island!"

None had thought of it before—"Who!—who are *there?*" cried several voices at once.

"Mo Nighean! Mo Nighean!"* exclaimed he.

A murmur of horror rose from the crowd, and I remembered the light which I had seen at the hut as I returned home.

"It was on the wee green bank in the sand bent," said the old man to whom I had first spoken. "It will be ae fathom under the water e'neu!"

The father stood with his hands fast clenched, his eyes fixed in the darkness—he had no plaid nor bonnet, his breast was open to the rain, and his long grey hair whistled in the wind. Donald took off his own bonnet, and covered his head, but he did not move, nor speak, nor turn his face. The crowd gathered about him; but after the first inquiries, none spoke to him, for he did not answer. I turned away, for I could not look on his despair—and what could I say to him?

* "My daughter! my daughter!"

The people continued to reply to the minute guns with their lights ; and there was now a distant fire burning on the opposite foreland of the sound, to direct the ship between the main and the isle. Before daylight the guns ceased ; and we watched with intense anxiety for the dawn, to discover the situation of the ship. At length the day broke ; the ridges of the waves came out to the grey light, but as the narrow channel appeared, *nothing* could be seen but the white terrific hurricane of water, and the black solitary head of Eilean-Marabh !

The little island was almost buried in the waves, and only the black point of its sharp rock could be distinguished amidst the surf. As the light advanced, however, I distinguished a white object upon the summit ; at first I thought it was but foam, but at length I saw it move, and taking the glass from the old pilot, discerned the shape of a human figure. The old fisherman snatched the glass out of my hand, and pointed

it on the rock. It shook in the blast, but for a moment it came steady. The old man dropped it on the grass, and falling on his knees, clasped his hands—"Praise to God! praise to God! praise to God!" he exclaimed! "She is *yet alive!*"

I snatched up the glass, and distinguished the white slender figure of a girl upon the rock—her long pale hair flew uncovered in the blast, and as her white earasaid fluttered fast in the wind, she stood straight, fixed, and motionless, her hands clasped, and her face bent towards the shore; suddenly she waved her little slender hand in the wind, and the pale earasaid fluttered up towards us.

"*Am bàta! am bàta!*" cried the old man with a terrible voice.*

A sharp, deep, biorlinn lay drawn up beside us, and several powerful young fishermen leaned upon the gunwale—but none moved nor answered.

* "A boat! a boat!"

The old man tottered forward to the stern—
“Donald! Aonghas! Eachain!” he called, but
none spoke out of the crowd. He wrung his
hands—“Men! *brothers! fathers!*” he cried,
“Will *none* go!”

“Alas!” said Donald, “if they had the
‘*blessed ship of Clanranald*’ they could not go!”

At this moment the venerable priest of Port-
Michael pressed through the crowd, towards the
old man.

For a moment he stopped and spoke to the
people, but they shook their heads and lifted their
hands, and I could hear—“*A chial! a chial! cha
n-e Fionn mòr féin!*” *

The priest came forward to the old man, who
had thrown himself on the turf, and strove to
raise and console him; but he did but clench
the grass, and shake his grey hair, and turn his
face to the ground. The pastor looked suddenly
to the crowd. “I have steered a boat myself,”

* “Alas! alas! not the great Fingal himself!”

said he ; “ it *is possible*—with the help of God ! ”

As he spoke, the trample of horses, and the rapid gliding rush of a carriage came through the sand, and the marquis of Eaglestone’s travelling chariot drove up through the crowd. Lord Grandton, his eldest son, sprang from the door, and pushing through the press, with loud inquiries and directions, made an abundance of that ostentatious incitement, and incompetent assumption of conduct and importance which the *vulgar* great parade for activity and generosity in occasions of public calamity.

“ Why the devil, *you fellows*, don’t you launch the boat ! ” cried he to the fishermen about the galley.—“ By G—d, take in all the reefs—steer hard up in the wind. If *I* had half a dozen *English* man-of-war’s men I would be at that d—d rock in five minutes ! ”

“ *If ye had King Gordie, ye’d no won there !* ” said a deep-voiced Highlander who leant upon the boat.

The young nobleman bit his lips for a moment ; but turning suddenly to the crowd, “ Where are *my* men ! ” cried he.

There was a long pause.

“ *Gone to America !* ” answered a single voice at last.

Lord Grandton stood abashed for a moment, but he immediately recovered the effrontery of *high breeding*. “ Come, my good fellows,” said he, “ don’t stand there ! here’s fifty guineas, and an anker of whisky to the first boat that goes out.”

The men returned no notice. The water was still rising on the grass, and I looked anxiously towards the island. The white slender figure stood dim and motionless upon the rock ; but at times I could see the fluttering earasaid waved up in the wind. Suddenly a tremendous breaker burst upon the island, and for a moment all seemed buried in the foam ; a loud clamouring murmur went up from the crowd, and both Lord Grandton and

the priest redoubled their incitement to the boatmen.

At this moment the *Iolair-dhearg* came through the crowd—we stood motionless about the boat, and the old man knelt and clasped his hands, and cried—“ Ochè ! Mo 'Nigheann féin ! Is mise tha sean, an-diugh, cha n-urrainn mi 'n stiùir a chumail ni 's mò.” *

The priest stretched out his hand to the rock, —“ In the name of God, the God of battle and the storm,” said he, “ let some go to the help of that poor child !”

The stranger laid his hand on the boat : “ *Launch her away !*” said he.

The old man sprung on his feet, and the priest came eagerly forward. “ Will you *indeed* go ?” exclaimed he. “ But oh ! *who* will go with you ?”

“ God and these good fellows,” said the stranger,

* “ Alas ! my daughter, it is I that am old to-day and cannot hold the helm !”

pointing to six young fishermen who had followed him ; and throwing off his plaid, he leaped into the boat. The crowd gathered about the galley, and in a few moments the rudder was shipped, the sail unfurled, and the Iolair-dhearg stood with the sheet in his hand watching for the next wave. It came tumbling, foaming, roaring forward like a mountain, and burst along the coast in a hurricane of foam and thunder ; the white froth lipped the boat's keel, but the next moment it retired, and the broad, smooth, foaming sheet swept raking down the beach. The stranger dropped into the stern sheet.

“ *Let go !* ” cried he, and the long, black, slender galley shot down like an arrow amidst the receding water. In an instant the ebb took her away twenty fathom into the white tumult of surf ; for a moment nothing appeared but the black rolling mast, and the heads of the men—now up—now gone ; but suddenly, the short white storm-sail rose in the wind. The boat

shot up—away—over the next wave before it broke, and flew out through the terrific surf like a bird.

The old man sunk on his knees, and clasped his hands, his sharp rigid face fixed towards the boat, and his low eager voice repeating,

“ God hold the helm ! God hold the helm ! God hold the helm ! ”

A deep breathless silence rested in the crowd, but at every interval, as the little white storm-sail shot up above the black gulf, by which it seemed momentarily buried, a hoarse deep murmur rose from the throng, and I heard,

“ A chial ! a chial ! the terrible hand ! the terrible hand on the helm ! ”

Whenever we could see her, the boat held her course upon the island, without losing half a point from the wind ; at last we could discern her approach the white head of foam.

For a few moments it hovered round the black rock like a sea swallow, till suddenly she went

down the wind like a dart—"She's awa' for the lea water!" exclaimed a pilot—"she's awa' for the lea water! and yon's no the hand o' man on the helm!"

As he spoke, she disappeared behind the island, and we could see the little fluttering figure turn towards it—"A nis! a nis! a nis! a Dhia! a nis!" * exclaimed the old man.

At this moment a terrific explosion of lightning and thunder burst together over the island, and land, rock, water, vanished in one dazzling confusion of light. I opened my giddy sight; the white fragile figure was gone, and there appeared only the low, black, solitary helmet of the rock amidst the mountain of foam and spray.

There was a fearful pause.

Suddenly the white sail shot like a bird into our sight, and, free to the wind, flew towards the shore. Often it was lost for several moments, but again shot up nearer, and nearer, till at last

* "Now! now! now! O God, now!"

we could see the long black boat riding like a witch-bark over the waves. The people crowded down to the water—the wave hid her from our sight—another—and another—again she shot up not sixty fathoms distant, and one long fearful roaring shoot came up twenty yards upon the smooth grass. In an instant, a hundred hands run her up out of the water, a loud bursting thunder of shouts rose up through the storm, the crowd parted asunder, and the Iolair-dhearg bore out the pale, weeping, fainting girl, and laid her in the arms of her father.

* * * * *

The sun was low upon the sea, as I came to the summit of the little knock which looks down over the woody cliffs upon Lochandrine: The long silver ripple of the tide scarce lipped upon the sand. The broad, clear, spotless blue of the autumn sky slept with the stillness of heaven upon the hills, and the intermitting breath of wind scarce shook away the yellow rain-drops from

the slender birches. The solitary robin whistled in the thorn, and at times I could hear the still mournful fall of the autumn leaf as it dropped upon the grass. I looked back towards Port-Michael, each lone blue isle and headland sent up its still white smoke in the sun, Eilein-Marabh alone was dark, and dim, and desolate.

As I gazed towards it, the low black shadow of a ship of war, under jury masts, came out from the sound against the light. As she rounded the point, she kept slowly in with the land, and even at that distance, her vast shape looked grim, and torn, and shattered, like a giant warrior from the battle. She advanced within gun-shot of the cliff below me, and slowly bringing round her head, lay aback to the wind, and I saw a boat put off for the shore.

As I watched it, an old fisherman came up from the beach, and I asked about the ship. "It is the frigate that struck on the Drum-an-t-orc last night," said he. "Yon awsum tide heezed her

off afore the morn, and she rode out the storm in the sound ; she's back e-new for the Iolair-dhearg."

"What ! did she come for him ?" said I.

"Aye," replied the old man ; "he's awa' south the day."

As he spoke a quick step came through the trees, and the young stranger sprung out from the copse-path. He stopped, and kindly returned the salute of the fisherman, as he lifted his bonnet.

"A weel, sir ! and ye're awa !" said he.

"Indeed am I," replied the stranger ; "and heavy is the day to me."

The old man shook his head—" 'Tis the puir folk will say that," replied he ; "we did na think to see the like o' your father's son again."

The young man smiled mournfully—"I will come back to you in the spring," said he—"in the *spring* when the *rose* blossoms and the sun shines upon the *heather*."

The old man's face brightened—"Dhia bean-

nachd an la! agus Eirichibh air sgiath nam Beann, Iolair oig uasal a'h-Albainn?"

A tear came to the stranger's eye; he held out his hand to the old man, and, lifting his bonnet to me, bounded down the path among the trees. In less than a quarter of an hour, I saw the indistinct speck of the boat glide out from the woody promontory below, and recede till she vanished under the shadow of the frigate. For a few moments the ship lay still and motionless; but suddenly her broad white wings went round to the wind, a white ensign fluttered up to the mast-head, and the black shattered ship stood slowly out into the offing.

I watched her till she entered the yellow stream of the sinking sun, and faded—faded—faded, till she seemed to pass away into the setting glory.

The winter went, the spring came back, but the Iolair-dhearg did not return. *Marie bhàn an Eilean* watched to the sea, but there was no sail; and listened to the hill, but there was no pipe, and she

gathered a rose ; and looked upon the sun, and sat
in the green fern and sung,

“ The sunbeams dance

In merry France,

The rose blinks ovr the tree,

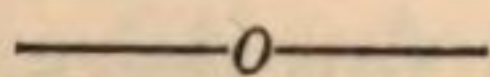
But they have tint

The simmer glint

In mine ain countrie.”

CHAPTER III.

THE WOLF'S DEN.



Not long after my recovery of the "*Black Kist of Glendulochan*," I happened to pay a visit to my chief Glengarve—the stripling Eneas of my father's journal—now a grey old man, "narrative with age," and no longer able to follow the deer but on his black "hill mare." But he still took the same interest in all which belonged to the "Gaeltachd" and the olden day, and loved to listen to the legends of the times which he should never see again. I read to him that part of my father's MS. which spoke of the "*Iolair-dhearg*." For some moments after I had ended, he sat and mused. "Did you never hear more of him?" said he, at

last. "No," I replied ; "and there is no more in the journal."

The old man rose, and, going to his bureau, took out a small packet of papers,—“Here is the last that ever I saw of him,” said he ; “perhaps the last that ever was seen of him on this side the sea.” He put the papers into my hand—“I wrote them first, a few days after we parted for the last time ; but it is only a little ago I was putting them in order ; for I think to leave them with some few notes of the days which will be forgotten when I am gone. Ye may look at them just.”

I opened the MS. with an interest which he did not overlook,—a sudden thought struck me, and I looked up involuntarily ; but I hesitated, for I doubted if I could ask him for a copy—he laid his hand on my knee.—“Ou, aye,” said he, “ye’r just thinking o’ the printers’ deevils ?—Weel, ye’ll get it, an’ ye’ll no tell onie buik-making lees, nor mak mair nor less o’t.” I promised that I would not ;

and, taking the MS., he tore out two or three of the leaves. “ They’ll no get *yon*,” said he ; “ and if they dinna like it, ye’ll just tell them—*they* have it as *ye* have it, and ye canna mak mair o’t.”

I obeyed the old man’s humour with a fidelity very uncommon for an editor of memoirs. I have not even attempted to supply the lost leaves from my memory, and the following pages are printed without an alteration from the original MS. :—

In the summer of 1790, during a journey to the south, I visited the Peak of Derbyshire, and spent some days at the little village of Castleton in the midst of that wild solitary district. I had seen “ Poole’s Hole,” “ Helden Hole,” and every other hole usually visited among “ *The Wonders of the Peak*,” when, on the evening before my intended departure, a shepherd came to tell me of a cave known only to very few, and said by tradition to have been a retreat of the cavaliers in the great civil war. “ It is called

“ *The Wolf’s Den*,” said the man, “ from some old captain that was called the *Wolf of the Peak*, and that was hid there ; and as you are from the north, perhaps you would like to see one of the *old Pretender’s* * *queer* places better than e’er another in the Peak, and except Simon Horncoot down in Hunterscomb, there’s not another man can show ye the road.”

I love much better the *face* of a grey craig than the face of human nature ; unless, indeed, such a one as *Julia de Campabella’s*, which, Heaven knows, one shall never see near the “ Devil’s dens of Derbyshire ;” and I asked the direction of the cave. Ostentatious of his guidecraft, the shepherd described every crook, bush, and stone, with a minuteness from which I could have laid down a map.

* In the continual change of people since the prevalence of Emigration, tradition is now broken, corrupted, and fast wearing out, and thus the events of 1640, the ’15, and the ’45, are often confounded by the vulgar,

I noted down his directions. "Good evening," said I; "you may go!" and I gave him a half-crown.

The man twisted his hat, and looked at the money, and turned up his tuppence's face to me with a cackling laugh.

"Well!" said I.

"Do you know as what I thinks, sur?" said he.

"No more than if you were Aristotle!"

"Why, sur, I thinks as how—I'm an old shepherd ye see—I thinks as how if you had the nose of my dog, you wouldn't find that hole, suppose it was mutton."

I bowed. "Friend," said I, "do you know what a *chamois* is?"

"Shammy! crimony! sure! I strops my razor on't every marnan."

"Well," said I, "I have followed the beast upon whose skin you strop your '*razzor*,' where your dog would break his neck, if he was the

leaping devil of Burstall,* and if you have given me true signals, I trust not to lose my way among the mole-hills of Derbyshire."

The old man pulled his grey forelock, made a long scrape with his off-leg on the sandy floor, and left the room.

The dawn began to break as I ascended the foot of the hill, near the summit of which the cave was said to open. It was a dark, still, July day. The grey clouds rested upon the dim bonnet of the mountain, but at times the misty veil shifted suddenly, and for a moment showed the sharp bright peak glimmering like a baseless cone amid the world of cloud. I climbed slowly along the bank of the solitary stream which I was told had its source at the cave: It was a deep, black,

* Near Belgrave, in Leicestershire, are shown three prodigious leaps, which a devil (for, by the catastrophe, I suppose it was not *the Great One*) made against a shepherd, who boasted that he could out-vault him; each bound of the fiend went across a valley, but with the last effort he fell down and burst; from whence the place was called "*Burstall*."

rocky channel, such as in Scotland we call a "Gill," partly overhung by stunted bushes, and obstructed by fragments of spotted rock which had rolled from above. As I ascended, the chasm grew deeper and deeper, till it assumed the character of a wild, black ravine, a few grey thorns, and slivered pines, leaned here and there over the brink, and at intervals a white fall leaped down the deep steps of the rock.

I had almost reached the grey cloud, which rested upon the upper hill, when suddenly the path came to a sharp turn, where the precipice scarce afforded footing for a couple of goats. A white blasted fir leaned over the crook, and, holding by its arm, I passed the rock, and came suddenly in sight of the termination of all further progress.

I stopped and looked round; it was a deep black volcanic corrai in the heart of the hill, surrounded by naked precipices, which descended at one fall into the bottom of the abyss, where a little lake, blacker than asphalte, slumbered far

beneath the wind. Not a breath stirred upon its shadowless surface, nor a motion moved its silent brim, except where a slow sullen eddy glided into the gorge of the ravine. Upon the north side rose up a red shattered fortress of sandstone, broken into broad clefts, and ledges fringed with birch and black willow. I looked for the cave, but I could see no aperture but the holes of the sand-martins, and one or two hollows, which seemed to be old earths of badgers or foxes. The path, however, had not terminated ; and following till it brought me to the red rock, I found that it continued to run along the face of the precipice upon the matted roots of the trees, which jutted from a ledge indistinguishable at a distance. The narrow footing was thickly embowered by the boughs ; but the sand was beaten, and the little leafy archway hollowed as if by frequent passing, though I saw no print but the round soft patting paws of the hill-martin, and here and there the little forked feet of the wild goats.

I followed the narrow ledge, fearing every moment that it would terminate in nothing, when suddenly, at a gap of the bushes, I looked up and saw the deep, black, hazy mouth of the cavern in an angle of the rock which was unseen from the sides of the corrai. The cavern opened like a martin's nest to the precipice, and as I stopped and gazed upon the fearful den, and thought of those who had made it their retreat, a dark figure appeared in the arch. I could scarce discern its shape in the gloom; but suddenly it came out into the sun, and stood on the jutting shelf of the rock, the very shadow of one of the cavaliers who stood there two hundreds years ago. It was a tall man, in a black cloak and broad round hat, and as he moved, a dim flash under his hand discovered that he was armed. I gazed almost with awe as he stood motionless in the still sunshine, till suddenly he turned again into the cave, and slowly disappeared amidst the gloom.

For several moments I watched the entrance,

but there was nothing, and I advanced up the fearful steps of the rock, which ascended like a broken stair to the mouth of the cavern. It was a narrow rugged arch, not twenty feet high without; but as I entered, the roof rose into a vast black dome which ascended till the grey twilight faded in its vault. I looked round, but all was still and solitary, and not the whisper of a footstep gave any intimation of the person whom I had seen before me. I advanced, but in a few moments entered a "darkness which might be felt," and as I groped my way with my kent, the rocky walls receded from the staff, and I felt myself in a vastness of space into which I dared not enter without a light.

"Rascal of a shepherd!" thought I, as I rested on my stick, and gazed into the darkness, hoping to discover some shape as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. It was of no use, however—the guide had "*done*" me; for though I had found the cave, the size, which he

had concealed, prevented me from profiting by my success. After a few moments of impatient curiosity, I turned to retrace my steps, but I had not reached the mouth of the cave when I thought I heard distant voices in the darkness. I stopped and listened, and looked back. The echo of the sounds came distinctly down the cavern, and suddenly a little red light appeared like a star in the gloom. It advanced with a steady motion towards the place where I stood, and—I might as well tell you the truth—I looked round for some place to hide—not in regard to my courage—but I could not help thinking that the strange figure which I had seen must be there for some equally strange purpose; and, beautiful lady—for, reader, you must needs be a lady, and, like Don Quixote's princess, “very beautiful,”—I was actuated by the same laudable impulse—the mother of knowledge—which you and I participate in common.

At the second glance I discovered a deep nook

concealed by a large fragment of fallen rock, and retiring into the recess, I sat down behind the stone, and watched through a chink. It was not long before the voices advanced, and I heard the slow heavy tread of feet upon the soft sand. In a few moments the light approached, and discovered the noble figure of the cavalier, accompanied by a tall powerful man, with every characteristic of one of those smugglers who, forty years ago, often crossed a king's cutter, and rode the country in troops of more than two hundred.* He was

* In the year 1782, one of these parties, above 200 in number, passed through the midst of one of the midland towns in noon-day, while a regiment of infantry was there in quarters. They rode through the principal street with the order of a squadron of cavalry, their contraband bales visible under their wide horsemen's coats, and piled almost to their shoulders. When they came before the headquarters of the regiment, the leader dismounted, and for some time picked and cleaned the foot of his horse, while the whole troop halted behind him. When he had mounted, they filed slowly past the sentinels at the inn door, and left the town without interruption. That night they entered the borough of Southwark in the same order, and it was only here, after having crossed the whole country from the neighbourhood of Bristol, that any measure was taken to seize their goods.

dressed in a costume half sailor, half horseman ; his wide blue trousers gathered into high rolling black boots, and his frieze coat belted with a riding belt, from which hung a broad short cutlass, almost concealed by his heavy watch-cloak. His stern sunburnt countenance and long dark hair were overshadowed by a wide glazed hat, such as still worn by the French and Dutch smugglers, and the thick moustache which covered his lip was compressed with the severity of habitual taciturnity and danger. As they passed the stone, he stopped suddenly, and fixed his dark eye upon the cavalier.

“ E bien ! et *la Dame* ! ”

“ Carry her to Flushing,” replied the cavalier ; “ and there I have measures for detaining her until *his* marriage has been effected—he will certainly believe the story of her elopement. His high spirit will be roused, and he will easily be induced to accede to the splendid alliance which is proposed for him. The smuggler resumed his

pace, and I lost the rest of the reply as they went on.

I watched them till they came to the cave's mouth, when they stopped, and again returning towards me, continued to pace to and fro between the entrance and the stone. Each time as they advanced I listened eagerly, but they spoke so low that I could only catch a few words, in which I distinguished the names of "*the Prince*," and "*the King of France*." The smuggler walked with his broad hat pulled over his brow, and his hands thrust into his belt. At times he stopped, and his stern dark face fixed upon the cavalier, till again he resumed his steps in silence.

For more than half an hour they continued in that mysterious conference, till suddenly they stopped immediately under the stone; and I heard the gingle of money, the crumpling of paper, and the closing of a purse-snap. For some moments there was a busy silence, a few low words, and the confederates separated. The

steps of one passed out alone ; but as they retired, the smuggler called after—"To-morrow, on the red Scaur, at sunset." The voice of the cavalier went out into the air as he answered, and immediately the smuggler passed the stone, and his steps receded quickly through the cavern. I started up and looked over the rock ; the light glimmered bright before me, and for several moments I heard the heavy steps passing away into the darkness, till they were lost in the vast space ; the dim red star diminished smaller and smaller, and glided, faded, disappeared like a spark.

For a long while I remained gazing where it had gone, filled with the strange sensations of a vision ; so did the figures, the names, the mysterious allusions which I had seen and heard, seem to belong to those former inhabitants of the cave celebrated in the legends of the country.

At length I glanced to the mouth of the cavern ; all was solitary and still, except the light shadow of the overhanging shrubs which trembled in the

sunshine on the rock, and emerging from my concealment, I descended to the threshold of the cave. It was not without a shudder that I looked down upon the abyss, over which I stood like a swallow at his hole. I had ascended without difficulty ; but I now glanced anxiously to the broken footing of the little natural stair by which I had mounted. I looked out for the cavalier, but he was nowhere in sight, and I glanced down involuntarily to the black abyss below—another moment I stood and gathered breath—set my feet firm to the rock—stepped out upon the ledge, and ten light steady strides, stood safe upon the bushy path. I drew my breath, and lifted my bonnet, and looked back to the cave. Its dim dusk mouth was dark and quiet above me, and having watched for a few moments I turned along the ledge, and regained the firm turf. I hastened round the corrai, and past the narrow crook, and looked forward for the cavalier, but I could distinguish no figure upon the hill ; and continuing my descent along the

ravine, reached the foot of the stream and took the road to Castleton, without meeting even a shepherd.

The morning was far gone when I entered the village, and, as I approached the inn, I saw a travelling carriage and four standing at the porch. As I arrived, a tall young man came out from the house, and as he turned to the carriage I recognised—the *Iolair-dhearg*!

His foot was on the step when he observed my tartan jacket, and starting back with a sudden exclamation, we sprung towards each other with mutual joy and surprise.

“What happy chance of the world has brought you here!” I exclaimed.

“I should rather ask *you* that question,” replied he; “for I had as soon thought to see one of the deer from Croidart, or the ravens from Craigan-Fhithich.”

“That is more true than you think,” said I; “but where is your——that is the admiral.”

He pointed to the carriage—"On a visit to Lord Herbert de Raby, at Inglewood Hall. He sent the chariot for me, who walked '*through*' the hill to see all the 'holes' and 'hells' of this porter's-hall of purgatory. I am but just now out of yonder Tartarus,* and seem not yet to belong to this world."

"Truly, nor I, who have been on the same errand," I said. "But what good fortune to have met you ! for I am to be away in an hour for the south."

He took me by the arm and pushed me towards the carriage,—"*Falbh a stigh a Dhuine !*" said he; "you will not go beyond Inglewood this fortnight."

"But I don't know Lord Herbert from Adam !" said I.

"So much the better—you will think more of his hospitality," replied he ; and seeing Angus

* The celebrated great cave of the Peak opens to the village of Castleton.

my piper—" *greas orst a Phiobair !*" Glengarve's portmanteau.

The old man hurried away, and in ten minutes we were seated in the carriage, and gliding with the speed of four horses through the little street of Castleton.

The sun was out of the glen before we reached the top of the long and tedious ascent which winds up from the deep bowl, at the bottom of which lies the village. The Iolair occupied me with inquiries after all the scenes, and persons, and occurrences so interesting to us both, and I was sensible of no object upon the road, till suddenly the horses checked their pace, and I caught a glimpse of walls and grey turrets peeping through the boles of a wood.

We had entered a broad sloping avenue of gigantic oaks, which writhed their fingery roots across the unfrequented drive, and spread their knotted arms over our heads like the groins of a cloister. A deep black stream hummed and mur-

mured under the mossy rocks which were piled together on one side, and on the other the thickets and chase of an ancient park, shifted in quick succession as we glided past. We drove through the deep aisle of trees for near a quarter of an hour, but suddenly the avenue opened at an old gateway, and discovered an ancient mansion which might have recalled the days of Woodstock or Battle Abbey.

It was a vast pile of Tudor building—a grey village of turrets, peaks, and pinnacles, which looked as if half a dozen old manor houses had jostled up together for company; a brown world of wood which appeared more than coeval spread beyond, and round the house swept a wide chase, scattered over with the remains of giant oaks, whose vast trunks and doddered heads were knarled, and slivered, and worn down to a bush, by the decay of time and the windy war of many ages. Behind the building I could discover trim holly-hedges, cut into peacocks and pyramids; and from the

great entrance extended a stately beech avenue, echoing with the busy caw of a metropolis of rooks "*crooning*" and gossiping over their forsaken nests.

"Is that Inglewood?" said I.

"No," replied the Iolair-dhearg—"Ravenhurst Abbey; Sir Edward Bruce."

We were now at the gate, and he looked out to the walks and windows till the park wall took them from our sight, and he leaned back into the carriage with a sigh.

"Do you know them?" said I.

He smiled, as if I had said, "Do you know yourself?" "*Yes*," he answered, and spoke no more till we came out upon the open wold.

The evening was beginning to close when we drove up the approach to Inglewood, and many lights already shone in the windows: "They are dressing for dinner," said the Iolair; "we are just in time."

As he spoke the carriage drove up to the

door, and we alighted; the Iolair led me across the hall to a large dim library, where we found the admiral and the old peer alone, yet poring over the morning journal. The admiral welcomed me as if I had been his second son, and the earl received me with that mixture of stately courtesy and warm hospitality, now buried in the tombs of the last century. I thought I met an old friend, and conferred a distinction by my visit.

“I told you, you would know him ‘from *Adam*’ before night,” said the Iolair as we went up the stair to dress for dinner. “He is indeed one of the last remains of the old cavalier baron, and wants nothing but the doublet, the *haffets*,* and the ‘*Pique d’avant*,’† to be Derby or Falkland. I need not tell you his family have been with yours and mine since Edge Hill.” As he spoke, the first bell rung, and we hurried to our rooms;

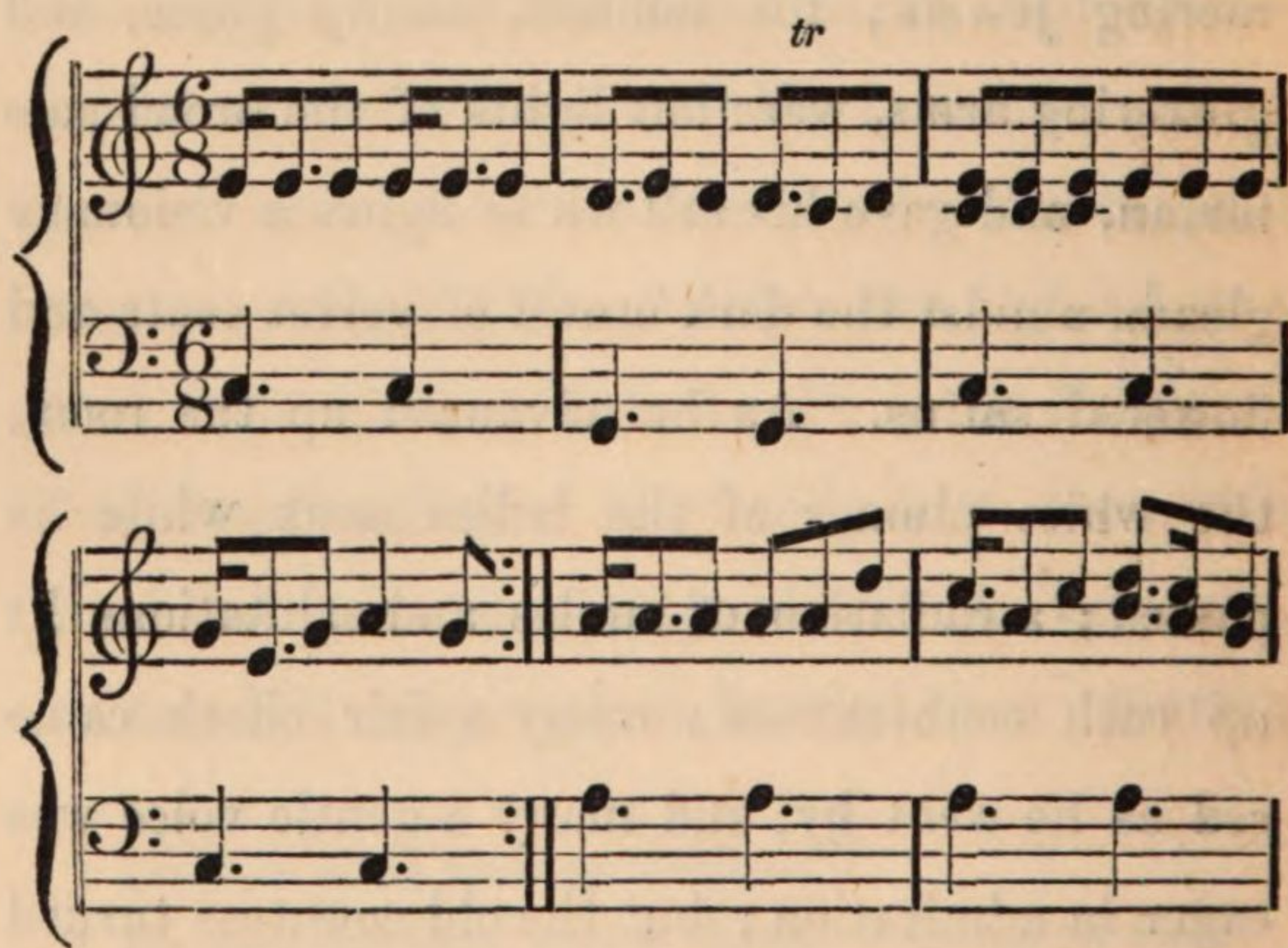
* Long hair, which hangs by the cheeks.

† The sharp chin beard, worn in the time of Charles the First.

in a quarter of an hour I was in the library : A crowd of guests were already assembled, and while the earl was presenting me to his neighbours, the door was thrown open, and the Iolair-dhearg entered in his full highland costume. There was a universal exclamation ; and the room crowded toward the alley through which he advanced. He was dressed in the great *white* belted plaid, his breast glittering with stars and orders, among which a little black cross, with a death's head, hung like a memento of mortality among the glimmering jewels ; his doublet, snowy purse, and glittering arms, were but lights of the broad pale tartan, and gave his tall white figure a visionary gleam, amidst the dark crowd of velvet coats and flowered satins. As he advanced up the room, the white plumes of the ladies sunk while he passed ; a radiation of smiles and salutations lit up each countenance ; many a fair cheek came red as he went by, and many a gentle voice was eager in admiration ; but the old countess turned

away, and suddenly sat down and wiped the tears from her eyes in silence.

I stood and gazed upon his eagle features and noble figure glittering in the battle-glory of my own dear clans, like the spirit king of the mountains. My eyes wandered over his arms and decorations, such as I had never seen before, and only fancied in my dreams of Holyrood, and that night when the prince and the Countess of Wemyss led off the celebrated strathspey, and I looked till my ears seemed to ring with





As he stood conversing with the countess, he observed my eyes fixed upon his bonnet, which was encircled by a rich coronet ; and as he held it in his hand, drooped a stream of white ostrich feathers, which almost touched the floor ; while he continued speaking, he gave it into my hand—“How beautiful !” I exclaimed as the countess left him.

* The above notes were taken from a copy of the original music of the strathspey, to which the Prince and the Countess of Wemyss opened the great state ball at Holyrood, in October 1745.

“ You may believe that it was not made for *me*,” said he. “ It was sent by—— ‘ *Ye ken wha I mean*’—I wear it for his sake.”

I gazed upon it without a word. “ It was at Gladsmuir,” said he ; “ look at the shots,” and lifting the feathers, I saw some of the plumes cut in half, and the round holes of two musket balls through the wires of the frame below.

While it was yet in my hand, a servant announced another visitor, whose name I could not hear.

There was a sudden whisper among the ladies, the gentlemen made way from the door, and a tall old man, in black, with a star on his breast, entered the room. At the first sight I started, for it was the very resemblance of the cavalier whom I had seen in the cave. The look, voice, the slow solemn step, all recalled him at once ; and yet it was rather a likeness than an identity, though I thought this might have been occasioned by the difference of dress, and the absence of the

broad black hat. The uncovered forehead of the visiter was high and bald, and his long grey hair tied, unpowdered, as it was commonly worn by gentlemen in the *forty-five*. He wore a plain court suit of black velvet, and at his button-hole the white patée of Malta, and a little black cross the same as I had observed on the breast of the Iolair-dhearg. All bowed and made way as he passed forward ; but as the white figure of the young Highlander stepped from the crowd, he stopped and bent almost to his knee, and received his offered hand with more than either affection or respect. For some moments they conversed in Italian, till the earl hastily advanced to welcome his guest, and as I stood with my eyes fixed upon him, the Iolair stepped back and whispered,

“ Do you know who that is ? ”

“ I would give more than you can imagine to know ! ” I replied.

“ The Chevalier Græme—chamberlain to the *Countess d’Albanie*, ” said he.

I gave a start at the recollection of what I had heard in the cavern, and continued to gaze upon him, as he turned to answer the salutations of the ladies while they spoke. The countess suddenly remarked a curious antique ring upon his finger. "It is uncommon," said he, as he drew it off, "and came uncommonly into my possession, though it is not mine. It belonged to a certain *Doctor Beaton*, one of *our* unfortunate friends," continued he, bowing to the Iolair-dhearg, "whom I once met in the church of *St Rosalie* in Tuscany; he spent a night in the —— that is my country house, upon an occasion of great interest; and either dropped or forgot the gem in the hurry of his departure. I have never seen him since, but I wear it in the hope to have an opportunity of restoring it."

As he spoke the servant announced dinner, and the earl, naming the gentlemen to hand the ladies, led us to the dining-room with the precedence of earl-marshal at a royal procession.

The long stately dinner of the last century was over. The drawing-room glittered with white nodding plumes and glistening jewels, and rustled with the tabby silks, embroidered trains, and all the gorgeous splendour of the old courtly days; many a heart beat with the beauties, and many an ear thrilled to the voices, that are now forgotten in the tomb, and the brightest—the *strangest* evening that ever I had spent, broke up like a dream.

The long succession of stately curtseys glided out of the room; the busy adjusting of hoods, cardinals, and calashes, subsided in the hall; and the last of the old rumbling family coaches rolled away down the avenue. The earl and countess retired immediately afterwards, and I was left alone in the library with the admiral and the chevalier.

The old officer was lighting his candle, when suddenly the clatter of a horse came full speed up the avenue, and in the next moment we heard the porter's bell ring at a distance. It was re-

peated several times, but at last there was a long pause, and presently the slow heavy foot of old Peter approached along the passage, and he entered with a letter to the admiral. The colour came into his face as he looked at the seal, and turned it in his hand.

“Who is this from?” said he.

“Sir Edward Bruce,” bowed the porter, and retired

The admiral glanced suddenly at the chevalier, and hesitated for a moment before he broke the seal; but at last he tore it open. For a moment his eye ran quickly over the paper; but suddenly his face became white as his Mechlin stock; and, striking the letter on the table, “By heavens! it is done!” he exclaimed; “Catherine Bruce is carried off!”

“By whom?” said the chevalier eagerly.

“Nobody knows!” replied the admiral; “but you may suppose *whom* Sir Edward accuses. She

went out to walk at sunset, and has never returned. Sir Edward, her guardian, and all the servants have beat the whole park, but can find no trace, nor any who have seen her."

The chamberlain stood without a word, and his eyes fixed upon the admiral. "Read the letter!" said O'Haleran, and held it out.

The pale severe countenance of Græme came white as he ran over the lines, and the admiral stood with his arms folded and his eyes fixed in vacancy. While the chevalier yet held the letter, the Iolair-dhearg entered the room. The admiral snatched the paper out of the hand of the chamberlain.

"Is this *your* enterprise, sir?" said he, holding it out to his foster-son.

The young man took it with a look of unconscious astonishment; but his eyes had scarce run over the first line when he crushed the paper together in his hands, and sunk into the chair.

The admiral and chevalier looked on him for a

moment in suspense. "I cannot believe that you would deceive us by this appearance of ignorance!" said the admiral.

But he did not answer, and suddenly unfolding the letter again, ran eagerly over the writing till his face came deadly white, and his eye rested motionless upon the paper. The admiral and the chevalier spoke to him in vain, and he sat with his eyes fixed in astonishment and consternation.

At last he suddenly started up; "*You* have done this!" said he, looking sternly at the chamberlain.

The pale withered countenance of the old man unbent into a smile. "Alas!" said he, "where are the hands—the means for me to do it! now by long exile a stranger—a foreigner—without an intimate or a dependant!"

The eye of the Iolair turned upon the admiral, but suddenly it glanced away. "No, no! *You* could not do it!" said he.

“It is an utter mystery to me,” replied the old man; “neither I nor your illustrious mother could resort to such means to break the spell—spell though it is!”

The Iolair looked steadily at the chevalier. “I cannot trust to *you*,” said he; “by your faith—by all which you owe my name—is this *your* work?”

“It is impossible! it cannot be!” exclaimed the admiral; “you outrage his father’s son by such a question. Do you think him an assassin—a Calabrian brigand?”

“I *know* what he is,” replied the Iolair. “I know the devotion—I may say the fanaticism—with which he would peril his body and soul for the *interests* of my house.”

“I honour him in all my belief,” replied the admiral. “He could do nothing unworthy of a knight—of the oath of a chevalier to *succour* and *defend* all *ladies* and *orphalines*—if *you* know nothing of it, rather acknowledge in this myste-

rious occurrence the interposition of Heaven to save you from yourself. Remember the hopes—the fears—the great plans of twenty years which have been built upon you.”

The lips of the Iolair withered into a smile—

“And where are they now? Poland is broken like a reed—the crown tottering upon the brows of France; and what will be your fleet, and that for which you have taught *me* to wait? The arm of God is against us—HE cast us down—HE alone can raise us up.”

The tears came to the eyes of the old man, and for several moments he stood in silence. “You are great even in your errors!” said he. “But yet hear those who are more experienced than you. Forty years ago I saw *him* who is now laid in the dust, young, brave, noble like yourself; I have seen his eye quenched, his hair grown grey, his spirit worn down, in the hope deferred which waited for your fortunes. Break not the last hope which is withering upon his tomb.”

The Iolair turned away his head, and held the hand of the old man, but did not answer. The chevalier came suddenly forward and knelt at his feet.

“ Sir, my prince !” said he ; “ when you were an infant—in the hour of danger—in the first of your days of trouble—you were laid in these arms—confided to this breast—trusted under this sword. Look on these grey hairs ; think of *hers* who is far away—and bring them not down in sorrow to the grave !”

The Iolair covered his face with his plaid, and bent down his head on his hands, and the old men wept before him without a word. At length he looked up, his countenance was calm and recovered—

“ When I was little in my own eyes,” said he, “ and nothing in those of the world—when I was an orphan child, and you had not told me who I was—*she* was the flower of my breast, the sunshine of my summer, the sweet bird of my infant heaven ;

she shared in my joys, mixed in my childish trouble, aided my infant hands, smiled when I smiled, and wept with me when I wept; HE had not given me a sister—she was a sister to my infancy—*afterwards*—such, as of whom HE said, ‘Those whom God has joined let not man put asunder.’ I swore my faith to her by HIM, and she bestowed her love upon me, when we knew not that I was more than a poor orphan. You told me *who* I was.—Shall kings claim faith of *men* and be traitors to God! Shall they be true to *nations* and unfaithful to *one*.—My word is sacred to the peasant as to the prince. *I* cannot break that allegiance to *heaven* which you claim from *men*!”

The admiral remained motionless and silent. The chevalier rose suddenly, and laid his hand on his breast; “Sir,” said he, “I love you as I ought to love your father’s son—but I loved your father—I love my country *better*—*I will break the spell.*”

The blue bright eye of the Iolair turned upon him like the eagle of his own mountains. He rose up and laid his hand on the book which lay on the countess's desk.

“ *I abide the end,*” said he ; “ if HE has said *break*, it shall be broken ; but if *man* only, by the arm which struck the rock and the sea you shall not prevail !”

He lifted his bonnet from the commode, and grasping my hand hard as he passed, left the room.

The admiral and the chamberlain remained fixed in silence, and I followed him immediately. He was already in his closet, and hastily putting off his dress and arms.

“ You must go with me,” said he, as I entered.

“ I *will*,” I said, without asking where or for what.

He grasped my hand, and glanced at my dress. “ I will be ready long before you,” said I ; “ for I

have not all that 'grande 'tenue' to put off. But what does this mean? Who can have done it?"

The Iolair shook his head. "Some accursed treason," said he, "but as yet I know nothing. We must ride instantly to the abbey."

"But what can it be!" I exclaimed; "here, in the midst of England! in a house filled by servants, and surrounded by tenantry, roads, and villages.—A hundred years ago, in *my* country, in the days of Lady Grange,¹ my great-grandfather would not have thought much more of it than sweeping off the Baronet's cows. But, now!"——

The Iolair looked at me with a stern keen glance. "*Where* is Inspruck?" said he. "*Who* arrested in a friendly country a foreign Princess,² travelling under the confidence of her rank and sex, and committed her to a convent to prevent her union with the exiled King of England. And yet that was not in Calabria—nor an adventure

of Gasparoni's, to ransom a pair of beautiful ears for two or three thousand ducats."

"No," I replied, "but it was not in *England*; and I cannot comprehend any such adventures in this country, where they have neither clans, feuds, nor any tradition of chivalry, except upon Hounslow Heath or Shooters Hill."

The Iolair bent his brows with a stern and painful contraction, and continued hastily putting off his dress without reply.

I told him what I had seen in the cave. He stopped suddenly—

"Who! what!" he exclaimed. "What was he like?"

"By the dim light, and all I could hear—the Chevalier Græme."

He struck his hands together. "I knew it!" he exclaimed, and for some moments he stood fixed and immovable, his stern closed mouth rested on his clenched hand; but rousing suddenly, he turned to the cabinet, and taking his

pistols from the case, turned down the hammers, and I saw that they were loaded. He threw out the powder and reprimed them.

“Let us not lose time, said he;” and hurrying away to my room, I made haste to change my dress. I was drawing on my boots when the Iolair entered in his riding coat. “The horses are saddling,” said he; “I will show you the way.”

He led me down a little back stair, and through all the crooks and courts of the old English house, till we came to the stable. The horses were already at the door, and we immediately mounted. The Iolair spoke a few words to his servant, and spurring out into the park, struck across the chase toward Ravenhurst.

The night was dark and still, but swift white clouds shifted over the face of the moon, at times shining out suddenly upon the broad lawns and tall trees, and again sinking into the flying rack, and leaving our path in deep shadow.

The Iolair rode so hard that there was no stop to speak ; but as we came to the avenue of the abbey, he checked his bridle for the darkness, and I rode up to his side. The horses stumbled slowly down the broken road, till we reached the deepest part of the avenue, where it descended into a narrow dingle, down which a small brook ran out of the wood. In the monastic days of the abbey a well and cross had been built at this spot for the ease of travellers, and the little silver spout of the stream still plashed into the broken basin, at the foot of the fragment of the cross which yet stood on the bank above.

As we approached, the moon looked suddenly down the hollow, and shone upon the white shaft, and the tall figure of a woman who stood beside it. The Iolair did not observe the strange shadowy shape, as it leaned motionless in the grey drapery which covered its uncertain form ; but the horse snorted and started, and as the rider spurred him forward, the phantom

figure stretched its long white arm over the road.

“*Stay!*” she exclaimed; and the Iolair drew his bridle suddenly and looked up.

“*Red Bird!*” said the woman, in a thin hollow voice, “—— your flight is vain—your labour is lost—turn back and sleep.”

“Cursed woman!” exclaimed the Iolair,—
“What foolery is this!” and he struck the spurs to his horse.

“*Stay!*”—she cried, lifting her hand—“*I* alone can do it.”

“What!—*what* can *you* do?” exclaimed the Iolair.

“*Find* that which you have *lost!*” replied the woman.

“Where? who has seen or heard of her?” said the Iolair.

“The ear of the earth! the forehead of the moon; the eye of the red star!” replied the figure, lifting her long staff to the sky.

The Iolair clenched his hand. "Woman!" said he, "this is no time for bombast and juggling—What do you know?"

"You shall hear—but not to-night."

The Iolair struck his saddle-bow in a paroxysm of impatience.

"*Dare you deliver her?*" asked the old woman.

"*Dare!*" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh.

The woman waved her shadowy arm above him. "Well—I will *prove* you—To-morrow, at midnight, meet me in the Cave of *Wolfsden*, with as many as will not *fear* to meet me, and you shall see that which was never seen by the *sun*."

"And shall I see *her*?" said the Iolair.

The grey woman stretched her hand to the stars—"Ask them!"—she replied—"We *dare*—but they *ordain*."

As she spoke, the tramp of a horse came down the road; I glanced up the dark black avenue, but could see nothing, and I looked round to the

old woman. The moon had vanished from the bank, and there was only the dim shaft of the cross, and the white bells of the still fox-gloves at its foot.

We sat with our eyes fixed upon the spot, but there was not the rustle of a branch, or a sound of her parting footsteps upon the withered leaves.

“What wierd woman was that?” said I.

“The witch of Endor! I believe,” replied the Iolair.

“No, but seriously—”

“Well—so she is—if you believe the people—not a sheep strays, nor a shilling is lost, for twenty miles round, but they go to her to find it.”

“The idiots!” I exclaimed; provoked at having been more than surprised.

The Iolair shook his head. “I don’t know,” replied he, “whether she deals with man or the devil—he who prompts or he who acts—but she *does* know strange things, and has told *me* what I never believed to hear with simple ears.”

“And what is her name—where is she from?” said I.

“Ah! that is what none can tell you,” replied the Iolair; “they call her ‘Mabel Elvinsden,’ from a cavern where she has a bothy, like one of those which you have seen in that grandfather of caves in the Peak—but hers is all alone—a cell as wierd as herself, and built by her own hands I suppose.”

“But her accent is not of this country,” said I.

“No,” replied the Iolair, “nor of any other in England that ever I heard; and in her vocabulary are mixed up tags and ends of French, Dutch, Spanish, Scots, and I know not what tongues of Babel.”

At this moment the horse approached and stopped suddenly before us, though we could see nothing for the dark shadow of the trees.

“Who goes there?” cried the Iolair.

“O, sir, is it you?” exclaimed a strong Yorkshire

voice ; and the shadow of the rider advanced to our horses' heads.

“ What, *Harry Huntsman*,” said the Iolair,—
“ What news ? Are you from the abbey ? ”

“ Straight, sir,” replied the man ; “ we have beat all the paths, covers, and commons up to the beacon-head, but there was nothing started.”

“ And are all returned ? ” asked the Iolair.

“ *I* was the last,” answered the huntsman.
“ All the tenants and reeves are to meet to-morrow at daybreak, on the one-tree hill of Ravenswold, and I am away now to warn the sheriff, at Derby, to send a ‘ *hue and cry* ’ over the county.”

The Iolair sat for a few moments, without speaking, but suddenly he turned his horse. “ We will meet them in the morning,” said he to me ; “ we can now do nothing.”

The huntsman rode with us to the top of the avenue, and having repeated directions for the

trysting hill, he went forward for Derby, and we continued our way to Inglewood.

“We will meet here an hour before daylight,” said the Iolair, as we rode up to the stables. “If the search fails, we must set off for the cavern before dark.”

* * * * *

It was midnight when we gathered up round the lantern in the mouth of the cave. Angus looked at the priming of his pistols, and the Iolair loosened his sword in the sheath, and gazed eagerly into the darkness. But all was quiet and solitary, and not a step nor a whisper came through the stillness of the vast cavern. The shepherd trimmed the light and set the lantern on a stone, and we leant upon our weapons, watching the void gloom without a word.

For more than half an hour we waited with breathless vigilance, listening to each leaf which stirred upon the craig, and every flutter of the bat which came winding about

the light. The Iolair suddenly took up the lantern.

“Come on,” said he. “It is useless waiting here.”

“*I* can show you no further,” said the shepherd. “I was never beyond this stone, though I have been here for bats and sand-martins since I was not half a score years.”

The Iolair gave him the light. “Keep close to the rock,” said he, and strike the way before you.”

The man stood, and turned the lantern in his hand.

“Go on,” said I ; “we are *behind* you.”

“So you’ll be when I go neck and crop down one of these hell-pits,” said he ; “you can’t walk twenty rods in these dens but you come to some devil’s chimney.”

The Iolair snatched the light out of his hand—
“Follow me,” said he, and went forward into the cave.

As we advanced, the dark broken walls receded,

till we entered the vast vault into which I had before ventured, and we kept by the nearest side, till the rock again came down into a narrow gallery, which diminished to a low chasm so strait, that it did not allow us to advance abreast. We fell into a single file, and followed the light, groping the walls with our weapons, till suddenly a deep hollow murmur came up the cavern. We stopped and listened; the heavy sound echoed through the dark vault like the surge of the distant sea, and continued with a dull constant thunder like the incessant roar of the ground swell before a storm.

“Can that be a land surf?” said the young sailor who carried the Iolair’s rifle.

“Not on any coast of this world,” said the shepherd.

The sound continued without intermission, and the Iolair went on.

We had not gone ten paces, when the vault opened all at once, and we came out suddenly upon

a roofless, bottomless, immeasurable gulf. The Iolair held up the light, but its reflection vanished into the gloom ; and as he gave a hasty exclamation, I sprung forward. A pale white sheet of water went down through the darkness, as if it fell out of the black heaven into the bottomless abyss ; and the deep constant roar came up out of the gulf like distant thunder, but not a spark nor flash discovered the plunge of the fearful shoot. I felt the hand of the shepherd grasp in my plaid, and while we gazed down, a small red light appeared near the water. For a moment it remained stationary, but immediately moved forward, and glided with a slow even motion through the darkness, till it vanished all at once ; but while we watched where it had gone, a faint dusk gleam brightened with the shape of rocks, and a tall figure came out upon a sharp narrow ledge which jutted over the abyss. For an instant it stood upon the shelf, and held up a flaring torch, and glided down towards us.

For some moments the tall red shadow moved against the rock, till again the shape and the light disappeared, and left nothing but the black darkness. Our eyes were yet fixed on the spot, when a dim gleam appeared, not twenty paces distant, and suddenly Mabel came out before us.

She stopped, and held up the torch, and counted us with her finger—"One, two, three—*six—nine*. It is enough," she said; "be silent, and follow me!"

"First,—where, and for what?" said the Iolair.

"Have I failed you?" answered Mabel, lifting the torch above her white features till the glow fell on his brow as she looked in his face.

"Nor have *we* failed," said the Iolair.

"Then shall *neither fail* the other!" replied Mabel, and turned before us.

She led without speaking into a narrow vault like that by which we entered, and proceeded before us, till we came out upon the ledge where

she had first appeared. She did not turn nor speak, but stooped the torch, and we saw a smooth narrow shelf of rock jutting like a step along the frightful gulf.

We shuddered and felt to the wall, but she walked before us as if on the "plain-stanes" of Castletown, and we followed round the dome of the vast abyss, now along the fearful gallery, now down the broken stair of the jutting strata, till at last we came to the fall. Mabel stopped upon a buttress of the precipice not ten fathoms from the stream; a dim light came down the water, and looking up I saw the pale silver face of the far—far moon, shining in a clear bright blink of the sky, which appeared like a blue window above an interminable well of rock. The still light shed its glimmer like the glittering of a magic mine down the dark shaft, where masses of glistening spar and many-coloured crystal glanced like clusters of pearls and jewels, till the pale beam fell upon the broad white rainbow-shoot of water.

Mabel smiled, and lifted her hand, and waved it to the immensity around her.

“The hall of the earth ! The lamp of heaven ! The *white bridge** of the souls of the dead !” she muttered.

I felt the shepherd press close beside me, but as we went on,—“I would not wonder if this was the bottom of Helden Hole,” † whispered he.

As he spoke, Mabel turned into another chasm like the one on the opposite side, and we advanced for several minutes, till suddenly she stopped, looked back, and laid her finger on her lips. The lock of the Iolair’s pistol clicked before me, and as we followed in breathless silence, our guide stopped, lifted a dark heavy shadow, and we

* The rainbow bridge of the Scandinavian divinities, and the *Brig of Dreid*, by which the soul was believed to have its passage into immortality, were among the finest images of the mythology of the north, and are yet not wholly forgotten among the peasantry of Great Britain.

† A vast pit in the Peak, the mouth of which is seven yards wide, and fourteen long. It was once fathomed with a line of 884 fathoms, of which the last 80 came up *wet*, but found *no bottom*.

looked in on a warm, still, silent cavern, partly covered with deep straw and piles of corded bales. An iron lamp hung from the roof, and discovered six men who lay asleep upon the floor ; while at the opposite side, by a little narrow door, the very sailor whom I had seen in the cavern sat with his arms folded, and his back against the wall ; his head bent down under his red Flushing cap, and his dark painful features contracted with unquiet sleep. His cutlass lay beside him on the straw, and a long Spanish musket leaned against the rock. The swords of the rest were thrown together upon the bales, and their guns stood ranged in a small recess hung with belts, pouches, and various accoutrements.

Mabel pointed to the little door—" *There !* " she whispered.

The eagle eye of the Iolair glanced round for an instant ; he exchanged a whisper with Mabel, looked back to me, and pointing to the arms, stepped cautiously into the cave. In the next

moment we glided between the men and their weapons, and the hand of the Iolair fixed in the throat of the captain like a lion. The eyes of the smuggler started open against the muzzle of his pistol, but his hand stretched instantly for his cutlass, and when he found it gone, he sprung up with a bound which made the Iolair stagger back against the bales. In the next moment he was fixed against the rock, and there was a stern, silent, desperate struggle. The cave rebounded with scuffling feet, and the heavy fall of men, bales, and chests: but in a few moments the unarmed sailors gave back before our pistols.

“Discover the lady, and you are all free men!” cried the Iolair.

The captain dropped his arms. “Strike, men!” cried his hoarse storm voice, as if still on his own deck. “Strike! it is no use!”

The men let go their hold, and stood breathless and glaring upon us, like bayed bull dogs.

“Bind their arms,” said the Iolair,—

And cutting some of the bale cords, we tied their hands and feet, and removed their weapons. The dark sunburnt cheek of the captain came red, and his eye kindled like fire upon Mabel as I braided the rope upon his wrists.

“ You were always mad and damned !” said he, “ and this is but like the rest.”

Mabel neither frowned nor answered, but glided suddenly away to the little door.

“ Now, where is the lady ?” said the Iolair, as I tied the last knot.

While he spoke, a light quick flutter came through the gallery, and the pale figure of Catharine Bruce flew through the arch, and fell upon the breast of the Iolair. His red heated brow came pale, as he bent his face amidst her dark loose hair ; for several moments she wept upon his breast without a word, and he could but hold her hands, and clasp her to his bosom in silence.

Mabel stood before them, the torch lifted in her hand, the hood fallen back from her grey

head, and her pale wasted features and dim eyes lit up with a gleam of stern light ; for a moment she stood and gazed upon them till her thin figure seemed to grow taller ; but suddenly she laid her hand upon the arm of the Iolair.

“ Away ! ” she said, “ the morning will be upon you—fly on your own wings to the hills—or the sea—there is no safety with day.”

The Iolair looked up, and pressed the hands of Catharine, and covered her with one of the watch cloaks which lay upon the bales. While we collected the arms of the smugglers, he gazed doubtfully upon the prisoners ; but when we had secured their weapons, he gave orders to unloose the captain. “ Lead before us,” said he ; “ and when we reach the mouth of the cave, you may go where you will.”

The smuggler lighted his lantern in silence, and stalked out before us. Our men followed with the arms, and Mabel coming after with the torch, we hastily retraced our way to the gallery. As

we came out to the broad shelf beyond the fall, the Iolair took the bundle of cutlasses, and threw them into the gulf. They fell without a clash into the darkness, and for a moment we listened, but no sound came up except the deep, dull, constant thunder which for ever roared below. We cast the muskets over the brink, but neither flash nor bound followed, and after listening for a few moments we went on along the ledge. The dark stern figure and red lantern of the smuggler glided slowly before us, and as the dusk lights fell upon the following figures, the white slender shade of Catharine Bruce, and the shadows of the armed men, passed along the glimpses of the rock like the shapes of an enchanted cavern. Suddenly, I thought the light faded behind me, and I looked back for the torch; but it was gone, and only the last dark shadow of the men followed. "Where is Mabel!" I exclaimed; but none had seen her go, and the Iolair stopped and looked involuntarily into the gulph.

A strange smile came to the features of the smuggler. “*Elle n'est pas là!*”

“And where! how can she have gone!” exclaimed the Iolair.

The smuggler shook his head. “None but the devil and herself know the outcomes of this city of darkness,” replied he. “Many a year have I known her come and go, and I have not found the ways yet.”

For a moment we paused and listened, but there was no sound, and we went on till we reached the first halting-place, passed the narrow gallery, and once more came out to the mouth of the cavern.

The Iolair stopped suddenly on the threshold, and glanced to Catharine Bruce, and his face came pale in the candle light. For a moment we stood without speaking, till at last the Iolair looked hard in my face: “You and I have crossed a dark craig before to-night,” said he. “Go you before, and set the light on the path.” “*'An guail-libh a cheile!*” continued he to Angus; “keep

you the middle, and I will hold to the ivy-tree above."

I looked at Catharine; her lips were pale, and her eyes fixed into the dark void air, but she could not see what she was going to do; and her hand was still, and the white ruff did not throb upon her throat, as we led her to the brink.

For a moment we gathered in profound silence; the Iolair lifted the heavy cloak from her shoulders, the piper twisted his plaid close about him, and pulled down his bonnet on his brow, and the Iolair's hand grasped hard on mine as he gave me the lantern. I stepped out on the ledge—one by one we went down and linked our hands and held our breath, and stood fast to the rock. The white slender shade of Catharine came out under the light, and fluttered—glided—stepped to the fearful stair; we gave her from one to the other—and ten dreadful breathless steps, and she stood safe on the cliff-path.

The Iolair sprung forward from the last step,

and lifted his bonnet. "Now all is past!" he said. The light glided forward, we reached the firm path, and crossed the pine crook, and came out upon the green hill.

I looked back for the smuggler, but he was gone; and sending forward the men to pick the road, I led the way with the light.

The grey dawn began to break as we descended, and when we reached the foot of the hill we could see the carriage, and the dark group of horses, waiting under the cliff. The Iolair hastened forward, and as the groom let down the step, he glanced back to me—"Berwick," said he. I returned the look, "*Tha mi twigh sin!*"—I replied, and, lifting Catharine to the carriage, he sprung to her side; the door closed, we mounted hastily round the chariot, and the gliding carriage rolled away over the smooth turf towards the great eastern road.

* * * * *

The days—the scenes—the cares of forty years

have passed away. The hopes and the fears—the plans and the labours—the name and the memory of the fallen have vanished like a dream. The trouble of the old is forgotten in the grave, and the beauty, the vigour, the enterprise of the young—gone like the flower upon the water, and the leaf to the wind—and yet it seems but yesterday; and I think upon the last time that I saw *them*. The last words which they said—the last look of their parting—as if it could not be that we parted—*for ever!*

I can now see them, as *he* led *her* out from the little chapel in the still twilight—her white slender figure glancing between the chestnuts, and his tall, light step dashing the dew from the fern like the red stag of his own hills. Angus stood by the door of the carriage with his bonnet in his hand, and the tears running fast on his cheek. I can yet hear his voice, “*Ou beannachd dhùibh-se, uasail àillidh ro-thaitneach do dh’-Albainn!*”

The Iolair did not look nor answer; but he

held out his hand from the door, and brushed his glove over his eyes, and glanced to the yellow sunset, and the still grey shore which he should *never* see again. I mounted beside them, gave the word to the postillions, and the light chariot glided through the sand, and swept away down the road.

The quick short clatter of the horsemen followed fast under the trees, and before we came out upon the moor, the smooth even rumble of the wheels, and the gingle of the swords and bridles, were all which discovered the progress of the carriage through the wood.

We travelled all night without resting, except to change horses, and before day approached the coast. As we came up by the stones of Abbot's Cross, the dawn broke cold and still upon the dark wide solitary waste; and beyond the faint grey gleam of the sea came dimly out of the sky. The brown ferny knolls lay quiet, in the dew of the still morning; but as the light grew clear I could see a deep blue shade stretching like

a line upon the sea. The sun rose dim and red through the heavy clouds, as we drove up on the bleak downs over the beach ; for a moment its sullen eye looked out upon the water, but it faded slowly into the rising cloud, and the dark horizon grew fainter and fainter, till the deep shroud of heaven closed round upon the ocean. For a short distance we drove along the edge of the cliff, and I could see the long swell break white upon the shore ; but at last the road turned and descended into a woody ravine, and we passed slowly down the steep declivity, till suddenly we came out on the damp quiet sand of a little sequestered creek, almost concealed by the jutting headland and hanging woods. The light, gallant, slender yacht lay tilting like a wild duck upon the water, not a cable's length from the shore ; and, as we came in sight, the dark heads of the crew appeared above her side, and moved quickly among the ropes. The Iolair leaned eagerly from the window of the carriage.

“ Look at the bonnie *birdie!*” said he ; “ and O ! when you see her white wings fly ! ”—

The bride reclined on the elbow of the chariot—her dark sad eye fixed upon the heavy cloud.

“ Look in the wind ! ” said I.

The keen eager eye of the Iolair darkened, as he glanced to the black streak which stretched like a ridge along the blue water. “ *Yes!* ” said he ; “ but she will go within two points, and once clear of the creek and we may run.”

I did not answer ; and Angus sat on his horse, his grey gathered brow fixed where the red sun had gone.

The boat was now advancing from the schooner, and the white canvass began to flap at her long jib, and the black sweeping boom which raked over her stern. In a few minutes the boat ran up on the sand, and the Iolair sprung from the carriage ; the cheek of the bride became pale as the cold sea-wind blew in her face ; and, giving each an arm, we led her towards the water. The Iolair

did not speak as we walked, but his lips closed fast, and his cheek grew paler and keener. As we passed under the cliff, we came to a small mossy basin of the rock, where a little silver "*hill burnie*" plashed out of the craig, and a deep bush of heather, and one white rose—the last lingering flower of the summer—hung over the bubbling brink. The Iolair stopped suddenly, and pointed to the flowers, and grasped my hand, and turned away his head, but did not speak. For several moments his hand locked in mine, the plaid rose and fell upon his breast, and I heard his breath come and go thickly,—but I could not look in his face.—At last he turned suddenly.

"Bring the cuach," said he, in his wonted steady voice.

Angus brought the cup, and the Iolair filled it in the well, and dipt his hand in the water, and touched his brow, and kissed the pale lips of the bride, and held the cuach to her lips. "Drink

mo nighean !” said he. “ *Tìr nam beann’s nan, sneachd’s nan Iolair !*” *

Her fluttering breath drew the water for a moment ; he gave his hand to me. “ *A Mhic ca-raid m’athar !*” † said he.

His voice stopped ; he pointed to the sea and the northern hills, but could not speak.

At last—“ *You will see them,*” said he ; “ and the heath, and the deer, and my own kind people. Speak to them of me ; sing for me to the wind and the stream, and the deep voice of the hills which has sung to me ; and call to the eagle and the storm, and the dark blue lonely mountain, and say, “ *Beannachd leibh ! Beannachd leibh ! Beannachd leibh a dh’ Albainn—Albainn, mo mhàthair—ghradhach, ghloirmhor, uasal gu-brath !*”

His hand wrung upon mine, and the tears fell

* “ Land of mountains, snows, and eagles.”

† “ Son of my father’s friend.”

fast in the cuach, as he lifted it to his lips, and drank the drink, and gave it to me.

I drank the water, and grasped their hands, and held them till they were in the boat. The slender barge glided away through the sand, the oars dashed in the water, once more their faces turned towards me—once more I saw their pale, tearful, parting smile. The boat turned, and their faces—for ever.

I watched the gliding shallop as she receded from the shore, till at length she disappeared under the vessel, and I saw the white shadow of the bride go up the side. The boat was hoisted in ; there was a brief, still, busy pause, and suddenly the slender ship began to move. In another instant the broad white canvass went up to the mast ; she filled round to the wind, and slow, and tall, and stately stood out from the creek.

For a while she went steady through the rippling water, her still sails close hauled to the wind, and her sharp long hull drawing smoothly

through the tide, but as she came out to the white line which rolled beyond the bay, her tall masts went down suddenly, her white wings opened to the wind, and she swept out through the surf and spray like a wild swan.

As I watched, a little snow-*white* ensign ran fluttering up to the mast-head. At the instant I heard a sudden breath behind me. I looked round ; Angus was hastily filling his pipes ; and, as the pale flag flew out to the wind, he blew up "*The Bratach Gheal*."* While the receding ship passed away, he walked to and fro on the strand, playing the pibroch with a wild eager finger, the fast tears raining on his cheeks, and his dark eye flashing under his bonnet, as it was said of his ancestor *Murrach mòr*, when he blew up the extempore notes of *Pibroch Dhomhnuil duibh* to the battle-clash of Inverlochie.

As the wild war-clamour went and came through

* "*The White Banner*," a celebrated Jacobite Pibroch.

the sea-roar, the lightning began to flash, and the clouds to mutter, as if they answered back the stormy call from heaven. All was deathly hushed and still upon the sand; but ever as the ship went away upon the water, the sky lightened and flashed above, and the blackness of darkness gathered round her, till the white sails faded like a sea-mew.

I stood upon the strand and watched till she disappeared; but where she went the storm swept after, and the cloud came down, and the lightning followed, and the thunder rolled away like a lost battle—further—and further—and further, till it was gone.

NOTES.

THE TREASON OF BARISDALL.

I. PAGE 35.

MACDONNEL of Barisdall was the “ceann-tigh” or chieftain of a tribe of the Glen Garrie line, which inhabited the district of Barisdall, upon the west coast. He commanded the second battalion of his clan, and was present in all the operations of 1745 and 1746. Some time after the Battle of Culloden he was taken prisoner with his son, but both were almost *immediately liberated*, and it was, and to this day *is*, generally believed that this liberation was purchased by an undertaking to discover the retreat of the Prince, and betray him to the Duke of Cumberland. This suspicion was so strong at the period, that, when the French frigates arrived at Loch-nan-Uamh, by the command of Charles Edward, Colonel Warren, the commissioner for their

direction, arrested both Barisdall and his son, and carried them prisoners to France.*

The following is a copy of the charges which were exhibited against the former in Paris :—

“RELATION DES CRIMES DONT ON ACCUSE LE SIEUR BARISDAL.

- 1° D'avoir donné avis au President Forbes et à my Lord Loudon, de la marche de S. A. vers Inverness leur conseillant de se retirer au plutôt s'ils voulaient éviter un grand malheur.
- 2° Qu'après avoir signé une association avec plusieurs chefs de l'armée de S. A. R. de n'entrer en aucun traité avec l'ennemi sans le consentement de tous ; il a traité dans son particulier, s'obligeant en consideration de pardon et de la protection qu'on lui accordoit, et de *saisir la personne du Prince* et de le livrer aux ennemis.
- 3° D'être mis à la tête de leurs troupes, pour les guider dans les montagnes, de leurs avoir montré tous les differens chemins des montagnes, à eux ennemis et d'avoir porté leurs detachements dans les endroits les plus propres pour se *saisir du Prince*.
- 4° D'avoir informé contre le chevalier Lansy et un autre officier François, et d'avoir mené avec lui le Sieur Donald MacAlister chez qui estoient logé ces messieurs, et après, d'avoir mené conjointment avec le dit MacAlister, un parti des ennemis pour se saisir.

* Letter from Colonel Warren to King James, 10th Oct. 1746.—
Orig. S. P.

5° D'Avoir imposé en plusieurs gentilhommes du tribe de Glengarry leur faisant accroire que leur chef étoit resolu de les livrer aux ennemis, sur quoi on informa contra le dit Glengarry dont les lettres ordonnent à ces gentilhommes de prendre les armes en faveur du Prince estoient remisés au Lord Albemarle et le dit Glengarry mis en prison ou il reste encore.” *

At the order of the Prince, these charges, with a command to make “a particular answer in writing to each,” were communicated to Barisdall by Mr Secretary Kellie, on the 3d of May 1747.† The nature of his defence is not known, but it appears impossible to imagine *any* éclaircissement which could exculpate the damnatory fact, of the commandant of a regiment of one of the most determined and active Jacobite clans—engaged in all the operations, and present in all the actions of the “*Rebellion*”—being liberated almost *immediately* on his arrest, when so many were unrelentingly executed on mere inculpation.

The proceedings against Barisdall were not terminated in the beginning of August, when they engaged the attention of the French Minister Mon^r. de Puy-sieux, to whom the Prince transmitted a copy of the charges against the accused. From the incapacity to

* Original Stuart Papers.

† Letter from Secretary Kellie to Barisdall, of the above date.—*Orig. S. P.*

procure sufficient evidence from Scotland, Charles, however, acknowledged the impossibility of proving the denunciations in France,* and, in the end, Barisdall was liberated.

The suspected chieftain was a man of prodigious size and strength, and so fleet of foot, that he is said to have caught and held a roe in one of the rocky coires of Mam-Barisdall. None who do not know *what* it is to be kicked by a *wounded* roe, can appreciate the exertion for holding a “cool” one. Upon another occasion, Barisdall lifted a restive stirk into a ferry-boat, for which he made use of a ready expedient. Notwithstanding his vast stature, his arms were too short to grasp the animal; but, to make amends for what they wanted, he took off his bonnet—the bonnet was almost always flat at that period—and, passing it under the animal, grasped its opposite edges with either hand, and, with a sudden effort, heaved the surprised beast over the gunwale of the boat. His best known instance of strength was the lifting of the great stone which lies—or, alas! did lie—in the centre of the gravel circle before the hall-door at Invergarrie. In the century by which that feat has been succeeded, not above one or two have moved it from the ground in the attempt to rest it on the iron pin, about three inches high, which is—or was—fixed in the ground

* Letter, the Prince to Mon. de Puysieux, St. Ouen, Aug. 2, 1747—S. P.

beside it ; but Barisdall raised it almost to his knees. The courage of the giant was not, however, proportionate to his strength and stature ; and it has been said that Cluny, who was distinguished only by his coolness and great bravery, vanquished him in a struggle, and wounded him in a duel. The former appears impossible ; but its *assertion* shows what must have been the *un-gallantry* of Barrisdall before it could be *told*. The calumnies of the author of "*The Young Chevalier*" must, however, be placed among the numerous falsehoods of that despicable liar. The object described by him as an "*engine*" of "*torture*," to extort confessions from "*poor thievish Highlanders*," was simply a sort of "*jougs*"—the Scottish iron "*stocks*"—used for the same purposes as those of wood, which, long after the author's time, were to be seen in every village, and the yard of every parish church, in England ; the direction of their use differing only in the judicial authority—which, in England, was derived from a rental of five hundred a-year, and a magisterial diploma ; and, in Scotland, from a charter of barony, or the patriarchal jurisdiction of a chief. An example of the simplest "*joug*" is still existing at the house of Strui, in Strath-Glass, formerly the resident of the "*Ceann-Tigh*," nearest after the present Lord and Chief to the main stem of the clan Fraser. It is merely an iron collar suspended to a chain bolted into an ancient sycamore which stands a few paces from the house. So far from

the "*engine*" being an instrument of "*torture*," the delinquent was permitted to sit comfortably at the foot of the tree during the period in which he was exposed to the gaze of shame from his clansmen ; and the stone seat still remains for that accommodation. The last who suffered on it was a lad who, about fifty years ago, was detected by the Laird of Strui stealing apples, and expiated his offence by sitting for a day in the "*Bràid-cruaidh*," or "iron collar." Although of great age, the growth of the tree into which the chain of the collar is bolted is still considerable, and is marked by the disappearance of the iron within the increasing bark, three links, about three inches in length, having been over-grown in the space of the last twenty-six years ; making, in that period, an increase of eighteen inches in the diameter of the tree. Its present circumference at the chain is ten feet.

The story of the casket has no connection with the name of Barrisdall. It relates to the abstraction of a case of rings, and other jewels, left in custody by the Prince after the battle of Culloden. Sometime subsequent to his return to France, at his command it was forwarded, but—*empty*.

THE ARREST OF CHARLES EDWARD.

I. PAGE 60.

THE arrest of the Prince at Paris, in the winter of 1748, was the end of that political drama, in which he had been used by the French Ministry as an actor, until his appearance was no longer required upon their stage. The King, who had abstained from all risk in the attempt of Charles in Scotland, encouraged his adherents and countenanced his presence as long as it was calculated to alarm the English Government, and check its attempts in Flanders; but when the imbecile cabinet, wearying of the efforts of war, entered into negotiation with England for peace, Louis immediately sacrificed his friend, and the Ministers their ally, and both expected that he would relieve them from the embarrassment of his presence.

In the preliminaries of the treaty proposed between the Courts of the Thuilleries and St James', it was agreed to include the 5th article of the quadruple alliance, by which all the contracting parties bound themselves to exclude the "Pretender" and his descendants from any residence within their dominions. The Prince having shown no attention to the proceedings when the articles of the negotiation were

signed, they were communicated to him with a direct request that he would retire from France. But he replied that he should oppose all the stipulations of the treaty; and while he expressed his own sensibility to the welfare of France, made no allusion to the demand for quitting her soil. On the 7th of October, 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was ratified, and by its articles the Exiled Family of Britain were excluded from receiving hospitality within any territory of the contracting parties.

With the tenacity which marked the character of Charles Edward, he persevered in the determination to show no concession to the exclusion of his house, and to expose the unfaithful selfishness of the French ministers by reducing them to the dilemma of expelling him from France. In this resolution he disregarded all intimations and overtures for his departure, until the king, little conscious to the fate then impending over his own dynasty, determined upon his arrest and forcible expulsion from the kingdom,—that kingdom from which, in the succeeding generation, his own family was to be driven with a terrible retribution. Louis XV. signed the warrant for the seizure of his guest, with this base acknowledgment of the disintegrity of Royalty, “*Pauvre Prince ! qu’il est difficile pour un roi d’être un véritable ami !*”—Upon the morning of the 11th of December, in the garden of the Thuilleries, the Prince received information from a person of high rank, that

it was determined to arrest him in the course of that day. Charles Edward, however, pursuing his determination to reduce the government to expose their ungenerous policy, disregarded the warning, and commanded a box for the Opera of the evening. Upon this intelligence being communicated to the ministers, before the hour of representation, twelve hundred men were posted in the Palais Royale. When the time for the performance approached, the passages of the Operahouse were occupied by grenadiers, and six companies, with the Duke de Biron, colonel of the blue guards, were assembled in the court-yard of the kitchens. The streets leading to the Theatre were possessed by the police; the mousquetaires were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to mount at their barracks, and a chain of troops were established from the Palais Royale to Vincennes. Six serjeants of the grenadiers were stationed to seize and bind the Prince, for which purpose the major of the blue guards, Le Chevalier de Vaudreuil, had provided thirty-six ells of black ribbon, three fingers broad. Doubtful, that if the Prince received any alarm before he was seized, he might take refuge in some house, and make a resistance, which his great popularity should favour, pioneers and locksmiths were ordered into attendance with hatchets, scaling-ladders, and tools, to force or surmount any obstacle which might be offered for defence.

The magnitude of these preparations may appear

surprising, but the Prince was in the highest degree popular with the French people, and beloved by the Parisians, not only as the hereditary prince of their ancient allies the Scots, always remembered with kindness in France, but from his achievements and sufferings in Scotland, his descent from Henri IV., the fascination of his own person, and the national disgust at the influence of England, to which he was sacrificed.

During the day, information of these preparations were carried to the Prince's hotel at the Quai de Theatin ; but, according to his design of subjecting the ministers to the odium of their execution, at a quarter-past five o'clock he entered his carriage, attended by three officers of his suite, and drove to the Palais Royale. As he passed through the Rue St Honore, he was warned in a loud voice of the danger before him, and, as the carriage entered the cul de sac of the Opera House, the barriers were closed, and the doors of the house were shut. As soon as the steps of the coach were let down, they were surrounded by two of the police, four sergeants disguised in plain clothes, and another in uniform, who affected to disperse the crowd, and, as the Prince stepped from the carriage, they lifted him in their arms, and carried him through the passage of the Palais Royale into the court, where Major Vaudreuil, attended by several other officers, laid his hand on his arm saying, " Prince je vous arrête au nom du

roi"—“ *La manière est un peu cavalière !*” replied the Prince, and he was immediately conveyed by the serjeants into a room on the ground floor of the Palais, occupied by the surgeon to the Duc d’Orleans. Here Mon^r. de Vaudreuil demanded his arms. “ *Qu’on les prenne,*” said the Prince ; but, making a motion to relieve his hands from the soldiers, it was affected to construe resistance, and having been disarmed even to his penknife—pretext was made to bind him. At the preparation for this indignity, the Prince offered his parole that he would neither injure himself nor any other person. Upon this assurance, Major Vaudreuil retired to report to the Duc de Biron, who returned directions to enforce the order for constraint. Mons^r. de Vaudreuil lamented his misfortune in being charged with such a service. “ *En effet,*” said the Prince ; “ *C’est la une commission indigne d’un officier.*” “ *Mais si elle déshonorent quelqu’un ce serait votre maître.*” The Prince was then pinioned, and his arms bound behind his back with the black ribbon, the remainder of which was wound round his waist and legs, so that, unable to walk, he was lifted from the ground and carried to the coach which was in waiting. Major Vaudreuil seated himself at his side, two captains of the blue guard occupied the places opposite, and two others on horseback rode on each side of the carriage, with their hands on the door. Six grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, mounted, four at the back, and two in front, of the carriage,

and, surrounded by a strong guard of cavalry, he was driven towards the Faubourg St Antoine. They were stopped at the barrier to change horses, which the Prince perceiving, said, "Où allons nous? Me conduisez vous à *Hanover*?" Their destination, however, was the Chateau de Vincennes, and he was received at the gate by the governor, Mon^r. de Chatelet, who was his old and intimate acquaintance. "*Mon ami*," said the Prince, as he appeared, "*Venez donc m'embrasser, puisque je ne puis pas aller vous embrasser.*"

The governor replied in the most tender and respectful manner, and, to his indignant feelings, at seeing him bound like a criminal, Mons. de Vaudreuil professed that it was merely a precaution against any attempt which irritation might prompt against his own life, and that upon his parole to maintain tranquillity he should be unbound. The Prince having complied, the governor himself released the ribbon, and conducted him to a cell at the summit of the tower, lighted by a small sky-window, less than eight feet square, and with no other furniture than a rush-bottomed chair, and "*lit de sangle*." Upon entering this room, the Prince merely observed that he "*had seen a worse in Scotland*." The only person of his suite permitted to attend him was Niel MacEachan, one of the Clan Donald, who had joined him in his perilous expedition from Uist to Sky, and materially contributing to the deliverance effected by Flora Macdonald, never quitted him but by necessity, and

followed him to France, where he lived to become the father of the distinguished Maréchal duc de Tarentum.* Upon entering his prison, the governor lamented its miserable constraint—"Hélas mon Prince!" said he; "vous ne pourrez pas faire ici beaucoup d'exercise mais cette chambre communique à une plus grande,

* Niel MacEachann, or Niel, the son of Hector, was a Macdonald of the Clan Ranald branch, in Uist. *MacEachan* must not be confused as a surname, as it was only the patronymic according to the usage in which *every highlander* was personally distinguished by the name of *his father*, as "Donncha MacUisdean," "Duncan the son of Hugh, Tearlach MacAlisdair," Charles the son of Alexander, the surname of both being M'Donald. MacEachan was a preceptor in the family of his chief, Clanranald; he had received a liberal education for the church in the Scots College at Paris, but afterwards relinquishing the design of entering holy orders, he returned to his own country, and was appointed by Clanranald tutor in his own family. Speaking French fluently, his attendance was peculiarly adapted for the Prince's service, and proved not only a great solace, but important advantage during the dangers and emergencies in which he accompanied his royal master in the Highlands and Isles. There is every reason to believe he was the author of the little work entitled "*Alexis*," in which has been preserved a record of the Prince's wanderings and dangers, so particular, that as declared by Kingsburgh, "it could only have been written by MacEachan or himself." "Chambers' History of the" Rising "in 1745." 8vo. Edin. 1840, 98, 103.

Though separated in his latter wanderings, MacEachan was one of the 130 persons who had the good fortune to gather at Loch-nan-Uamh in time to join the Prince on his departure for France. After his arrival in that country, by Charles Edward's recommendation, he was appointed to a lieutenancy in Ogilvie's regiment of the Scots Brigade, and subsequently received a pension of three hundred livres. Original Letter from Colonel John MacDonald, son of Flora, in possession of Robert Chambers, Esq. "Chambers' History of the" Rising "in 1745." P. 137.

et si vous voulez donner votre parole"—“ Je l'ai donnée une fois,” replied the Prince, “ Je ne la donnerai pas deux.” Chatelet fell at his knees and embraced them with tears. The Prince gave him his hand—“ Je connais votre amitié,” said he, “ Et je ne confondrai pas l'ami avec le gouverneur.” He then enquired for the rest of his suite—Græme, Ox-bury, and Kelly—and asked if they had been arrested. “ Et ce pauvre, Harrington !” said he, “ si on l'a arrêté, aussi, il a bien du souffrir, lui qui est si gros !” During the governor's presence, he expressed no complaint or indignation upon the outrage to which he had been subjected. But, when the officers had retired, he clasped his hands and exclaimed, “ *Ah ! my faithful mountaineers, would to God I were still among you !*”

While the Prince was thus immured in Vincennes, the lieutenant of police, and 150 of the guards, proceeded to his hotel, where they arrested all his household down to the scullion, and, having sent them to the Bastille, with the three gentlemen of his suite taken at the Opera, sat down to the supper which had been prepared for H. R. H. and his attendants. Meanwhile, forty of his principal adherents, among whom were Sir David Murray, Sir James Harrington, Colonel Goring, Mr Stafford, and Mr Sheridan, were seized in different parts of the town, and before morning conveyed to the same prison. Notwithstanding the smallness of the apartment, according to the

regulation of state prisoners at the present day in Russia and other despotic countries, the Prince was never left alone, and during the night his attendants were three captains of the guards, who not only observed the greatest respect to their august prisoner, but are said to have shed tears of shame and sympathy. During the evening, the Prince received no food; and it was only towards morning that he lay down upon the pallet in his clothes, and slept soundly; but he awoke, as he was always accustomed, since his Scottish expedition, very early, and, upon inquiring the hour, was told it was six o'clock. "Ah," said he, "*je vois que les nuits ici sont longues!*"—The day which dawned thus heavily on Charles Edward, was a day of general mourning in Paris. Anxious inquiries were everywhere made concerning him, and during the morning the Duc de Fitzjames wrote to the minister, Mons. de Maurepas, to request permission for himself and all his family to visit the Prince in his confinement; but he received for answer, "*Le Roi n'a jugé à propos d'accorder la permission.*" All Paris resounded with sympathy for the illustrious prisoner, and exclamations against the king and the ministry—even in the palace the Prince's dishonour was deplored. The queen,* who had been an early and long attached companion of the Princess Clementina, had felt all her

* Marie, Queen of France, was second daughter to Stanislaus Leszczyński, King of Poland, and her friend the Princess Clementina, mother to Charles Edward, was the eldest daughter of the Prince James Sobieski.

former regards awakened by the strong resemblance which the son of her youthful friend bore to his mother. When he visited the court, she took an inexhaustible pleasure in his conversation, making him relate the history of his achievements and sufferings in Scotland, at the rehearsal of which all her ladies were frequently moved to weeping. While the young princesses listened to him with tears of admiration and condolence, one of these royal ladies manifested a more tender interest in his fate;* and he himself has confessed that they entertained a strong mutual regard before his expedition to Scotland.†

The Dauphin, with whom he had formed a friendship from the same period,‡ strengthened by the senti-

* Letters from Paris 1749.—*Lockhart Papers, Appendix.*

† "In Glencanna," Gleann-Canich between Strath Glass and Gleann Strath-Farar, "upon Lammas day, the Prince spoke much to the praise of one of the daughters of the King of France, and drank her health, and made all the company do so likewise. Patrick does not remember her name, but the Prince told them that her hair was as black as a raven, and that she was a fine agreeable lady, being sweet natured and humble (affable); that *he, the Prince, could not fail to love her, as he was sure she entertained a great regard for him.*"¹ Donald MacLeod adds his testimony that Charles often expressed much affection for one of the Princesses; "and, when he proposed his favourite toast, '*The black eyes,*' the second daughter of France was always in his mind."²

¹ Conversations with Patrick Grant, one of the seven men of Glen-Mòresan, with whom the Prince took refuge in the cave of Coire-Gaoth. Noted by the Rev. R. Forbes. *Lion in Mourning*, p. 1686, M.S. in the possession of R. Chambers, Esq.

² *Jacobite Memoirs*, 301.

‡ *Lion in Mourning*, p. 1686.

ments derived from his mother, expressed the deepest disgust at the insult which he had received, and at the levee of the morning which followed his arrest, he remonstrated with the King upon the outrage offered to his royal guest, condemning the conduct of the Ministers as a violation of the rights of hospitality, and the sacred person of a king's son. Many of the courtiers declared the same feelings; but the mind of Louis XV. was insensible to any generous motive, and he repulsed his son, and reproved his supporters with the observation—" *N'oubliez pas Monseigneur le Dauphin que vous êtes encore trop jeune pour nous assister de votre conseil.*"

Meanwhile, the Prince made no overture of submission. During the 12th his impatience prevented him from dining, but at five o'clock the governor himself brought him some broth, with three small pieces of bread, which he prevailed upon him to take. At supper the Prince ate heartily, but, from his long fasting, it disagreed with him. During the rest of his confinement H. R. H. had a good appetite, and was in good health.

At last, on the morning of Friday the 14th, the Prince wrote to the king, and received an answer in the evening. The next morning he received another letter from the king, and in the afternoon was permitted to walk in the gardens of the castle. In this correspondence the Prince gave in his assent to leave

the kingdom without an escort, and the order was issued for his liberation. On Friday night Mr Stafford and Mr Sheridan were released to prepare for his attendance ; and on the morning of Sunday the 16th, the Marquis de Perussy, commandant of musqueteers, arrived at the castle with the commission to convey the Prince from France : At seven o'clock he entered the carriage which had brought M. de Perussy, and, followed by two others containing Messrs Stafford and Sheridan, he departed for Fontainebleau, where he was to rest the first night. The remainder of his household were released in a few days ; the French domestics were paid off, and the rest left to settle the accounts, and transport those effects which the Prince intended should follow him. On his arrival at Fontainebleau, he wrote the following letter to M. de Boile, in Paris :—“*Je vous prie de dire à tous mes amis que je me porte bien ; ma tête n'a jamais été hors de mes epoles, elle y est encore. Adieu.*” *

During the 17th, the Prince continued at Fontainebleau under the plea of indisposition, but more probably for the purpose of receiving and concerting some arrangements with his adherents previous to his departure from France. Any such intentions, however, were frustrated by the jealousy of the Ministers ; and even when the Princess de Talmont and Mr Bulkely demanded permission to visit H. R. H. to receive com-

* Fontainebleau, 16th Dec. 1748.—*Stuart Papers*

mands which he had to communicate, the King wrote on the back of the application—" *Je ne veux pas que personne voie le Prince, s'il a quelque chose à dire, il n'a qu' à écrire.*"

Upon the 18th, the Prince continued his journey, and slept that night at Tonnerre ; upon the next he rested at Maison-blanche, and, upon Monday the 23d, arrived at Beauvoisin. At the east end of the bridge over the river, which forms the boundary between France and Savoy, Mon. de Perussy having now fulfilled his commission to conduct the Prince out of the French territories, the carriage was stopped, and H. R. H. and his two gentlemen having alighted, were left without a servant on the Chaussée to make the best of their way to the next stage. They succeeded, however, in obtaining horses, and immediately rode forward to Chambéry, where, without entering the town, they met an Irish regiment in the service of Spain. The Prince was immediately surrounded by the officers and soldiers, who saluted him with affectionate respect ; and, not having changed his dress since his arrest, he obtained a uniform of the corps. In this dress, leaving Mr Stafford to bring forward the servants and baggage, which he expected should be left at Beauvoisin, he proceeded with Mr O'Sullivan, and one of the officers of the regiment, for Avignon, where he arrived at seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of December, and immediately proceeded to the lodgings of

Lord Dunbar, whom he surprised by appearing unexpectedly at his bedside in the Irish uniform, in which he had travelled from Chambéry.*

* Letter—Lord Dunbar to Mr Edgar, Avignon, Dec. 31.—*Stuart Papers.*

GENERAL EXCLUSION OF THE PRINCE.

II. PAGE 60.

CHARLES remained for some weeks in profound retirement at Avignon, and, during that period, made a proposal of alliance with the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, in a demand for the hand of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte Louisa;* and, for the event of that marriage being completed, contemplating some residence in Poland, he prepared a request to the king for permission to visit his dominions, and place his "*wife*, the Princess of Hesse," under his protection during the periods in which he should be absent.† This application, however, he never had occasion to make; for, whether by the vigilance of the British Government, or that the wealth and ambition of the rich and powerful House of Darmstadt found no inducement in the low fortunes of H. R. H. at that time, his overtures to the reigning prince were frustrated.

He had soon, however, to suffer yet greater mortifi-

* Letter of the Prince to the Landgrave, and commission to the Sieur Douglass, to negotiate for the marriage.—Avignⁿ., Feb. 24, 1749.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*.

† Orig. draught in the Prince's hand.—*Stuart Papers*.

cations. It had been his wish to fix his residence at Avignon ; but the English Government, determined to break every link between him and France, immediately remonstrated with its court, which was prevailed upon to assert its superiority over the territory of Avignon, and intimidate the Pope into a communication to the Prince, requiring him to retire from that city, under pain of forcible expulsion, similar to that by which he had been ejected from Paris.

Thus cast out upon Europe, he left Avignon, and in May made a secret journey to Venice, concealing his residence by a false report that he was in Bologna.* But the Senate of Venice refused him permission to remain in the Republic ; and upon this inhospitality, on the 26th of May, he addressed a note to the Emperor of Austria, and the Queen of Hungary, to request permission to pursue his route into one or other of their dominions, declaring his readiness to wave the character of a prince, if they would grant him the asylum of "*a soldier and an honest man.*" But, independent of the exclusive article in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Elector King of Hanover being the most powerful, and one of the most steady, supporters of the Imperial interest in Germany, and its principal equipoise against the rivalry of Prussia, it is unnecessary to observe that the application of the Prince was not only unsuccessful, but it is doubtful if it received a reply.

* Letter of the Prince to Mr Bulkely, June 3.—*Stuart Papers.*

THE PRINCE'S LONG INCOGNITO.

I. PAGE 62.

WHILE the high spirit of the Prince was thus burning under the mortifications which he had received from Darmstadt, Venice, and Austria, there is said to have been opened to him a great and mysterious design, which caused his sudden disappearance from Avignon, and began that impenetrable incognito in which, for four years, he continued invisible to the world.

Of this extraordinary and hitherto untraced passage of his life, only a dim and glimmering light, like the "words" of the Fathers of Oscar, "has come by halves to our ears." In the profound secrecy with which it was enveloped, and which, leaving not a single document behind, has been rendered still darker by the veil of the hundred years now drawn over its mystery—no details or even certain chain of facts have descended to our knowledge ; all which we can do is to seize and connect the few dark and broken shadows which stole across the curtain of the veiled camera.

In the sketch of the Prince's journey to Poland in

1749,* drawn up from the journal of Colonel Goring, one of the most confidential gentlemen of his household, there are some vague and loose allusions to a great design upon which the Prince had disappeared, but they are so flighty and indefinite, that nothing decisive is to be founded on them. We have, however, received the tradition of some of the last of those con-

* "Letter from Henry Goring, one of the Gentlemen of the Bed Chamber of the Young Chevalier." 8vo. Lond. 1750. This work was generally considered, by the old Jacobites, authentic in its incidents, of some of which we have corroborations both from Sweden and Poland. By those who were best informed, the volume was not supposed to be Colonel Goring's genuine composition, but believed to have been prepared from a letter sent by him to his brother, Sir Charles, and published for the purpose of encouraging the adherents of the Prince, and keeping up his interest in his absence.* For this purpose, the author has adorned the narrative with moral and political axioms and principles of government, which he has put into the mouth of Charles Edward, with the same liberality that all historians, from Tacitus to Matthew Paris, have furnished speeches and sentiments for their *dramatis personæ*. At the time that Goring's letter was published, a pamphlet in the interest of the Stuarts, bore the same character in London that a tract for Prince Louis Napoleon would now hold in Paris. To avoid personal responsibility, therefore, the author gave all his principal names under initials, and introduced his work by a puerile tale of finding it in a garret—for such we apprehend to have been his "*Apartment*;" but in which, while we do not doubt his locality, we have no credulity of his succession to "H—— G——'s" correspondent. Colonel Goring was the son of an

* Information by the Rev. William Murray, Epis. Clerg. of Duffus, and translator of Abulfeda's life of Mahomet. He was a native of Peeblesshire, and afterwards long tutor and chaplain in the family of "ALLAN MAC ROB," of Shuna, one of the last of the old Stuarts of Appin; and being in heart a zealous "Non-juror," was intimately acquainted with all the ancient Jacobites of the south and west.

nected with the fortunes of the Prince, and some imperfect memoranda of the period in which they acted, and although darkened by time, and intentionally obscured by the care used for their concealment, they afford a conclusion that, under the confidence, if not the positive sanction of Sweden and Prussia, there existed a secret and combined plan to change the government of Poland, and restore the house of Stuart.

According to traces of the secret history of "The Century," retained among some of the oldest and most deeply initiated, in the last generation of the Polish nobility,* the elements of this project were the deposition of Augustus III., and the proposal of Charles Edward as a candidate for the throne of his great-grandfather, John Sobieski; and, in the event of his success, a subsequent movement for the restoration of James VIII., for which Sweden should have combined

ancient and wealthy family in Sussex, and held his rank in the Hungarian service. Letter, Father Myles MacDonnell to King James, May 4, 1747.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*. At the general desertion of the Prince by his friends, upon his determination not to part with Miss Walkinshaw, he fell under the displeasure of Charles for supporting the sentiments of his party, and quitting his service—was recommended by the Earl Marischal to the King of Prussia, from whom he immediately received a command in his army. "He died soon after this appointment," and his "loss was greatly lamented by his Prussian Majesty, who honoured him with a character in a letter to my Lord Marechal." Letter, the Earl Marischal to the Prince, May 18, 1754.—*Orig. Stu. Pa.* King's Polit. An. 204.

* MS. "Dziennik wypadków w Polsce od roku 1702 do 1770, communicated by the Baron de Rondeau, chamberlain to Stanislaus King of Poland.

an armament to support a second rising in the Highlands, while Prussia checked the intervention of the Czraina in Poland.

In the existing relation of the northern powers, this project was neither improbable nor chimerical. Poland, after two desperate efforts of the sword to erect an independent prince, had only been brought under the sovereignty of Augustus by sixty thousand Russian bayonets, and the overawing intimidation of the German emperor, to whom the imposed king was a feudatory. But the Poles, who bestowed on him the title of "*The vassal*," burned under the dishonour of his government, and only required a favourable opportunity to choose a popular monarch. In this disposition, the proposal of Charles Edward, as a candidate, had been attended with much favourable interest. The great-grandson of their illustrious John Sobieski,* "*The Liberator*," and thus nearly connected both to the blood of Sobieski, and the great and powerful house of Radzivil.† The alliance of his family in the nation was strong, and had always been so closely maintained, that at the last competition in 1733, the Prince Sobieski had offered to propose James VIII. as a candidate for the throne, and to make over to him all the

* Maria Clementina, the mother of Charles Edward, was the fourth daughter of Prince James Louis Sobieski, eldest son to the king, surnamed "*THE LIBERATOR*."

† Catharine, sister of John Sobieski, married the Prince Michael Casimer, of Radzivil, Great Chancellor of Lithuania.

votes promised for himself, and the influence and interest of his allies in the election.

James declined the offer, under the alleged reason of his expectations in another crown, and his duties to the adherents by whom he was supported, * but, in

* The following was the reply returned by James :—"The Queen hath communicated to me, dear friend, what you were pleased to declare to her concerning the election of a new king of Poland. I can never be able to express the sense I have of those generous sentiments that incline you to be so ready to make over to me the votes offered for your advancement to that crown, and to procure, as far as in you lies, that the election may fall upon my person. I am rejoiced, with all my heart, at the favourable and just disposition that so many Polanders discover for your interest, nor am I less of the sentiments they ought to have for me; with regard, however, to my own situation, and the general system of Europe, I believe it would be a matter of great difficulty to make the election succeed in my favour; moreover, it nowise becomes me to set myself on a level upon this occasion with other competitors; but, supposing even that that crown should be offered to me, I must frankly tell you I could not accept of it; Providence hath destined me for another; my cares and my thoughts ought to be solely employed thereon, and I cannot be dazzled with the lustre of that crown which you set in my view; for at the age I am come to, and by the reflections I have made, I am well convinced of the weight of royalty, though I never bore it, and I am sensible that a prince who would execute his duty in point of government, ought to make an entire sacrifice of himself for the good of his subjects. It is true that mine have been but too deficient in what they owe me, but I do not look upon myself for that to be dispensed from what I owe to them and to my country. I consider myself as absolutely obliged to do all in my power to render them happy, whether by working for my own re-establishment, in order to free them from a yoke which they have unfortunately put on themselves, or by afterwards ruling them; and I look upon every thing that might distract me from these objects as incompatible with a duty which (as I may say) is born with me, and from which I can by no means accede; besides that, I own to you that my heart and my inclination entirely

reality, from the timidity of his character and the doubtfulness of his success. That which he had not energy to attempt himself, he would not, however, have been displeased to see undertaken by another of his house, and, in his reply to the Polish Prince, he lamented that his second son, "the Duke of York," in whose veins flowed the blood of *Sobieski*, had not arrived at those years which would enable him to be a competitor.

The time was now come when his *eldest* son—ininitely more fitted for the enterprise—had not only acquired the desired period, but a character and reputation which commanded the admiration of Europe; and, notwithstanding the years which had passed since the competition for the crown had been offered to his father, his interest through the houses of *Sobieski* and *Radzivil* was still so warm in Poland, that Lord George Murray, in communicating to King James a

carry me to my own country, whose laws and interests have been my principal study; and a nation so renowned as that of Poland well deserves to have a king who can devote to her all his care and all his affection, which would be necessarily divided in a prince who had other dominions to recover or to govern. It is not, therefore, expedient that the Poles should have me for their sovereign, and my consenting to it would be doing a wrong to my country, and to a nation that should be equally dear to me by the choice she should make of my person, and that already is, and ever shall be, dear to me on account of the alliance I hold with you; I therefore most pressingly entreat you not to take the least step, or give yourself the least trouble for me upon this occasion; did I not fear to displease, I should rather beg that you yourself would profit of the present favourable disposi-

very friendly correspondence from the Count Bellinski, Grand Marischal of Poland, declared, that "*all the Polish nobility*" *generally*, without any discrimination of party, "were much attached to H.M. and all his royal house." *

At the same time, the national humiliation and the disgust of all the patriot party under the rule of the foreign puppet—the tool of Prussia and satellite of Germany—hence denominated "The Vassal," gave a favourable contrast to a descendant of Sobieski, rendered popular by his free and enterprising character.

That Sweden should have been favourable to his elevation, consisted naturally with her neighbouring relations. Held in continual apprehension by the ambitious designs and threatening attitude of Russia, which, in the preceding year, had been carried to such hostility, that only the powerful mediation effected

tions; and, upon this emergency, I should employ my best offices with the Pope, that his holiness might, to the utmost of his power, give you a helping hand to success.

"If, however, you still continue unwilling to take any steps towards obtaining that crown, it is true I shall be under an infinite concern that my son, the Duke of York, is not arrived at those years that would entitle him to stand candidate for it. The blood of Sobieski flows in his veins, and as far as one can form a judgment of a child of his age, he will never degenerate. You see (dear friend) that I write to you with all sincerity and freedom upon this occasion, and it is thus I shall always deal with you, being truly attached to you in heart and affection," &c., &c., &c. "J. R."—Trans. from the orig. in our possession.

* Letter to King James, 4th September 1748.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

by Prussia, prevented an immediate attack, Augustus, the creature of Catharine, was personally a hostile principal which it was desirable to overthrow, while as Elector of Saxony, a feudatory of the Emperor, he was in the strongest degree opposed to the best ally of Sweden, —Frederick the Great. Not only for the same last cause, the Elector King of England was equally, if not more, inimical to the interests of Sweden, but by injuring “the nation, and the Prince successor, in the most tender points,”* had rendered himself personally obnoxious to their most serious disgust.

This discordance had subsisted since the elevation of the Hanoverian Family to the Throne of England; and, upon the aggrandizing demonstration of the Elector in the occupation of Bremen, had arisen to such a height, that, in 1718, Charles XII. had entered into a confederacy to put a period to the Hanoverian ascendancy by the restoration of the House of Stuart. For this purpose he pledged himself to contribute a contingent for forming a force of 10,000 men, to be directed against England, and to lead it in person into Scotland, to co-operate with a rising of the Highland clans. Heaven, which had willed that the House of Stuart should cease to reign, cut short this enterprise by the death of Charles XII.; but the spirit of his design, and of his country, remained so unaltered,

* Letter from Lord G. Murray to King James VIII., 19th May 1750.—*Original Stuart Papers.*

and was so strongly participated by her great ally, Frederick of Prussia, that Lord George Murray, one of the most cautious and experienced of the adherents of James VIII., gave his opinion that, under any favourable opportunity, Sweden would herself equip the *whole* armament of ten thousand men, to which Charles only proposed to give a proportion ; and that Frederick of Prussia would not only promote the enterprize, but give it the command of his own distinguished and favourite general, Field-Marshal Keith.* So considerably had this design engaged the attention of Lord George, that he had already weighed the plan of the expedition, and recommended that it should be directed against London, while the Highlanders effected a rising in the North. As early as two years previous, Charles Edward had himself projected, and even communicated to his father, a design to open a negotiation for the assistance of Sweden. But, with his accustomed coldness, temporizing, and timidity, James, though he approved, did not encourage the plan farther than to recommend its communication to the French Minister, under whose co-operation he was disposed to expect the assistance of the Swedes.† But France was already seceding from his alliance.

Whether the supposed plan of 1749 emanated from

* Letter to King James, 19th May 1750.—*Original. Stuart Papers.*

† Letter of King James to the Prince, 2d May 1747.—*Original. Stuart Papers.*

the combined causes of dissatisfaction given by Russia and Hanover to the allied interests of Prussia and Sweden, or whether proposed by the patriot party and relations of Charles Edward in Poland, it was only offered to their pre-disposition ; a change in the reigning power of Poland and England was equally desirable for both ; and Prussia, no less than Sweden, had causes for its support. A mere dramatic personage of Russia and Austria, Augustus III. was one of the most embarrassing neighbours to Frederick ; for the views of the former daily becoming more implacably hostile, rendered Poland a mere Russian *tete de pont* upon the Vistula, and for the latter, “ thirled ” to the empire as Elector of Saxony, his Baltic kingdom formed a formidable out-flanking position in any contest between Prussia and the Emperor. Threatened, alarmed, and irritated by these opponent relations, in 1743 Frederick had attacked and expelled the Elector King out of his dominions ; and, in the increasing hostility of the Czarina, and the continual wrestle with Austria, it was obviously his natural and *necessary* policy to do so again ; but more decisively upon the first opportunity.

His relations with the Elector King of England were no less unsatisfactory. From the period in which he had assumed the daring part of counterpoise to the Russian ambition in the north, and the Imperial influence in Germany, the Elector of Hanover, risen into one of the balancing powers by his elevation to the

British throne, had been one of his greatest and most zealous opponents. “*Linked*,” as James VIII. asserted, “with Russia,”* and a liege palatine of the empire, he was bound by his Germanic league to oppose the rivalship of Prussia, and favoured the Czarina to counterbalance the views of Frederick against the Emperor. Strengthened by his two dominions, he acquired such a dictation in the affairs of Germany, that, in the remarkable example of the struggle to elect the Grand Duke of Tuscany King of the Romans, notwithstanding the whole art and power directed by Prussia, he was one of the principal forces to effect that measure, his influence in which was so apparent, that, before it happened, it was anticipated that *it would be accomplished “in his Britannic Majesty’s next visit to” Germany.*

To the great genius of Europe, before whom “The Gude-man” of Hanover would have been but the Georgium Sidus among the planets of the empire, it could not fail to be deeply offensive that his spirit of opposition should have acquired so great a power in his British elevation. Hence, for his views, the most favourable event which could have happened, would have been the creation of a new and friendly Prince in Poland, and the *un*-creation of an Elector King in England. A powerful and judicious employment of the person of Charles Edward might have effected both these objects.

* Letter to the Prince, April 25, 1747.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

Frederick had a personal admiration for his character ; both in his writings and conversations he always spoke of him with interest and respect. After his Scottish expedition, he addressed to him a letter of congratulation,* showed more favour to his adherents than any other sovereign, and in 1748 entertained so favourably a proposition from the Prince for one of the Princesses of his house, that Charles appeared nearly becoming connected to him by family ties. Hence, and for other latent marks of favour, he was declared by the Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister of England, "The chief, if not only supporter of the house of Stuart in Europe.†" There is not, however, remaining any evidence, whether the northern project was suggested by the monarch soldier, as a "point d'attaque" for Charles Edward, or whether he merely approved of the design upon its presentation by others. It is asserted that, early in the summer of 1749, a correspondence was opened upon the enterprise, and that the bearer of the principal communication from the King of Prussia, was the Earl Marischal, brother to the same distinguished individual whom Lord George Murray named as the commander to be sent by Frederick for the direction of a *Swedish* armament against the Elector King of Britain.

It was within a short time after the return of the

* Letter of the King. Episc. Mag. II. p. 128.

† Letter to the Lord Chancellor, Sept. 21, 1753.

Prince from Venice to Avignon, that he received a visitor who travelled under the name of the Chevalier la Luze.* The distinction with which he was received by the Prince, indicated that he was a person of much superior rank, but though various attempts were made to penetrate his disguise,—his servant examined, and the freedom of a question ventured with the Prince by Kellie—nothing was discovered, the servant had only been hired at Lyons, and Charles reproved the impertinence of his favourite. During the stay of the Chevalier, he had frequent and close conferences with the Prince ; but at length despatches were brought to him by a courier, and immediately communicating them to Charles, he abruptly took his leave.

Upon the day after his departure, having entertained some of the principal nobility of Avignon at supper, the Prince sent for Colonel Goring and commanded him to be in readiness to attend him at day-break the next morning, charging him to make no communications which should give publicity to their journey. Owing to the shortness of this notice, Colonel Goring had not completed his preparation before he was summoned to attend the Prince, and found him already dressed, walking backwards and forwards, and humming an "Italian Air." "Well, Goring," said he, as he entered, "We have a fine morning, and, I doubt not, shall have a pleasant journey." The Prince was

* Letter from Henry Goring, p. 7.

in great spirits, and intending to make the first stage before breakfast, immediately descended the stairs to the court, where a travelling chaise, three horses for the escort, a valet, and two servants out of livery were already in waiting. The Prince entered the carriage with Colonel Goring, and the attendants mounting the horses they set off towards Lyons.* As both Charles and his companion spoke French with the fluency of natives, by his commands they assumed the character of French officers on leave of absence. He himself adopted the title of Comte d'Espoir, and to avoid observation, the postilion had orders to stop only at the most obscure auberges, and accordingly halted at a small village, two leagues from Lyons. As they entered the yard of the hotel, another equipage also drove up, and as the travellers of each alighted, the Prince recognized his friend the Marquis de Valere. Immediately upon their salutations, Charles acquainted the Marquis that he was travelling on a secret expedition, and the latter having assured him of his discretion, they supped and continued together till a late hour.

Early the next day the Prince continued his journey, and passing through Lyons without stopping, proceeded to a small town about two leagues beyond that city. Here he dismissed his carriage and servants and procured others to Dijon. But at that town the equipage and attendants were again changed, and

* Colonel Goring's Letter, p. 14.

they proceeded by Nancy to Strasbourg, where, to the astonishment of Colonel Goring, who had received no intimation of this rendezvous, they were met by the Chevalier la Luze, who had awaited their arrival. Such had been the profound reserve with which Charles had conducted his journey, that with the same caution which, in his highland wanderings, had never entrusted his haunts to more than one or two parties at a time,* he had not before communicated to Colonel Goring either their final destination, nor the concert with the Chevalier la Luze, and it was only when they arrived at the hotel where he awaited them, that the former knew that they were expected, and a handsome apartment provided for their reception.

Although in the utter blank of records which attends the secrecy of the Prince's incognito, we are not possessed of any corroborating document, we ought not to suppress the tradition that the Chevalier la Luze was no other than the Earl Marischal,† who, about

* "In his wanderings, Charles laid down a rule to himself, and to which he scrupulously adhered, *never to entrust* any person from whom he was about to depart with the secret of his route; so that, with the exception of the few friends who were about him for the time being, none of those to whom he had been formerly indebted for his preservation, knew the place of his retreat." Browne Hist. High. III. 335.

† Communication by Mr EDGAR, grandson to Mr Secretary Edgar. Also letter from Louis Bushe, Courier to the Prince, to the Rev. Mr Wagstaffe, one of the Prince's household in Rome, communicated to the Rev. Edward Bury, by Mr R. Watson, known in the History of the *Stuart Papers*.

eighteen months* previous, Field-Marischal Keith had invited from Italy to Berlin, to share his favour with the King.

His reception justified the expectations of his brother. Immediately upon his arrival, he received a pension of 2000 crowns,† and soon began to acquire that consideration with Frederick, which afterwards, in spite of his disinclination, imposed upon him the appointment of Ambassador at the Court of Versailles. To him, therefore, was entirely applicable the notice of Colonel Goring, that in the Chevalier la Luzé he had discovered “a person of much greater note, and whose extraordinary talents had gained him the confidence of one of the wisest Princes of Europe.”‡ It is true, that in these words, some of the sanguine jacobites, interpreted the Field-Marischal Keith, to whom they were more appropriate, and it is likely that the passage was written with this view, to strengthen the hopes of the party. The employment of the General, however, on such a mission, was entirely out of the question, though his brother being then unoccupied was not liable to the same improbability.

This indentify may, however, be questioned upon the remark of Colonel Goring, that on the arrival of

* Letter, the Earl Marischal to Mr Secretary EDGAR, March 9th, 1748.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ Goring's Letter, p. 21.

the Chevalier la Luze at Avignon, he appeared entirely unacquainted with English.* Upon this occasion, however, the greatest precautions had been used to conceal his real character ; and therefore, if a native of Great Britain, he would have had the more cause to suppress his native tongue. But at the period of Goring's narrative, the Earl Marischal had been thirty-three years absent from Scotland, and time had so estranged his own language, that even with his own countrymen he generally conversed in French. Goring remarks that the Chevalier la Luze spoke both French and Italian with a foreign accent, and it may be advanced that in thirty years of banishment, the Earl Marischal might have acquired the pronunciation of a native ; but almost the whole period of his exile had been spent in Spain, and hence he had no familiarity with the mid-continent before his residence at Berlin. It may, however, be farther objected against his identity with the Chevalier la Luze, that in 1747, he had declined an invitation from the Prince to enter his service on the plea that ill-health had determined him to retire from public life.† But he exerted the same refusal, when charged by the King of Prussia to assume his embassy in Paris ; and it was only by the determination of Frederick that his reluctance was overcome.‡

* Goring's Letter, p. 8.

† Letter to the Prince, Sept. 13, 1747.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ Letter, the Earl Marischal to King James, 11th Oct. 1751.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

His true reason for declining the wishes of Charles Edward, was want of confidence in his measures, and disgust to his incompetent advisers. But under the sanction of the King of Prussia, these reasons could no longer remain, and his zeal for the cause and person of the Prince was such, that when compelled to receive the appointment of ambassador in France, it was only under a provision of its surrender whenever the affairs of his own sovereign might demand his services ; * and when, in 1754, the mission of Mr MacNamara anticipated a reform in the household of Charles Edward, he immediately prepared to resign the Prussian embassy, and enter into his service.† Zealous, talented, experienced, and personally unknown in France, or to the household of the Prince, he was indeed the most fit person in Europe to have been entrusted with a secret and important communication to the exile of Avignon.

It has been said not only that the Prince visited Paris in May 1749, but that he went there from Strasburg at the period when he passed through that city on his northern journey ; but, in the latter part of the asserted month, he was in Venice ; ‡ and when afterwards he passed through Strasburg, he remained

* Letter, the Earl Marischal to King James, 11th Oct. 1751.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

† King's Anecdotes, 211.

‡ Letter from the Prince to Mr Bulkely, June 3, 1749.—*Stuart Papers.*

there only two days and nights, and then proceeded direct for Berlin. His position with the French Court, and recent expulsion from its metropolis, renders it utterly improbable that he should have returned so soon to the scene of his disgrace ; and the belief of his visit appears to rest upon the assumption that the note which he wrote to Waters, the Parisian banker, enclosing the application for permission to reside in the Austrian or Hungarian dominions, was written in Paris ; but this letter has no date, while the solicitation for the Emperor and Queen, which it enclosed, was dated the 26th of May, on which day, according to the communication from himself to Mr Bulkely, he was in *Venice*.* Waters, the banker, was the common channel of communication with the Prince from all countries ; and it is to be observed that the note of request for admission into the Imperial dominions was not addressed to the Austrian Government, but to an individual possessing influence in its interest. There is also reason to believe that this person was in Paris at the time, since he had testified zeal towards the adherents of the Prince, † most of whom had been concentrated in the French capital, and, as far as we know, except in the instance of the Earl Marischal, generally unconnected with Germany. There is, therefore, little

* Letter from the Prince to Mr Bulkely, June 3, 1749.—*Stuart Papers*.

† Note of the Prince, 26th May 1749.—*Original Stuart Papers*.

or no doubt that the Prince's letter was merely sent to Waters as the ordinary channel of communication.

Charles intended to have rested only one night in Strasburg, but he was detained a second by an occurrence which happened on the first. Soon after he had retired to bed, a fire broke out in a hotel opposite to his own, and, roused by the confusion he was one of the earliest called out by the alarm. As he descended the stairs, he was met by some of the people of the house, who assured him that there was no danger, since the street was wide, and the wind carried the flames in an opposite direction. "What then!" exclaimed the Prince, "are we to think only of ourselves!" and, hastening out, he came before the scene of conflagration at the moment that a young and beautiful girl rushed to the window of a room, which exhibited a blaze of fire behind her, and, throwing open the casement, shrieked for assistance. The Prince immediately sprang forward, and, calling to her to leap out, received her in his arms with such strength and dexterity, as prevented any material injury. The interest of her accident, and her very great beauty, caused the Prince to delay one day, which he devoted to her society; but, on the next, he continued his route to Berlin. This journey, however, was interrupted by an occurrence which showed that, notwithstanding all his precautions, he had been very closely watched and traced.

Upon the morning that he left Strasburg, Colonel

Goring, happening to pass through the court of the hotel, was surprised by the appearance of a man who, under very suspicious circumstances, had visited Avignon soon after the arrival of the Prince from Paris: he represented himself as a Mr Blairthwaite, who had joined the Highland army at Carlisle, and been taken prisoner on the march from there to Manchester; and that, though he had made his escape before being brought to trial, had lost his estate, and become reduced to such distress, that he was obliged to seek employment from the Prince. H. R. H., however, had no recollection of his name, or the loss of any prisoner at the time mentioned; and, from various circumstances, Sir John Harrington strongly suspected the man to be a spy.* But, with his accustomed generosity, Charles declared that he would rather relieve an enemy than hazard the repulse of a friend; and, giving him ten pistoles, ordered him to eat at the palace while he

* After his return from his Scottish expedition, the Prince was continually surrounded by the spies and emissaries of the English Government. Previous to leaving Avignon, he declared to Colonel Goring that "*not only* what he did, but that the very words which he spoke were reported, to the great detriment of his affairs."—*Goring's Letter*, p. 11. This state of surveillance is confirmed by the official note made by the commissioners deputed by his adherents in Great Britain to entreat the reformation of his household, and a more circumspect regulation of his own living. By these gentlemen it was declared that his movements, even in his family, were watched and reported, and that "*many* were employed expressly to observe his motions and condition." Memoir of a statement made by the deputation to Prince Charles at a conference with him, drawn up by his own desire.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*, 15th April 1755.

remained. He dined at the tables of the domestics for some time, when suddenly he disappeared, and was seen no more until observed by Colonel Goring in the court of the hotel at Strasburg. When thus recognized, he was in earnest conversation with one of the ostlers ; but, as soon as he saw Colonel Goring, he abruptly quitted the yard ; and, upon the former questioning the stabler, he could learn no more than that he was a perfect stranger, and bargaining *for the hire of a horse*. Colonel Goring immediately reported the circumstance to the Prince, but he gave it no further consideration than a regret that the recognition of his attendant might discover his route ; and, making no alteration in his arrangements, proceeded on his journey. His party pursued their destination without any thing remarkable, until, at some distance beyond Würtzberg, they were met by five men in masks, well armed and mounted, “ who, without speaking a word, all at once discharged their pistols into the Prince’s chaise ; one of the bullets lodged in the back, just above his head, another went through his hat, and a third grazed his breast, taking off one of the buttons ; the others were so ill directed that they missed the carriage. The Prince, with entire presence of mind, sprung from the chaise with the pistols which he always carried in his pocket,* and discharged them at the

* From the period of his dangers in Scotland, the Prince never went unarmed, and generally carried pistols in his pocket. Such was

assailants with so much coolness and effect, that one fell dead and another was wounded ; then, drawing his sword, and seizing the bridle of one of the assailants, brought him from his horse. During this struggle he would have been cut down by the next rider, had not the Chevalier la Luze wounded his lifted arm, while Colonel Goring killed the man whom the Prince had unhorsed. At this moment, a gentleman and two servants who had come in sight, galloped up to the affray, and, at their approach, the ruffians immediately fled, and made good their escape. Upon examining the fallen men, he who was dead proved to be the *soi-disant* “*Mr Blairthwaite*,” the other lived only long

the case at his arrest at the opera in Paris, when he had a brace of pistols and a poignard. In the close of the 18th century, when the sword still continued a part of full dress, arms were much more familiarly used than at present ; and, within our own recollection in Great Britain, a traditionary usage, derived from the days of “foot-pads” and “highwaymen,” upon a journey, or going out after dusk, gentlemen often carried “*pocket pistols*,” some of which were made so small as to be taken in the pockets of the breeches. Their workmanship was often very beautiful and highly finished, and their designs curious and multifarious. But they were all toys, far less formidable than the muzzle of the Irishman’s kail stock, and have now chiefly passed into the memorabilia of pawnbrokers’ windows, from whence, in another century, those which remain may come to the resurrection of an antiquarian museum. A small and very beautiful pair, inlaid with silver, and said to have been carried by the Prince, passed through a sale in Edinburgh a few years ago. In his carriage and his house, however, Charles used a large pair, and even in his latter years, when the decline of his enterprising character no longer awakened anxiety, they usually lay loaded beside him on his table.—*Life of Dominico Corri, by himself.*

enough to make some obscure and incoherent confession of having been hired by him, and another who had escaped, to assist them in revenging a quarrel in which they had been injured ; but nothing was found upon them to lead to their detection, nor any illustration of their persons or character.

The Prince had escaped without any injury, but Colonel Goring had received a slight wound, and the Chevalier la Luze a deep cut, for which they halted at the first inn whereat they arrived. The next day, however, all were able to proceed, and passing through Leipzig, reached Berlin without any farther interruption.*

The Prince remained ten days, during which period, if the supposed identity of the "Chevalier la Luze" be correct, he was lodged in the house of the Earl Marischal, under the character of a distinguished French traveller. His interviews with the king were conducted with the greatest privacy, but apparently to the entire satisfaction of the Prince. Whether first projected here, or that it formed part of the original plan upon which he left Avignon, it was determined that he should proceed from Berlin to Sweden. It appears, however, probable that the design was formed previous to his first departure, for, before he set out, he communicated to Mr Bulkely his intention to make a journey through

* Goring's Letter, p. 42.

Hanover,* which, had he not first visited Berlin, lay in a very direct route from Avignon to Sweden.

When the Prince had concluded his conference, he left Berlin attended only by Colonel Goring and two servants, and proceeded, as it is supposed, to Dantzic,† where he embarked in a small trading vessel for Stockholm. His voyage, however, was retarded by a violent storm, before which he was driven far out of his course, upon the coast of Russia, and compelled to take shelter in a port believed to have been Riga,‡ where the close alliance of the Czarina with the Elector King of England, and her jealous hostility towards Sweden, gave reason to be apprehensive for the consequences of discovery. During his stay, Charles confined himself to his private apartments in his hotel under plea of indisposition; but by this seclusion he did not entirely escape inconvenience, for some of the gentlemen of the city having been informed of the presence of a French

* Letter from the Prince, June 3, 1749.—*Original draught, Stuart Papers.*

† From an incident related in Goring's letter, p. 52, an inconsiderate conclusion has been drawn that the Prince embarked at Hamburgh; but, independent of the geographical absurdity of his circumnavigating Denmark to proceed to Stockholm from Berlin, the notice of Hamburgh appears to have been either an ill-informed suspicion, conceived by some spies who had traced him towards the north, or the result of a report circulated to conceal his real destination, as when in the preceding May, he went to Venice, it was given out that he was at Bologna. Letter from the Prince to Mr Bulkely, June 3, 1749.—*Stuart Papers.*

‡ Goring's Letter, p. 43. Information from Louis Bushe.

comte, reduced to suffering from sickness and stress of weather, called upon him with offers of hospitality and service. The Prince evaded receiving them by the excuse of his indisposition : and at last, after a tedious delay for the refitting of the vessel, he again set sail and reached Stockholm. By the order of the Government, a house had already been prepared for his reception, and at his landing, he was received by his old and faithful adherent, M'Donald of Lochgarrie, who having visited Sweden with the hope of obtaining employment in the regiments then raising in that country, was deputed by the minister to await the coming of the Prince and attend him on his arrival.

Charles remained three weeks in Sweden, during which time he was entertained by the king and various members of the court with all the honours due to his rank. Fêtes were made, though very privately, for his entertainment, and, among other compliments, he received masonic honours in the Grand Lodge, and the jewel worn by him in his subsequent elevation to the rank of grand-master, and returned, as customary, at his death, is still preserved in the Great Lodge of Stockholm.* Of the progress of the secret negotiations, nothing is now, or perhaps ever was, known to the Prince's most intimate adherents. Col. Goring, though often employed by the Prince in secret missions, and again

* Information by Sir Ralph Hamilton, member of the Grand Lodge of Stockholm.

despatched to Berlin and Stockholm on an especial embassy in 1751,* conformable to the extreme reserve of Charles Edward, does not appear to have been employed on that occasion when he was himself present. The Prince, however, received every distinction consisting with his strict incognito ; and when his conference was ended, he embarked on board a small Swedish frigate, and, landing at Koningsberg, proceeded immediately to the castle of Radzivil in Lithuania.†

The arrival of the descendant of John Sobieski created a sensation answerable to the feelings of the chivalric Poles. A number of the most distinguished nobility assembled to congratulate the son of their Princess Clementina, and among them was a very old Baron, who had served in the army of her illustrious grandfather, and been engaged under him at the battle of Vienna. Upon approaching his descendant, he could scarce restrain his impatience for the precedence of the superior Peers ; and when he was presented, embraced the Prince's hand with tears of joy and emotion.

During the stay of Charles at Radzivil, he recovered that gaiety which in a great degree he had lost after the injury and indignity which he had suffered from the Court of Louis XV. For, besides the hopes of his enterprise, he was inspired by the society of " friends who

* Instructions to Col. Goring in the Prince's hand, June 21, 1751.
—*Stuart Papers*.

† Goring's Letter. Information by the Baron de Rondeau and Sir Ralph Hamilton.

all endeavoured to outvie each other in demonstrations of affection, and he enjoyed fine woods to hunt in, fine gardens to walk in, and every thing which could amuse his less serious moments." At table he was frequently entertained with the reports circulated concerning his incognito, which, still strictly maintained, had baffled all pursuit;—upon one occasion, being told that the journals had announced his residence at Bologna, Venice, Padua, and various other places of Italy, he replied, "Yes! my enemies would be well pleased to keep me on the other side of the Alps, but they will find my constitution will bear a *colder* climate." *

A suspicion was, however, at length given of the Prince's real destination, and one of the paragraphs which appeared, under the date of Paris, exclaimed—"The world is still in a wonder what is become of the Young Pretender. Last week it was affirmed with a great deal of warmth that he was incognito at Albano with his father, and was going to reside privately, and they might as well have added to prepare himself for the *purple*, in the little republic of St Marino, belonging to the Pope, and to-day it is as confidently asserted, among our politicians, that he is in *Poland* by the interest of *this* court."†

In other publications of the day, it was added that he had visited that kingdom "to marry the Princess of

* Letter from H. Goring, 56.

† Paris, December 1, 1749. Universal Magazine, V. 282.

Radzivil, one of the first Princesses of Poland, an immense fortune, and a relation of the Queen of France and the Countess of Talmont, who was said to have brought about the match.* The Princess de Talmont was indeed one of Charles Edward's most particular friends in Paris; and upon his liberation from Vincennes, she, with Mr Bulkely, a very confidential and esteemed adherent of the Prince, applied for permission to have an interview with him before he left France. On the plea of indisposition, Charles waited a day at Fontainebleau, probably to receive them, but their request was refused by the King.

The Princess de Talmont was in the confidence of the Queen, from whose relationship to the young Princess Radzivil,† and affectionate regard for the son of her early friend, the Princess Clementina, their alliance might very naturally have been suggested. Whether, however, Charles visited Poland under such prepossessions, or whether the first impression of his beautiful cousin was derived from her own personal fascination, it is declared by some that a warm and mutual passion

* Ascanius, 207. Journal of the escape of the young Chevalier, 77. In the latter volume, by a typographical error in the continuation of the commas of quotation, the above passage is included in the "*Letter from Paris, December 21, 1748,*" but which terminated with the preceding paragraph.

† Marie, Queen of France, daughter of Stanislaus Laszeynski, King of Poland, was great-grand-daughter to Joan Catharin, sister to Michael Casimir, Prince of Radzivil, great-grandfather to the Princess Radzivil, 1749.

followed their acquaintance.* According to the testimony of cotemporaries, the Princess was possessed of every attraction and accomplishment which could excite admiration ; and as Charles was at that time one of the handsomest and most popular young men in Europe, there was nothing but political reservations to impede an attachment.

To these, however, it is asserted that the Prince acknowledged himself obedient, and that however ardent his affection, he founded his private hopes only upon his public success, and while the issue of his enterprise remained uncertain, notwithstanding the favour with which he was received, and even the incitement of his friends, resisted his own inclinations, and the encouragement of his cousin. “ I will never,” said he, “ involve any Princess in the misfortunes of my family—and my determination is fixed to beget no royal beggars.” †

Such were the sentiments with which he afterwards replied to the matrimonial importunity of his father—“ Our family have had sufferings enough, that will always hinder me to marry as long as in misfortune, which would only conduce to increase misery, and subject any of the family who had the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heels.” ‡

* Goring's Letter. Communication from the Baron de Rondeau.

† Goring's Letter, p. 58.

‡ Letter to Mr Secretary Edgar, 24th March 1754.—*Original Stuart Papers.*

The mistrust of the Prince was too soon justified. According to Colonel Goring's letter,* which appears to be confirmed by a passage in the Baron de Rondeau's MS., Charles Edward had a final interview with the Princes Czartoryski, Lubomirski, and others of his principal friends, at the castle of Count Wizinski, when the principal points of the Prince's enterprise were concerted. Whether, however, from the disunion which for three centuries has attended almost every great movement among the Polish nobility, or from a diversion of the supporting powers, no scheme of action was organised. Ignorant, however, as we are of this mysterious and secret page of the Prince's history, the events of its closing period, and that by which it was immediately succeeded, were sufficient to suggest causes for the cessation of the supposed supporting powers from any co-operation in the disturbance of Poland, or the restoration of James VIII.

At the close of the year 1749, the northern hemisphere again began to darken with an impending storm, and the affairs of Germany were brewing events alarming to the views of Frederick the Great. The Czarina, with redoubled hostility, had renewed the menace of an immediate attack upon Sweden, whose interests thus became entirely concentrated in her own defence, while, in Germany, the emperor was inde-

* Letter to Mr Secretary Edgar, 24th March 1754.—*Original Stuart Papers.*

fatigably concerting the confederacy for electing the archduke Joseph king of the Romans, a demonstration little less absorbing to the king of Prussia. In his determination to erect himself a counterpoise to the influence of the house of Austria, Frederick directed his power, talents, and energies, to defeat the design of the emperor, with an application and zeal which, as suggested by an historian, indicated his project, of "some great scheme with the execution of which" the election of the archduke "would have interfered." Hence the oppression of Sweden, or a premature convulsion in Poland, had frustrated the concentration of his plans in Germany, by calling his assistance to his ally, and exposing the flank of his dominions to a pretext for the approach of his inveterate enemy, the Czarina.

Among these pre-eminent interests, any projects for Charles Edward were abandoned and forgotten, and whatever might have been proposed, expired beneath the veil under which they had been concerted.

Of the period to which he remained in Poland, we have no knowledge. According to Goring's Letter, he was there on the 13th of September, and by an article in the Paris newspapers, as late as the 1st of December 1749. But upon the final frustration of his political hopes in the north, and the passion which he had suspended upon their success, he left Lithuania as secretly as he had arrived, and retired in deep chagrin to the

chateau of his friend, the Duc de Bouillon in the Ardennes.

From this time he ceased to correspond with his father, or any of his principal friends, except by an occasional and very brief communication, and all his subsequent letters are marked by a wounded pride, a settled and bitter distrust which discouraged all efforts, and felt a keen and irritable sense of the treachery and selfishness of the world.

The wound which entered deepest into his heart was the desertion of his old and hereditary ally. His expulsion from France, and the renewed exclusion of his house by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, was a species of political outlawry, in which any departure from the contracted concession to Hanover became marked as an act of hostility towards the reigning dynasty. "The unworthy behaviour of the French ministers," said the Prince, "has put it out of my power to settle any where with honour."* Hence, the parties to the treaty rigidly observed the expulsive article, and of the other superior powers, Russia was chiefly allied with the Elector King ; Denmark, bound by the ties of marriage with his sister, and Spain, plunged in an abyss of sottish drivelling, which rendered her incapable of any generous feeling or energetic enterprise, was apathetic to the cause of her fallen cousin. Thus excluded from all the great empires, Charles Edward was left without

* Letter to Mr Secretary Edgar, 24th March 1754

any view of an asylum becoming his rank. The small states of Italy offered no field for his activity, nor any residence consistent with the position in which he had been formerly received as the *legitimate* heir-apparent to the British throne. Rome had become intolerable since his disappointment in his brother, by his entrance into the church—a step so abhorred by the whole Jacobite party,* as “a mortal stroke to their cause,” that the Scots College in Paris hesitated to congratulate the young Prince on his elevation, declaring that, if their compliment became known, they “could not hold up their faces before their countrymen.”† But the disgust of Charles Edward was heightened by a long absence of confidence and harmony with the king and the cardinal, aggravated by the ill offices of respective favourites, but originally founded on the imbecility of James, and the littleness of Henry, which, never capable of any arduous effort, disappointed his projects and envied his superiority.

With this secret opposition Charles was well acquainted. “*He has always,*” said he, “*acted, as far as in his power, against my interest.*”‡ This discord was irritated by the rising ascendancy of the Duke in his admission to the sacred college, and the concession of the

* Letter from the Rev. Myles MacDonnell to King James, July 14, 1747.—*Orig. S. P.*

† Letter from the Principal of the Scots College in Paris to Mr Edgar, July 31, 1747.—*Ib.*

‡ Memorandum by the Prince, July 1754.—*Original Stuart Papers.*

Pope to the general renunciation of his family, by which, while the *disowned Prince* was refused the rights of hospitality in Avignon, the *Cardinal* enjoyed in Rome a precedence before his elder brother and future titular sovereign. Stung by these mortifications, it is not surprising that Charles declared "no part of the Pope's dominions should ever see his face."*

With his father, whose solemn trifling and systematic imbecility exhausted his rapid and energetic spirit, he maintained no confidence and little intercourse. The king often wrote to him in a style of moral and political didactics, lamentably at variance with what the prince knew to be his own practice, and in which indolence and weakness mistook itself for equanimity and discretion. In these little essays he often advised the prince to marry, and sometimes to yield to the conventional intrigues of the French court; but the prince replied with impatience and disgust, lamenting that he was "born in a detestable age," rejecting all views of alliance while incapable of supporting his rank, and spurning the idea of bending to the selfish expediency of the Bourbon government, which had burned his hand to draw the political chesnuts out of the embers of their own ambition. "My interest does not imply any human views," said he, "but only such steps as can conduct to the prosperity and

* Letter to Mr Bulkely, June 3, 1749.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

happiness of our country." "I think our family have had sufferings enough, that will always hinder me to marry as long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject my family to be tied neck and heels."*

In this gloomy and despondent state of mind the prince remained, buried in profound seclusion, in the Chateau de Bouillon, vainly endeavouring to forget his disappointments and indignities in the pursuit of the stags and wild boars of Ardennes. It was thus he passed a large portion of that time in which, lost as if he had disappeared from off the face of the earth, Europe looked in vain to discover a trace of his presence; and his father lamented him as dead to himself and the world.

"I remain," says he, "an entire stranger to the Prince's views and projects: I do not so much as know where he is."† A year after he repeats that "he had been many months without hearing of" him,‡ and two years later, he adds, "I am an entire stranger to all his affairs, and all that relates to him, and I should not so much as know he were alive if I did not hear from second and third hands that he is in good health." "It is now more than two years since he has writ at all here;" "I cannot so much as guess how long his in-

* Letter to Secretary Edgar, March 24, 1754.

† Letter, the King to Lord G. Murray, 20th April, 1750.

‡ The King to the Prince, 19th April, 1751.

cognito will last, and all I can do is to recommend him to God.” *

All but the prince's banker, and one or two peculiarly trusted attendants, were equally ignorant. His old and faithful adherent, Lochgarrie, knew not where to find him for the direct transmission of important communications ; † and the king's old secretary, Edgar, who corresponded with most of the principal Jacobites, expressed, in a letter to Sir J. Harrington, formerly one of the Prince's household, his amazement at his royal master's mysterious secretion. “ I observe,” said he, “ when you wrote you were quite in the dark as to the Prince ; I am sorry to tell you we are so also here, only we have heard from Paris and Avignon that H. R. H. was in good health the beginning of last month ; *his incognito for so long is one of the most surprising things that have ever happened in the world.*” ‡

During this period, however, he was not lost in apathy and inaction ; his mind was continually at work ; many designs were projected, and many journeys performed, of which the world knew nothing. It appears probable that he had not yet altogether given up expectations from Prussia, for he made several journeys into Germany ; § and, in 1751, sent Colonel Goring upon a secret mission to the courts of Berlin and

* The King to Sir John Græme, Sept. 1753.—*Orig. S. P.*

† Letter of Lochgarrie to the Prince, 22d June 1750.—*Orig. S. P.*

‡ 19th Dec. 1752.—*Original S. P.*

§ Œuv. Duc. de St Simon, xii. 144. Pichot, Hist. Ch. Ed. ii. 370.

Stockholm.* But the most remarkable of his expeditions were those, which there is reason to believe he made into England, and even the seat of the reigning government, in the years 1750, 1753, and 1761. Of the first of these, there is sufficient proof, and of the other two there is strong presumption.

From the period of vengeance in 1746, the rigour of the government, and various unpopular measures of the British administration, had created much disgust against the existing power, and proportionate animation among the Jacobites. In Scotland, the exasperation of the sufferers, and the odium of the military atrocities, had produced a strong moral preparation for another movement.†

In England, even two years earlier, the excitement was little less. "The people," says Smollett, "did not implicitly approve of the measures of the administration, and all who were opposed to the reigning dynasty took advantage of the opportunity to inflame the irritation. In the neighbourhood of Lichfield, the sportsmen of the party appeared in tartan, and expressed their sentiments towards their adversaries by the singular practical ridicule, of hunting with hounds clothed

* Instructions to Col. Goring, June 21, 1751.—*Original draught, Stuart Papers.*

† Letter from young Glengarrie to Mr Secretary Edgar, 16th Jan. 1750. Letter from King James to Lord George Murray, April 20. From Lochgarrie to Sir Hector MacLean, Sept. 25. Letter from young Glengarrie to the Prince, without date.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

in tartan a fox dressed in a red uniform. The ladies at the assembly, and the gentlemen at the races, appeared dressed in tartan, divers noblemen on the course were assaulted as apostates, and one noble personage of high rank is said to have undergone a very disagreeable flagellation.*

In 1750, the elements of a conspiracy were considerably fermented. The Prince's busts were publicly sold at a shop in Red Lion Street in London, and a medal was struck bearing the device of a shooting tree, and the motto "REVIRESCET." Measures were taken for raising money both in England and Scotland by way of contribution; and the large sum left secreted by the Prince in the Highlands, and which still amounted to 16,000 pounds,† was ordered to be transmitted for the present cause.‡ Arms were prepared for landing in England, upon effecting which, an important enterprise, denominated the "*grand affair*," was immediately to be attempted, and some mysterious conjunction was concerted to take place at, as we suppose, Lichfield races, where, as before observed, a very wild spirit existed in the sporting world. These measures appeared so far organized, that the leaders of the conspiracy were directed to proceed with the utmost expedition, and a

* Smollett, Hist. England, iv. 35.

† Letter from Lochgarrie to the Prince, June 22, 1750.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ "Memoire," partly in the Prince's hand, May 3, 1750.—*Stuart Papers.*

declaration was prepared for referring the finances to a free Parliament, vindicating the tolerance of the King, denouncing the bribery of the French ministry, and inviting the junction of the army, by exposing the invalidity of their allegiance to "the Elector."

In the beginning of May, preparations appeared so far advanced, that the Prince resolved to pass secretly into Britain, to communicate with his party in person: Apparently as his precursor, Colonel Goring was appointed to visit England in the beginning of August, and his brother, Sir Charles, was charged to despatch a ship to take him on board at Antwerp.* In the following month the Prince, empowered by his father, with a commission of Regency,† similar to that under which he directed his Scottish expedition, sailed for Britain, and reaching London with perfect secrecy, was lodged by Lady Primrose. From this rendezvous he not only made appointments to receive his friends, but also visited them at their own houses. Upon one of these occasions, drinking tea with Dr King, he was partially discovered by his servant, who, after he was gone, observed that he thought his master's new visitor very like Prince Charles. "Why," said the Doctor, "have you ever seen him?" "No, sir," replied the man,

* "Memoire," partly in the Prince's hand, May 3.—*Stuart Papers*.

† Letter, King James to the Prince, August 4, 1750. Memorandum in the Prince's hand, July 1, 1754.—*S. P.*

“but this gentleman exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be the busts of the Prince.” *

Under whatever representations Charles Edward visited London, he found that no plans were matured, and no forces combined. His Scottish adherents had spoken much of the spirit of England, but they had overrated their own. In January, Sir Hector MacLean had warned the King, through his Secretary Edgar, that the flattering accounts from his country were to be received with distrust.† And, when in August, James‡ enquired of Lord George Murray his opinion of the declared encouragement for another expedition, that cautious nobleman, while he vouched for the zeal, declined to bear testimony to the power of the clans. “Doubtless,” said he, “they have had a violent shock”—and referring his hopes to the King’s wisdom and direction, left him to infer that nothing was to be expected without an organized assistance from abroad.§

This discouragement was doubtless expressed without reserve by the selfish apostate Dr King, who, though for years he had been the secret agent of the exiled family, at the very time in which he received

* King’s Political Anecdotes. 8vo, Lond. 1818, 199.

† Letter, Jan. 24, 1750.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ Letter, April 20, 1750.—*Stuart Papers, original draught.*

§ Lord George to King James, 19th May 1750.

the Prince, was preparing poison for his memory,* and that of the persons and principles which he had served until they were deserted by the world. But found in all conspiracies, Dr King was only one of that morbid mass, the political slugs and pot-valiant heroes who batten in secret under the leaves of the fallen tree which they incite others to restore, or drink with naked swords the names of those for whom they dare not draw them in the field.

“Many,” says Smollett, “now loudly extolled that cause which they durst not avow when it required their open assistance, and though they industriously avoided exposing their lives and fortunes to the chance of war, in promoting their favourite interest when there was a possibility of success, betrayed no apprehension, in celebrating the memory of its last effort amidst the tumult of a riot, and the clamours of intemperance.”† Charles Edward, who wept for their assistance at Derby, who, alone and unsupported, except by his faithful mountaineers, pressed forward through the heart of mighty England to meet their aid,—who *would* have met them *in London*, had his own followed him, he, whose life was enterprize, not words, no sooner felt the political pulse of the metropolis than he became sensible of the futility of his visit, and in five‡ days quitted London and returned abroad.

* King's Political Anecdotes, 122–201.

† Hist. England, iv. 35.

‡ King's Political Anecdotes, 197.

His spirit, however, although disappointed, was not subdued, and he continued fertile in projects and active in operations. For at least two years he appears to have hovered within communication of the Dutch coast,* from whence intercourse with Scotland was continually and enterprisingly maintained by the skilful contrabandists, who supplied the whole north of Scotland, and, holding an almost undisturbed familiarity with the Highlands and Isles, pushed their "runs" into the Sea Lochs of Ireland.†

* He was seen at Campvere for four days in April 1752. Letter from Mr Donald MacIntosh to Secretary Edgar, 6th Feb. 1754.—*S. P.*

† The old people on the Moray Frith still show the solitary creek where the Flushing luggers anchored off the Carse of Dalness, and the pea field near the sands, where, in the harvest, the bales of tea and tobacco, and the casks of brandy and claret, were concealed under the swarths, until the farmers and crofters assembled with their horses and cars to carry them off into the country. Some of the vessels employed in these "runs" were remarkable for their size and sailing, and one of the last most distinguished was a noble lugger which carried eleven hundred yards of canvass in her mainsail, and whether before the wind or close-hauled, had never been approached by any pursuer. The last known voyage of this vessel was to Loch Swilly, after which she returned no more, and whether taken or lost, was never known. The lives of the men who manned these vessels, and others of a later date on the southern coast, would afford extraordinary histories not only of their own daring adventures, but in war, of many enterprises, mixed up with the designs of governments. When the army of England was encamped upon the heights of Boulogne, there was a boatman of that port named Augustin, one of two dauntless brothers, who, in a dark and stormy night, ran out of the harbour unperceived by the English fleet, and conveyed two engineer officers across the channel to the coast of Sussex. They landed between Winchelsea and Cliff-End, examined the coast for several miles, and,

During all this period of his incognito, it is probable that the Prince retained hopes from Prussia, since he maintained a constant correspondence with the Earl Marischal, who had declined any charge in his affairs, but was now the ambassador from that kingdom at the court of France. As soon as he heard of his arrival in

ascertaining the frequency of the Martello towers, and the depth of the great fosse carried parallel to the sea, embarked undiscovered, and got off before daylight.

The brother of the man who performed this enterprise, and whose name was Dennis, performed a very gallant action, for which he received the cross. During a heavy breeze, the whole of the blockading fleet was blown off the coast, except one frigate, which continued to ride out the gale, holding by only a single cable. The emperor visiting the pier head, said to one of the sailors: "Ah ça!—pourquoi ne couper pas ce cable là!" No command was given, but the remark was overheard by Dennis, who, having consulted with his boat's crew, as soon as it was dark, they pulled out of the harbour, and made towards the ship. As they knew well her anchorage, notwithstanding the high sea, they made out their object, and having discerned the black shadow of the frigate, pulled towards her head, and reached the cable, where it vibrated like a harp string in the waves. After a hard struggle, and assisted by the straining of the vessel, they severed the plies, and the ship swung off loose to the gale. A violent clamour was heard on board, the shout of the boat's crew went up "*Vive l'Empereur*," and was answered by a discharge from the marines; but the balls plashed at random in the water, and the gale preventing pursuit, the boatmen pulled vigorously for the shore, and, after a hard struggle with the heavy sea, regained the port in safety. In the morning Dennis was presented at the camp, received the cross from the hands of the emperor, and the coast continuing clear for two days, during low water, got up the anchor, which he sold for some hundred francs. He afterwards came to be chief pilot of Boulogne, and loved his cross—perhaps better than his life—certainly than his liberty, for, after the "restoration," he was imprisoned for refusing to give up his brevet and take that of the new regulation.

Paris, he directed Colonel Goring to meet him there, and pursue the subject of conference at their last interview,* which appears to have been in Berlin, according to the envoy's former instructions to visit the Earl Marischal in that city, on his route to the Court of Sweden. We believe that Colonel Goring's commission with the new ambassador in Paris was on his return from Stockholm ; for, by the words of his first letter to the Earl Marischal on his arrival, he appears to have followed him post.†

In their negociations the greatest secrecy was observed. Their meetings were sometimes, if not always, held in the open air, by night, and, on Colonel Goring's part, in disguise. Upon one of these occasions, his proposed garb was a livery, or the habit of an Abbé;‡ and upon another, it was concerted to meet after dark upon "the step or terrace" before the palace in the garden of the Thuilleries, where the Earl Marischal promised, that if rain should not render his going out on foot suspicious to the servants, he would walk alone at the appointed time.§ In those days, the regulations of the palace were different from the present, when the guards are relieved, and the gates closed at dusk.

* Instructions to Colonel Goring, dated September 23, 1751.—*Stuart Papers, draught by the Prince.*

† Letter, Colonel Goring to the Earl Marischal, Sept. 20, 1751. Copy by the Prince.—*Stuart Papers.*

‡ Letter, Colonel Goring to the Earl Marischal, Sept. 21, 1751. Copy by the Prince.—*Stuart Papers.*

§ Letter, the Earl Marischal to Colonel Goring, Sept. 23, 1751.

The subject of the above conference must have been of some importance, since it concerned "*a secret*," which the Earl Marischal had declared it was not "in his power to disclose" to Colonel Goring at their last interview, and which, if the same difficulty should continue, the Prince proposed to travel to any appointed place to receive himself.*

Of all which followed these conferences no notes are preserved ; and Goring's commission being a letter of credence, it is probable that none were ever made, but that all which passed was transacted verbally.†

The Prince continued in constant communication with the Earl Marischal until his breach with all his friends in 1754. His last known embassy having been in July 1753, when he sent Colonel Goring to Paris with despatches, and appears to have retained him as his resident, near the Prussian Ambassador, until the latter part of the year,‡ excepting for a short interval, in which, incapacitated by indisposition, his place was supplied by a confidential servant, named Beson.§

During this period, it may be judged that the services of the Earl Marischal were zealous and important, not only from the fact that, in his responsible and de-

* Instructions to Goring.—*Stuart Papers*.

† Commission to Colonel Goring, 2d July 1753. Letter, the Prince to the Earl Marischal, 5th September 1753. The same to Goring 12th November 1753.—*Stuart Papers, Orig.*

‡ Commission to Col. Goring, 2d July. Letter, the Prince to the Earl Marischal, 5th Sept. The same to Goring, 12th Nov. 1753.

§ Letter, the Prince to the Earl Marischal, Sept. 5, 1753.

licate position as ambassador of another power, he held secret correspondence with the Prince at a court opposed to his interest, and in alliance with his master ; but, from the deep sensibility expressed by Charles Edward for his “friendship and attachment”^{*}—an acknowledgment very expressive from one naturally sanguine, and who, deeply wounded by the weakness, selfishness, and desertion of others, had become irritably sensitive of any coldness towards his cause or projects.

Whether, during his correspondence with the Earl Marischal, the Prince derived any encouragement from the hostile interests of his master towards those of George the Second, to whom he was at that time ardently opposed in the affairs of the Empire ; but, within that period, there is reason to believe that the projects of the Prince were in such a position in Britain as induced him again to visit England.

The object of this venture has been reproached as extravagant ; and it is true that some of the plans of his adherents were of a desperate character. In 1747, when the blood was yet scarce dry on Tower Hill, or the fire extinguished in the Highland heaths, a determined design had been concerted, and men had offered to venture their lives in its execution, to secure the person of the Duke of Cumberland.† But, in the

^{*} Commission to Colonel Goring, 2d July 1753. Letter to the Earl Marischal, 5th Sept. 1753, &c. &c.

† Letter, Father Myles MacDonnell to King James, May 4, 1747.
—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

opinion of many who had been bereaved by his butcheries, and made destitute by his devastations, his atrocities had rendered him a moral outlaw, whose life might justly have been forfeited for the massacres of 1746 ; and it is probable that, for this reason, fearing to encourage a plot which might end in assassination, the design was not only rejected by the Prince, but repulsed in a manner which, by the zealous, was considered injurious to those by whom it was proposed.*

In 1753, however, another and much more important enterprise was projected. This was no less than a plan to surprise the reigning monarch in the Palace of St James, and carry him off from the midst of his own court. To support this daring *coup-de-main*, a simultaneous insurrection was to be made in Scotland and the south. Lord Elibank, his brother Alexander Murray, and sixty associates, were engaged to make the attempt upon the palace ; and Clunie, Loch Garrie, and others,† are *said* to have been employed in the Highlands to prepare a rising of the clans.

• There is, however, the greatest reason to believe that no attempt whatever was contemplated in Scotland at this time. There is not the least trace, either in the

* Letter—Father Myles MacDonell.

† Dr Cameron is named ; but it is almost certain that he was never in any way employed, either by the Prince or his father, at or near this time ; and it is almost equally sure that, at this immediate period, he had no communication with Charles Edward, or his active agents.

Stuart or Cluny Papers, or those of any other family of which we have knowledge, that any expectations of a movement existed among the chiefs; and this is the rather confirmed, that Lochiel, whose father, in 1747,* objected to Lord Ogilvie asking for a French regiment, lest it should discourage the character of the cause in France by the appearance of no better hopes, should, in April 1753, have had no expectations superior to the *brevet* of a French colonelcy *without pay*.† The design on Britain appears, therefore, to have been chiefly confined to England, and there brewed only in a cabal uncombined with any *national* movement. The only indication of secret activity was the simultaneous communication between Charles Edward and the Ambassador of Prussia, and the execution of a medal issued by the Prince, and bearing the device of a fleet in sail for Britain, with the motto—"O DIU DESIDERATA NAVIS!" It is not improbable, however, that, incited by exaggerated reports of the conspiracy at home, Charles had made efforts for assistance from abroad. The affairs of Germany offered him hopes with Prussia, with whose ambassador he was in secret correspondence. In the preceding year, Frederick "made no scruple of expressing his resentment against the Court of London, which he seemed to consider as an officious cabal that had no right to intermeddle

* Letter to King James, Jan. 16, 1747.—*Orig. S. P.*

† The same, April 27, 1753.—*Orig. S. P.*

in the affairs of Germany. His resident at London complained to the British Ministry that divers ships, sailing under the Prussian flag, had been stopped at sea, and even seized by English cruisers, and that his subjects had been ill-treated and oppressed; he therefore demanded reparation in a peremptory tone; and, in the meantime, discontinued the payment of the Silesian loan—a debt contracted by the Emperor Charles VI. with the merchants of England, and with the payment of which Frederick had charged himself in the treaty of Breslau.”* Although this misunderstanding between the two courts had been *formerly* compromised, it is probable that its design had only been to check the co-operations of the Elector of Hanover in the imperial scheme for the election of the Archduc Joseph as King of the Romans—a measure so strongly and obstinately opposed by Frederick, that some supposed “he aspired himself to the imperial dignity which the Empress Queen took all pains to perpetuate in her own family.”*

This source of opposing interests still continued unabated. George II. directed the weight of his two empires to support the scheme, and Frederick exerted the most determined opposition to its advancement; and while, at the same time, Charles Edward was in active correspondence with the Ambassador of

* Smollett's Hist. Engl., iv. 142.

† *Ibid*, 148.

Prussia at Paris, there is strong presumption that his master was made acquainted with the British plot, and that he could not fail to countenance any plan which might pluck the English feathers from the Hanoverian wings, and let fall the German Icarus in the gardens of Herrenhausen.

Of the practicability of the plot, nothing is now known ; and its entertainment has been contemned as a romantic adventure. It owes, however, its disrepute less to its adventurous character than the failure of its execution and the incompetence of its conspirators.

Daring actions are characterized by their success ; the victor is crowned and the vanquished forgotten, though both, perhaps, were equal in design — as at Pultowa Charles XII. would have remained the hero of the world, if the general who commanded his critical movement had not lost his way in the dark. But daring actions also demand extraordinary men ; and neither Tell, Palauski, nor General Tarleton,* lived in 1753.

Whether, however, Charles Edward placed any reliance upon the *rape* of St James's, or whether he only considered it a hussar affair of advanced posts — the Bridge of Marchinnes to the attack of Fleurus — it appears highly probable that he visited England at the time to exert with his own eyes that judgment which

* The second carried off a King of Poland out of his own capital, and the last an American General out of his own camp.

he had so much reason to distrust in others. The principal notice of his visit is contained in a letter signed with the name of Hume the historian, and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788. But this was certainly an assumption to give credit to the gossip of a very inferior personage. Yet the paper is entitled to some credit as the vehicle of one considerably well acquainted with the *home* information of his time. When, however, he speaks of the Earl Marischal, Helvetius, and the *on dits* from France, he is romancing at second hand, and apparently for party purposes.

According to the relation of this author, the Prince used little disguise during his stay in London. "He went abroad openly in daylight, and even walked once through St James's and the Mall, in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star." * One evening, without any previous intimation, he visited a lady, supposed to be Lady Primrose, "and entered the room when she had a pretty large company, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name. She thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him, but she had presence of mind to call him by the name he assumed, and to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how

* Hume's Letter.—*Gent. Mag.* 1788.

wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room which he entered." *

At this period the Prince's interest among the English aristocracy must have been considerable, since, at the change of ministry in the following year, he found no difficulty in commanding seats for his adherents in the House of Commons.†

One of the principal corroborations of his visit to England in 1753, is the peculiar gloom which rested upon his incognito at that time, and in which he remained entirely involved, not only from his father, but from those of his own agents not immediately employed under his direction.‡

Other and dim traditions, which probably refer to the same period, indicate that Charles Edward then extended his secret expedition to some remote parts of the interior of England.

On the banks of the Severn, near Newport, in Gloucestershire, there is an old manorial house, part of which was founded in the thirteenth century, and for eight ages continued the seat of an ancient family of the name of Yate, who came into England with the Conqueror, and, according to the Domesday Book, had possessed the manor of "Erlingehame" from the period of the

* Hume's Letter.—*Gent. Mag.* 1788.

† Letter from the Prince to Mr Campbell, Mar. 24, 1754—*Orig. S. P.*

‡ Letter—Mr Edgar to Sir James Harrington, 19th Dec. 1752.
The King to Lord G. Murray, 9th July 1753.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

Conquest. It is believed through the neighbourhood, that in this venerable building Charles Edward was received, during one of his secret visits to England, and for several days concealed in its intricate recesses and secret apartments, without any suspicion from the surrounding country. According to the tradition of the county, the family whom he is thus said to have visited had been firm adherents of his house since the great civil war, and maintained a constant correspondence with the exiled court ever after the abdication. These services are reported to have been so much estimated by the Prince, that he sent them his picture from France ; and a full length portrait, representing a young man in the highland dress, and believed to be the same, is still in existence ; while some of the oldest people lately alive, remembered the veneration with which it hung in the great drawing-room, fenced with a brass rail to prevent approach. *

As conjectured by Klose, it is not improbable that some tradition similar to the above, suggested to Sir Walter Scott the visit of Charles Edward to Fairladies ; but whatever shadows have floated across the interven-

* We are reluctantly compelled to discover that this picture is not a portrait of the Prince, since it represents a personage about nineteen years of age, while an exact duplicate painting, in the possession of the Duke of Leeds, bears the date 1725. The very application of its identity, however—its costume, and the tradition of the Prince's visit to Arlingham—bear testimony to some intimate connection with the Prince and his partizans. An engraving of the picture is given in our *Costume of the Clans*, Plate XXIII.

ing blank of history—wherever lodged, or by whom entertained—within yet gilded saloons, or walls now roofless to the wind—all the events of his life in that period are to-day but the apparitions of an uncertain reality.

The last occasion on which he is said to have visited England was in 1761, when he is declared to have been recognized among the spectators at the coronation of George III., by a friend of the Earl Marischal. The recognizer, of whose name we are ignorant, is said to have been so well known to the Prince, that he whispered his surprise at seeing him in that place. “I came only for curiosity,” is reported to have been his reply; “and the person who is the object of all this magnificence is the man I envy least.”*—Charles Edward *never* said these words.

It is added by other traditions that, when the champion rode into Westminster Hall, and after having proclaimed the defiance to the “king’s enemies,” threw down his gage, another glove was thrown in return; † some say that the exchange was made by a young girl, who stepped forward and lifted the gauntlet, leaving in its place a glove which contained an acceptance of the challenge, and a requisition for safe conduct to the defender.‡ We have, however, been assured by a venerable and noble lady, who received the information from the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal of England, at the inauguration of

* Hume’s Letter.—*Gent. Mag.* 1788.

† Information by Sir W. Wood, Garter-King-at-Arms. ‡ Klose, II. 215

George III., that the gauntlet was *not lifted*, nor did any stranger approach it, but that when the gage was cast down, a white glove was immediately thrown in return, but that no person was seen, neither was it confirmed by the Duke that any billet was contained within the glove.

Such are the dim gleams which lightened through the gloom of Charles Edward's long and mysterious seclusion from the world. During that shadowy period, however, there was another and a more private passage in the romance of his history, which had a fatal influence on all his after life.

MISS WALKINSHAW.

WHEN the Prince was in Scotland, at the time that the army lay before Stirling in 1746, H. R. H. had his head-quarters at the house of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, and during his stay, among the members of the family presented to him was Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, a niece of the Baronet, and daughter to John Walkinshaw, of Barowfield, one of the old Scottish manorial barons, and descended from the hereditary Foresters of the High Steward of Scotland in Renfrewshire.* This young lady was then about twenty years of age, and endowed with much beauty, talent, and fascination, and possessed an additional claim to the interest of the Prince, by

* Rede's Anecdotes and Biography. Lond. 1799

having been named after, and in infancy a favourite of, his mother.

The party publications of the period have sometimes spoken of her with a levity and scurrility unbecoming toward her rank and family, for besides the blood of her own house, which was able to prove its purity for four descents, both by father and mother, she was connected by marriage, through the Patersons of Bannockburn, with the Dukes of Douglas and Hamilton.*

During the stay of the Prince at Bannockburn his greatest pleasure was in her society ; and according to the Duc de St Simon,† and the tradition of the family of Miss Walkinshaw, there arose in that short period an attachment so strong and mutual, that Charles pledged his faith to share all his success with Clementina ; and the latter, that whatever his misfortunes of extremity, she would fly to give him consolation.

In the middle and latter end of the last century, however, the English Jacobites believed that they had formed no serious engagements at that time, and that their subsequent connection was the result of a design executed by the reigning Government to maintain a spy about the Prince, and who, alarmed by his mysterious incognito, and some glimmering intelligence of his plans in Prussia, Sweden, and Poland, upon his return to Flanders, sent Miss Walkinshaw to throw herself in

* Arndilly Papers.

† Œuvres complètes de Louis de St Simon, Duc et Pair de France, Strasburg, 1791, xii., p. 144.

his way, and by completing the conquest begun at Bannockburn, establish herself in his household. This plan was believed to have been concerted through the medium of Clementina's sister, Mrs Catharine Walkinshaw, originally woman of the bedchamber, and at that time housekeeper to the Princess, mother of George the Third, at Leicester House, and through whom it was believed that Clementina communicated to the English Minister all the affairs of Charles Edward with which she was acquainted. Whatever was the cause of the long period of apparent indifference which intervened between the meeting of Bannockburn, and the establishment of Miss Walkinshaw with the Prince, four years passed away after the defeat of Culloden without any trace of correspondence having been maintained between the supposed lovers.

In 1750 they met again at Ghent.* This event was effected by the lady in measures which appeared so independent of the Prince, as to strengthen the belief of the English Jacobites that she acted under the designs of the English Ministry, without any invitation from Charles Edward. There is little or no reason to doubt the evidence of one deeply initiated in his affairs, that at a subsequent period he declared he had no particular regard for his mistress,† and this assertion is confirmed by his conduct when he received

* Pichot. Hist. Ch. Ed., ii. 370.

† King's Political and Literary Anecdotes, 207.

the intimation of her presence in Flanders, and desire to join him,—in reply to which, instead of expressing any ardour for the meeting, he sent her an intimation to *retire to Paris, and there await his arrival*.*

The plan by which Miss Walkinshaw had effected this junction displayed considerable art and resolution; but having been carried on during the period in which the Prince projected three successive proposals of marriage with foreign Princesses,† it seems but little probable that her measures were pursued in concert with him, but emanated either from her own insurmountable attachment, or, as believed by the English Jacobites, the direction of her *liaison* by the English Ministers.

The plan which she adopted to quit her friends, and render herself to the Prince, was perfectly successful. To blind the former, and even make them the actors for conveying her themselves from England to the neighbourhood of Charles Edward, she affected a strong desire to take the veil, and having at last obtained the consent of her relations, and received from them the genealogical proofs of her noble descent necessary for admission among the religious of rank,

* Pichot, Histoire de Charles Edward. 8vo, Par., 1833, ii. 370.

† Letter of King James VIII. to the Prince.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*, April 25th, 1747. Letter of the Prince to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, and instructions to the Sieur Douglas of a contract of marriage with the Princess Charlotte Louise, 24th Feb. 1749. Hen. Goring's Letter, p. 58, and notice relative to a marriage with the Princess of Radzivil, *Dziennik wypadków w Polsce od roku 1702. do 1796*.

upon the intelligence of the Prince's arrival in Flanders, she intimated her resolution to enter a Chapter of Chanoinesses in that territory, and prevailed upon her friends to convey her to Douai, for the purpose of commencing her noviciate. From hence she despatched to the Prince, at Ghent, the intelligence of her arrival, and the assurance that if he had not lost his love for her, she was ready to share his fortunes.

Whatever was the cause which, during two years, had estranged the Prince from one with whom it has been asserted he was so much captivated, it might have been expected that the ease, splendour, and freedom in which he was then living, would have prompted him to indulge a mutual passion if it had ever existed.

The message now conveyed to him by Clementina met him in the embittered emotions of a disappointed lover and defeated Prince, and was well calculated, by its romantic attachment and demonstration of fidelity, to touch the feelings of a heart wounded by neglect, and lonely in solitude. But whether the recollection of the Princess of Radzivil was still too recent and too warm, or that he had any reason to distrust the overtures of Miss Walkinshaw, instead of seeking an immediate interview, he directed her to retire from Douai, which was within *forty* miles of his residence, to await him at Paris at the distance of *one hundred and twenty*. In that city, however, they met, accorded, and returned

together to Ghent. From this period they lived under the same roof, the lady doing the honours of H. R. H.'s household, and bearing such *nom de voyage* as it suited him to adopt in his erratic journeys. At length they fixed their residence for some time in Liege, where they assumed the title of Comte and Comtesse Johnson,* and, for better disguise, Clementina gave her maiden name as "*Caroline Pit.*"† In that city she became the mother of a son, who was baptized by a nonjuring clergyman, afterwards Bishop Gordon. This child died in infancy, but in 1753 he was succeeded by a daughter, who, on the 29th of October, was baptized with the name of Caroline, by the Rev. Pere Joseph Anthony Bailly, in his church of Notre-Dame-des-Fonts.

We know not upon what authority Pichot declares—
 "Le Prince lui même présenta l'enfant au baptême, et signa '*Johnson*' sur le registre de Notre-Dame-des-Fonts."‡ This church perished in the revolutionary tempest of the last century;§ but its archives were preserved, and they prove that the baptism of Caroline was *not* registered for *twenty-five years after its occurrence*, when its insertion was effected by the solicitation of

* Œuv. Duc de St. Simon, xii. 144.—*Arndilly Papers*. By errata the name is printed "*Johnsome*," by St Simon.

† In various continental countries, for legal and ceremonial occasions, the maiden name of married women is added to that of their husbands; and, when the lady is noble, given on the visiting cards, as "*La Comtesse Caroline Johnson nee Pit.*"

‡ Hist. Ch. Ed. ii., 370, Note.

§ Information by le Rev. Pere Fred. Held Provincial de Leige.

her mother,* but without any participation on the part of the Prince.

Many years after the ceremony, when the priest by whom it was performed was dead, and by another who had not then belonged to his church, an imperfect and informal notice of the christening was written on a waste leaf at the end of one of the registers of Notre-Dame; but this memorandum was so irregular, that it was declared by the authorities of Liege "unentitled to any faith, legal or otherwise."† The only voucher for the baptism which previously existed was a *private* certificate, granted to Miss Walkinshaw by the pastor Bailly, *nine years after the celebration of the sacrament, and two years subsequent to the separation of Clementina and the Prince.* This testimonial, however, was *not entered in the register of the church.‡*

The baptism, therefore, was not only *never attested by the Prince*, but remained unrecorded until after Miss Walkinshaw had separated from him, and assumed her own independent views in the government of her daughter.

If disunion had not arisen, even previous to her birth, immediately after that event there occurred between Charles and her mother one of those continued quarrels which afterwards embittered their connection.

* Registre aux Actes de Baptêmes de la Paroisse Notre-Dame-aux-Fonts, 26th Oct. 1788.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

In the next month after the baptism of Caroline, in a letter which Charles Edward wrote to Colonel Goring, then in Paris, he adds—"My mistress has behaved so unworthily, that she has put me out of patience, and I discard her. She told me that she had friends that would maintain her, so that after such a declaration, and other impertinences, makes me abandon her. I hereby desire you to find out who her friends are,* that she may be delivered into their hands. Daniel is charged to conduct her to Paris."† Daniel was the Prince's most confidential servant, and most frequent bearer of despatches. Upon the present occasion, he received from Charles Edward another letter for Colonel Goring, dated on the same day, and notifying that a preceding one, which appears to have been that concerning Miss Walkinshaw, was sent by the post.‡

It appears, however, that at last Daniel was permitted to depart without her, and that the threat of her banishment had been a temporary ebullition of one of those excitements which Dr King, in the malignity which poisoned his latter sentiments towards the Prince and his house, notices§ with indecent coarse-

* That is, her friends in Paris, Miss Walkinshaw having lost the countenance and correspondence of her relations at home by her renunciation of the veil, and connection with the Prince.

† Original draught in the Prince's hand, Nov. 12, 1753.—*Stuart Papers*.

‡ Letter—the Prince to Col. Goring, same date.—*Or. draught S. P.*

§ Political and Literary Anecdotes, &c., 208.

ness and exaggeration. According to this author, the differences between the Prince and Clementina were aggravated by that unhappy indulgence which had not only already begun to affect his own habits, but was said to be shared by his mistress. The whole letter to Colonel Goring, containing the notice of her dismissal, certainly exhibits, in its disordered style, and even its orthographical signs, the underlining, and marks of admiration, strong indications of a physical excitement; and it was probably the evaporation of the intemperance which counteracted the separation. Discord, however, continued; but it was not till seven years afterwards that it came to a height, which produced a permanent rupture. During great part of this period, the Prince lived a mysterious and unsettled life. Abandoned by all the great powers, his active and enterprising spirit still engaged in busy and projective designs, rejecting the pecuniary assistance of the court by which he had been betrayed and insulted; and ill provided by his father, his means were partly supplied by the devotion of his adherents, and partly by loans, which afterwards occasioned him great embarrassment.* This condition of excitement, difficulty, and seclusion, aggravating his mental irritability, and the discontent of his mistress, led to the

* Letter from the Prince to Mr Woulfe.—*Stuart Papers*, 12th Nov. 1753. Letter, King James VIII. to the Prince, April 19, 1751,—*Orig. Stuart Papers*. Letter from the Earl Marischal to the Prince, April 15, 1754.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*.

unhappy life in which the once noble and chivalric hero of the '45 sunk into a state of fallen apathy and domestic humiliation,* which at last inspired his friends with the strongest alarm, not only for his health and reputation, but the dependence of their own safety upon a Prince frequently unanswerable for his own actions,† and at all times under the influence of one who, they believed, enhanced his errors, and betrayed his confidence.

Whatever had originally been Miss Walkinshaw's character, there was nothing which now inspired the interest of her party ; and believed to share, rather than repress, the unfortunate habits of the Prince, she was suspected of inciting his intemperance, in order to communicate to her sister, at Leicester House, the secrets which might be betrayed in these unconscious moments.‡ Meanwhile, suspicion had not failed to remark that, although the least connection with the "disaffected" had brought down, even upon the most undeserving, the jealousy and enmity of the reigning government, Miss Catharine Walkinshaw continued to increase in favour with all the Hanoverian court and family ; and that though, after the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, who had become acquainted with the

* Joseph Gorani *Geheime und kritische Nachrichten von den Höfen, &c., &c.* Cölln. 1794.

† Memoir of the deputation to the Prince, 15th Aug. 1755.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ King's Anecdotes, 205, 209.

laision which had taken place between Clementina and the Prince at Bannockburn House, sternly urged the immediate dismissal of her sister, she not only kept place against this formidable denunciation, but, at a subsequent period, the animosity of the Duke was suddenly converted into esteem. In the pedigree which she had produced on her appointment as woman of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, the genealogist had shown that she was related in the fifth degree to the reigning monarch ; and during her life, “ *their faithful Walkie*,” as she was familiarly called in the palace, continued one of the greatest favourites in the circles of St James’s and Windsor.*

Trembling at the danger of a connection which thus threatened the safety of their lives and fortunes, the Jacobite Peers, and other principal adherents of the Prince in Great Britain, became alarmed to maintain a correspondence which, in an unguarded moment, might expose their individual safety and general cause to the vengeance of the Government. The example of Charles Ratcliff and Archibald Cameron had declared that time brought no oblivion to offence ; and those, therefore, who were still in actual correspondence with the exiled family, became seriously apprehensive of a state of dangerous contingency, which not only kept each implicated individual in alarm, but paralysed all spirit of effort and combination. Filled with this impression,

* Arndilly Papers.

in 1754, the leading Jacobites at length came to the determination of appointing a confidential representative to deliver to the Prince a respectful but firm remonstrance, urging the scandal raised against his Royal Highness, and the danger to which all his friends felt themselves reduced by the connection of his mistress. The deputy charged with this mission was an Irish gentleman named MacNamara, of an old and firm Jacobite family, a person possessed of much eloquence and excellent understanding, and in whom the party of James VIII. had entire confidence. Proceeding to Paris, where the Prince then was, he obtained an audience, and delivered his mission.* It was asserted by H. R. H. that it was communicated in an unbecoming manner;† but whether for this reason, or that the pride of the Prince would not, in any circumstances, submit to control, he dismissed Mr MacNamara with an indignant declaration, that he “would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive.”

It has been affirmed, and repeated in recent histories, that to this reply the Prince added a threat to publish the names of the adherents who had sent him the remonstrance.‡ But the latter repetitions have

* King's Anecdotes, 205.

† King's Anecdotes, 210; and Letter of the Prince to the Earl Marischal, 18th May 1754.—*Stuart Papers*.

‡ Letter from the Earl Marischal to the Prince, May 18, 1754.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*.

arisen from a superficial examination of the *Stuart Papers*; for if, to the notice of the Lord Marischal's letter containing the accusation, they had added that of the Prince's reply,* indignantly denying the charge, his well-known pride, gallantry, and frankness would certainly have discredited so injurious a calumny.

The rejection of the remonstrance directed to him by Mr MacNamara appears to have arisen entirely from his loftiness of character; for, according to the authority of one intimately acquainted with his affairs, his unhappy life with Miss Walkinshaw had so estranged his regard, that when urged by Mr MacNamara to a separation, he acknowledged he no more entertained for her any particular regard, and would personally lose her society without any concern.†

Upon the communication of Mr MacNamara's ill success, the whole Jacobite party was deeply discouraged; and, dismayed at the intimacy of the Prince with one thus alienated from his feelings, and holding the lives and fortunes of his adherents in disposal, they immediately consulted upon their own safety.

"From that era," says Dr King, "may truly be dated the ruin of his cause."‡ The leaders immediately came to the resolution of suspending all farther correspondence, and abandoning a league which appeared

* Letter to the Earl Marischal, 18th May 1754. Draught in the Prince's hand.—*Stuart Papers*.

† King's Anecdotes, 208.

‡ *Ibid*, 210.

to them betrayed in its own citadel ; while some who had hitherto braved every danger and deprivation for the exiled house, hastened to reconcile themselves with the reigning family. Among those was the most talented and important of all the adherents of James VIII., the Earl Marischal. At the time of Mr MacNamara's mission to the Prince, this nobleman was resident in Paris as envoy from the King of Prussia ; but upon learning the commission from England, having no doubt of its favourable result, he determined upon quitting the service of Frederick to enter that of the Prince, as soon as his embassy was concluded. When, however, he was informed of Mr MacNamara's repulse, he not only abandoned for ever all connection with the house of Charles Edward, but, availing himself of the mediation of his friend and master the King of Prussia, reconciled himself with the English Government.*

Charles was not, however, so entirely abandoned by all his adherents, but that, upon the appearance of a movement favourable to his cause, there were found, both in England and Scotland, many of the first rank who were yet prepared to make another effort in his favour. When in the next year the demonstrations of war with France awakened expectations for enterprise, a meeting of the principal English Jacobites was held in the house of John Earl of Westmorland, at Merryworth in Kent. At this council, resolutions similar

* King's Anecdotes, p. 212.

to those conveyed by Mr MacNamara were adopted, and Mr James Dawkins, an intemperately zealous adherent, charged himself with the commission of their presentation.

He fulfilled this mission at Bouillon, where he was received by the Prince with the same unyielding inflexibility which had repulsed MacNamara.* Unlike his predecessor, however, he returned among his friends to load the Prince with obloquy and abuse ; personally piqued at his ill success, and avenging his mortification by giving the worst constructions to the conduct and character of Charles Edward.†

To the ill effects of Mr Dawkins's report was added the corroboration of Colonel Goring, who, under circumstances of strong mutual dissatisfaction, had quitted the service of the Prince at the declension which followed the repulse of MacNamara.‡ This gave the finishing blow to the Stuart cause in England ; and the fatality of the defection may be judged by the effect of the last rejected embassy upon Sir Charles Goring, the brother of the colonel, who, previous to the mission of MacNamara and Dawkins, had made preparations to sell a large estate, with the produce of which he in-

* Rede's Anecdotes and Biography. London, 1799.

† *Ibid*, and Minute of the Scots deputation, Aug. 15, 1755.—*Orig. S. P.*

‡ King's Anecdotes, 204. Letter, the Earl Marischal to the Prince May 18, 1754.—*Orig. S. P.* MS. in our possession.

tended to have abandoned his country, and to enter into the personal service of the Prince ; but the ill success of MacNamara caused him to hesitate ; and, at the report of Dawkins, his resolution was wholly changed ; and he not only deserted the cause of Charles Edward, but almost died of grief for the fatal consequences which he foresaw would follow his imprudence.*

The failure of the English embassies did not, however, prevent one last effort on the part of his Scots adherents. Deeply penetrated with the calumnies of Dawkins—which their affection for the Prince did not scruple to consider “*impudent and villanous aspersions*†—they attributed, perhaps, much of his evil report to the personal irritation of the envoy ; and, flattered by the remembrance of the attachment of Charles to his “faithful Highlanders,” believed that the name and presence of “CLUNIE” would touch his heart, though that of “*Jemie Dawkins*” had failed. Accident offered an opportunity for making such an appeal. Through the nine years which had succeeded the battle of Culloden, the chief of the clan Chattan had remained at home concealed with unparalleled fidelity in the bosom of his people ; but in the last year he had received immediate instructions from the Prince to join him in Paris, with all which he could collect of the money and effects left by him in the

* Minute of the Scottish embassy, 15th August 1755.—Orig. S. P.

† *Ibid.*

Highlands.* Wearied of his miserable life, Clunie had immediately taken measures for his departure ; but it was not until the agitation of the embassy in the succeeding year† that he completed the arrangements for his escape, when the leaders of the party resolved to appoint him their principal representative, joining with him another commissioner for the low country adherents.‡

Clunie effected his retreat from Scotland without discovery, and the embassy delivered their mission to the Prince in the middle of August. But ever inflexi-

* Letter of the Prince to Clunie, 4th Sept. 1754.—*Orig. draught S. P.*

† Stewart's Sketches, &c., of the Highlanders. 8vo. Edin. 1822. I. 61—*Orig. Papers, Clunie Charter Chest.*

‡ Of this gentleman we are not able to give any account. His signature to the minute of the deputation is only given as "H P." and all that we can add is, that he was certainly the "Mr P. of D." named as a very confidential adherent in the instructions of the Prince for his agent Beson, dated the 3d of May 1750.—*Orig. S. P.* By the importance of the services then confided to his charge, it is evident that he was one of the most trusted of the Jacobite party ; and that he was a Scotsman is favoured by his association with Clunie, and his designation of "Mr P. of D.," which certainly included a proprietorial title, according to the peculiar Scottish usage, and with which the English adherents were *never* distinguished. We may here observe, although not personally connected with the second deputy, that the minute of the embassy bears internal evidence of a Scottish composition. The passage—"That, therefore, if a change must be," &c., "some better qualified person *behoved* to be found out"—would not certainly have been written at that period by an English writer." Independent, therefore, of other evidence, the internal testimony of the memorial of the embassy indicates that the third mission was the representation of the Scottish Jacobites to co-operate with those of England, in one last combined effort of remonstrance.

ble when his resolution was taken, and now hardened and irritable by years of disappointment, insult, and neglect, Charles would listen to nothing in the language of dictation, and commanded the commissioners to lay before him their objects in a minute of their instructions.

The tone of the required document was strong and explicit : after protesting the devotion of his adherents, the representatives set before him the danger of defection threatened in their discouragement, and displayed the constant and vigilant espionage with which he was surrounded by his enemies. They declared without disguise, the gross and degrading charges with which his conduct had been loaded by Dawkins, and too much corroborated by Colonel Goring,* and concluding with a brief view of the existing position of France and Great Britain, and the favourable opportunity offered for his activity, prayed heaven to second their remonstrances.†

In the conference of which, this document was drawn up at the express desire of the prince, warned by the offence which had been given in the open and particular demands against Miss Walkinshaw, made by MacNamara‡ and Dawkins,§ the deputies avoided any

* Memoir of the deputation, 15th of August 1755. MS. in our possession.

† Minute of the Deputation.

‡ King's Anecdotes, 206.

§ Rede's Anecdotes and Characters.

mention of her name, and only alluded to her in the general advice concerning the prince's life and conduct, the familiarity of *dangerous individuals*, and the *abuse* of his regard and *confidence*.

Stung with the severity of even this remonstrance, that which Charles had not resolved to do voluntarily, he would not condescend to concede upon constraint, and he returned a written reply to the memorial of the deputation, briefly repelling all its charges, and declaring that though he was open to reason, he was inflexible to threats.*

From that day the cause of the Stuarts was at an end, and all its most distinguished and powerful adherents, many of whom "were of the first quality and distinction," † hastened to fortify their own security by withdrawing from the dangers of a confederacy in which their councils were not received. The obstinacy of the Prince was not however such as it has been represented. Whatever has been said by Dr King, and however the attachment of Charles Edward for Miss Walkinshaw might have been more the result of gratitude than devotion, her support against his own interest and friends, was the impulse of that generosity by which he was always distinguished, and according to which, when before endangered by equivocal persons, he had declared : "I would rather relieve a hundred enemies,

* Orig. Stuart Papers.

† King's Anecdotes, 208. Note.

than sacrifice one friend.” * In the charges against Clementina, he gave no credit to the suspicion of her treason ; he felt only that she had surrendered all in the world for him, and that connection which he had not forborne for her honour, and his own conscience, he would not sacrifice for party caution and cold self-interest, when the object had rendered herself wholly dependent on his support.

In the relation between him and his adherents, no reference was retained for his father. Lost in long and empty inaction, the miserable compromise of life and fortunes in 1715 had left nothing to attenuate his influence, through the lingering decay of his interest in succeeding years ; and since the active part taken by his son in 1745, he had withdrawn altogether from public affairs. With Charles, therefore, was left the whole vitality of the party, and with him it died.

But though in this last sacrifice his generosity would not allow him to abandon Miss Walkinshaw for reasons of mere policy, there no longer subsisted between them a corresponding harmony ; disagreements concerning the education of their daughter had long embittered their connection, and these were at last brought to a crisis as the increase of her years rendered a final decision necessary. Governed by an excess of affection, which never permitted her to be long absent from his

* Goring's Letter, 35, MS. Notes in our possession.

sight, Charles insisted upon retaining her in his own family, and her mother was resolved upon removing her to a convent in Paris, where she might receive an education superior to that which could be afforded in the seclusion of her father, and a life interrupted by the long, frequent, and harassing journeys in which she was made the companion of his projects.

The partizans of Miss Walkinshaw have represented the dissolution of her connection with the Prince as resulting from the ill-treatment which she received from him ; but, in her own memoirs, she herself attributes their separation only to their disagreement concerning their child,* and in which she declares that her plan was sanctioned by the approbation of the king.

This assertion is perfectly true. James, long afflicted by the barrier which Miss Walkinshaw's connection opposed to the marriage of the Prince, seized the occasion of their misunderstanding to foment the alienation ; and, knowing the inflexible character of his son, encouraged the determination of his mistress to lead them to a rupture.

From the year 1747 he had continually importuned the Prince to marry,† and imputing his disinclination less to the pride which revolted from an inferior alliance than the influence in which he was held by Miss

* Pichot, i. 197, 375.

† Letter, King James VIII. to the Prince, April 17, 1747.—*Original Stuart Papers*.

Walkinshaw, he lamented that "his way of living," and "the situation in which he had put himself, rendered his marrying any body absolutely impracticable."* It was, therefore, with sincerity that the king interested himself in favouring the views of Miss Walkinshaw. With the hope of encouraging her to abandon the Prince, he not only gave his entire countenance to her wishes, but even promised to charge himself with the education of the young Caroline, if she should remove her from her father; and when, at last, the separation was effected, he congratulated the Prince upon an *event so happy for future projects*.†

The policy of James was entirely successful, and determined the final separation between the Prince and his mistress. On the 22d of July 1760, she quitted Bouillon at midnight, and, accompanied by her daughter, proceeded direct to Paris, where King James, to encourage her desertion, had furnished her with letters to the Duc de Choiseul and the Archbishop of Paris.‡ At the discovery of the abduction of his child, the Prince was struck with a heavy blow of grief; and, actuated by his despair, indignation, and energy of character, he had certainly taken measures to obtain her recovery; but his politic father had anticipated his attempts, by

* Letter to the Prince, Dec. 30, 1750.—*Orig. Stuart Papers*.

† Pichot, *Hist. Ch. Ed.* ii. 375. *Mem. Duc. de St Simon*, xii. 144.

‡ Pichot, *Hist. Ch. Ed.* ii. 375.

making a provision for his grandchild, which rendered it the interest of those to whom she was entrusted to retain her custody ; and by preparing her mother with letters of such influence as enabled her to procure the intervention of the French government—long since at variance with Charles—for the protection of her maternal authority, which her offspring, being illegitimate, was independent of a father.

Having accomplished his plan, James willingly paid the gratification for its security, and consoled his son by congratulating him upon so happy an event, as now left him at freedom to profit by future projects, by which he meant a political alliance. The policy of the king was more clearly demonstrated at his death. It has been asserted that, at the time that he had encouraged Miss Walkinshaw's separation, he had promised not only the immediate supplies for her daughter's education, but the legacy of a permanent provision. Of this, however, there is no proof ; and, upon his decease, no such donation being found, the Cardinal of York immediately reduced the former allowance to one-half its amount.

After the departure of Miss Walkinshaw from Bouillon, the Prince saw her no more ; but, twenty-five years later, in the solitude which followed his separation from the Princess Louisa,* he recalled his daughter, who was

* The fame of Alfieri has given to his animosity for the natural resentment of the Prince, whom he had injured, an undue credit for the

then thirty-two years of age, and she continued to reside with him at Rome until his death on the 30th of January 1788. During these few last years, the gentleness, talents, and accomplishments of this amiable lady, produced upon the wounded and withered mind of the once proud and gallant Prince a gleam of peace and restoration, which declares what would have been its character if its warm, generous, and vivid feelings had not been outraged, rent, and poisoned by the treachery of courts, the baseness of the world, and the insolence, contention, and abuse of minds unworthy of his own. In the society of his amiable and accomplished daughter, he reformed his irregularities, discarded his vices, and lived with a regularity, order, and simplicity, exceeded by few of his rank. His household was directed by strict economy, which discharged all his accounts every month. His own habits were equally regular : he rose at four, breakfasted at seven, made a very simple dinner at noon, and, after tea at seven, retired to bed at nine.

malignant calumnies with which he has darkened the memory of Charles Edward, with the stain of that divorce, of which his own seductions, and the vanity, weakness, and selfish temper of the Princess, were the cause. “*Je dois,*” said her husband, “*a ma famille et moi-meme de me faire part de ma situation avec Madame de Stolberg ma femme motivée sur des écarts et une conduite avec un Monsieur Alfieri.*” Letter from the Prince to M. le Comte de Vergennes ; Avril, 1788.—*S. P.*

In the offences thus given, the Princess felt no compunction as the aggressor, but, with that rigorous egotism which characterised her through life to all but her minion Alfieri, in the resentment of blame, she felt herself *injured*.

His principal enjoyment was music, for which his passionate delight and great proficiency were remarkable at an early age—the violoncello, for his execution on which he had been celebrated in his youth*—and the bagpipe, which he had acquired after his expedition in the Highlands, were the principal instruments with which he beguiled his solitude. The latter, however, which he used, was not the great “battle pipe,” but the more appropriate small chanter, or, as it is now ordinarily called, the *Irish* pipes, once common to both the Celtic countries. A beautiful stand, the drones of which were mounted with silver, and the bag covered with velvet tartan, was recently in the possession of Mr Richard Lees, at Galashiels, at whose sale they were purchased by Mr Lees, Brown Square, Edinburgh. The evenings of the Prince were thus spent in the indulgence of one of his favourite instruments, sometimes alone, and at others accompanied by a superior performer. But even in these recreations there was a tinge of the sadness which accompanied the embittered fortunes of the Royal Exile; and an interesting notice of these solitary hours is preserved by Mr Corri, who for two years held a place in the household of the Prince. “I usually remained alone with him every evening,” says the author, “the Prince playing the violoncello, and I the harpsichord, also composing little pieces of music; yet these tête-a-têtes were

* Desbrosses' *Lettres Historique de sur l'Italie*. Par. 1804, ii. 355.

of a sombre cast. The apartment was hung with old red damask, lighted only by two candles, and on the table lay a pair of loaded pistols.”*

After his return from Scotland, as he himself declared, when disarmed at his arrest in Paris, † the Prince always carried a pair of pocket pistols, and some times a small stiletto. To those who, in the dimness now stealing over his history, are ignorant of the details of the times, this may seem a strange and vapouring proceeding ; but that Charles should be apprehensive of his life, will not appear extraordinary to those who remember that it was firmly believed a plan had been concerted to assassinate his father, ‡ that he himself had been attacked, and that one of his couriers *had* been killed when employed in carrying important despatches to his agent in Paris. That in 1751§ he had received the most positive information that an assassin had left Scotland for the purpose of taking his life, and that in 1755 a deputation from his most distinguished adherents in Britain had warned him that he was still surrounded by a secret and dangerous establishment of spies and hostile emissaries. Those who are acquainted with these continued alarms, and the resolution of the

* Dominico Corri—Life of Himself.

† Authentic account of the Young Chevalier in France, &c. London : 1749. Pichot, ii. 361.

‡ Duclos. Mem. de Berwick, tom. II.

§ Letter from Sir James Harrington, Aug. 6, 1751.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

Prince for defending his life when it was endangered in Scotland,* will not be surprised that he was prepared for its security in Rome.

Endeared and soothed by the cares and the affection of his daughter, this stern jealousy gave way to calmer feelings, and the last days of the Prince were brightened with a gleam of parting sunshine. Touched by the merits of Caroline, he bestowed upon her the last act of his royal character, by creating her Duchess of Albany, and passing an act for her legitimization, which was afterwards registered in the Chancellerie du Roi in Paris. Of the life of Clementina, after her separation from the Prince, almost nothing is known. For some time she continued to reside at Paris and Meaux under the title of Comtesse d'Albertroff, conferred, it is said, by the king of France; but for what motive, or why chosen from a language foreign to France, has not been explained. The Duc de St Simon, who was in his dotage at the time he finished his memoirs, asserts that it was conferred previous to her first presentation to the Prince at Bannockburn; but this appears to be a dream.† On the suppression of her con-

* Journal of the Escape of the Chevalier, p. 61.—Ascanius, p. 165-187.

† The accuracy of the Duc de St Simon's account may be judged by his assertion that, to the negotiations of Miss Walkinshaw's father with the Emperor, the mother of the Prince owed her liberation from Insbruck, while all the world knows that, hopeless of freedom, she escaped through an enterprise conducted by a party of King James's adherents, with which the laird of Barrowfield was in no way connected.—*Memoires de Baron de Pollnitz*, p. 217.

vent, in common with all others in Paris, at the French Revolution, Miss Walkinshaw removed to Friburg in Switzerland, where she resided until her death in 1805.*

THE WALKINSHAW FABLE.

DURING the lifetime of this lady, and while the events of her period remained fresh in the memory of those by whom she was survived, the opinion of the world remained undisturbed in its conviction as to her connection with the Prince ; but in the veil which time has now drawn over the personages, and the events of the last century, an attempt has been made to rescue her name from sharing in the history of her country that position which none has ventured to challenge, for the mothers of those various noble families which have descended from the more distant progenitors of her royal protector, and thus they have quarrelled for the Duchess of Albany, an origin which nobody denies to the illustrious names of Beaufort, Richmond, and Grafton.

In this attempt, all her paternal house have been sacrificed to the manes of her mother ; and while Clementina is vindicated as a virtuous and injured martyr, Charles is branded as an unprincipled tyrant, the king

* Arndilly Papers.

as a faithless prince, and the Cardinal as “a crafty priest,” who *assassinated his niece* to possess himself of her inheritance ! *

This romance is founded upon the assertion that Miss Walkinshaw never united herself to the Prince but under the sacred sanction of the Church.

According to this story, it is related, that after the return of Charles Edward to the Continent—it does not condescend upon the embarrassment of dates†—his Royal Highness deputed Mr O’Sullivan to return to Scotland for the purpose of carrying off Miss Walkinshaw—or, according to the Duc de St Simon, the Countess Albertroff. Accomplishing this enterprise, he

* Arndilly Papers.

† An instance of this independence occurs in an early part of the romance, in which it is stated that, in consequence of the active services of the Baron of Barowfield, in the rising of 1715, upon his “escape to France,” where he “was joined by his lady, they were in great favour at the *Court of St Germain’s*,” where Lady Barowfield being delivered of a daughter, the infant was *named after the Queen “Clementina.”*—Arndilly Papers. The writer of this narrative was ignorant that, immediately after the return of James to France in 1715, by the peremptory demand of the English Ambassador, not only the king, but all his adherents, were banished from France ; and that his Majesty was not united to the Princess Clementina until the year 1719, *four years after* he and his “court” had been expelled from France. In the continuation of the narrative, the composer was so little informed of the history of the exiled Royal Family, as to suppose that the Queen had not only always resided, but *died in France* ; remarking that at her death that country was “no longer a residence” for her young favourite Clementina. The fact being, that the Queen was married to the king at Montefiascone, resided with him all her life in *Italy*, and died at *Rome*.

conducted the lady to Ghent, where she was met by the Prince, and solemnly married to him according to the sacrament of their mutual faith. Under this union, continues the narration, Caroline was born at Liege ; but the Prince afterwards falling into habits of intemperance, and excited by the "*insidious arts*" of "Mr MacNamara, and other *needy adventurers in his suite*,"* a breach was effected between the Prince and Clementina, and his violence of temper obliged her to fly from his house, and take refuge in a convent." Upon her removal to Paris, the Prince *followed her* ; but failing to effect her return, "listened to his father's proposal for contracting a new alliance, *that the family of Stuart might be perpetuated in the male line*."† With this view, the father and son wrought upon the terrors of the injured *wife* by the *threats* of "*a lettre de cachet*," until they intimidated her into the signature of a document declaring the illegitimacy of her connection with the Prince, and *upon this renunciation* of all her claims, His Royal Highness *married the Princess of Stolberg*. Whether as the price of this concession, or an *amende* for the *lettre de cachet*, with the promise of which it was little in accordance, Miss Walkinshaw was, at some uncertain time during this period, created, by the King of France, Comtesse "d'Albertroff," and

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that Mr MacNamara *never* was in the "*suite*" of the Prince, and that he was a person of high honour and character.

† Arndilly Papers.

continued to reside in Paris with her daughter, until, at the request of the Prince, after his separation from the Princess Louisa, she permitted her to transfer her society to him, with whom she continued until his death, which the Arndilly MS. fixes in the year 1794, in preference to the received date of January 1788.* Upon the decease of her father, "the Duchess d'Albanie was left liberally provided, but died shortly after in the Palace of the Cardinal of York, to whom she bequeathed all that she possessed. Clementina survived her daughter until the year 1805, when she died at Friburg. By her will she directed that her papers, and a gold box containing the miniature of the Prince, should be trans-

* It has been commonly received that the Prince died upon the 31st of December; but that time was given out by his household to avoid the coincidence of the true date with a day considered fatal for the House of Stuart since the execution of Charles I.

He expired at half past nine in the evening, and in his last moments was attended by the Franciscan brothers, Father James and Father Michael MacCormick, the former of whom was afterwards Superior of the Irish Franciscan College of St Isadore at Rome. "He received all the sacraments of the Church with the demonstrations of a strong faith, and died in the most edifying manner. By his directions, the Fathers watched his corpse, reciting the office for the dead, from the moment of his departure until his interment."—Information by the Rev. Father James MacCormick.

The venerable brothers from whom he received the last consolations, were natives of the county of Leitrim, and lived to a very great age. James died at Rome in the year 1818, and is buried in the Church of St Isadore, near the tomb of Father Luke Wadding. Michael, who was a most able scholar, and spoke almost every European language with fluency, died at Naples in 1820, and is buried in the Church of St Marie Nuova.

mitted, through Mr Coutts the banker, to her friends in Scotland, to whom she had previously intimated that *after her death* she would convey documents which would vindicate the innocence of her cruelly aspersed character." Among the papers said to have been thus disposed, was, *it is "supposed,* the certificate of her marriage to Prince Charles." But *neither this evident,* nor any of the other *equally important papers by which it was said to be accompanied,* ever reached England; * and it is pretended that the value of the gold box probably led to an abstraction which rendered it convenient to destroy the documents.

There is another version of this history, which in some degree differs from the foregoing. Its author having been aware that King James favoured Miss Walkinshaw's separation from the Prince, assumes his approbation of her views for her daughter, as a proof that he was acquainted with the legality of her birth, and desired that she should receive an education suitable for one who might be destined "to wear the British crown." The charge of intimidating Miss Walkinshaw is, therefore, shifted to the Cardinal of York, who is accused of having been always hostile to her cause. Accordingly, it is asserted that upon the death of King James he urged so strongly to his brother the incapacity of "a female to maintain a struggle for the throne," that at length he obtained his consent to a

* Arndilly Papers.

divorce, when, by the menace of a "*lettre de cachet*, he extorted from Clementina the signature of a document renouncing the validity of her marriage, with a confession that it was wanting in some of the *formalities of the Catholic Church*." The narration continues its departure from the former edition of the story, by declaring that the title of Albertroff, so far from having been conferred by the French court as a mark of favour, was prescribed as an imperative command to assume a designation, the evident motive for which was a distinction from any participation in the titles borne by the Prince. Notice is then made of the subsequent marriage of Charles, his separation from the Princess Louisa, and the recal of his daughter.

Here, again, the two narrations differ. In the first it is said that he "requested to have his daughter sent to him," as if yet under the charge of her mother, with whom, it was immediately before asserted, "she had continued to reside in a convent in Paris." But in the second version, it is declared that she had been long married to a Swedish Baron named Rowenstart, by whom, at her recal to the Prince, she had a son six years of age. At this period, however, no mention is made of her husband's presence, and as if in the sole charge of the child, she is represented as introducing him with herself into the family of the Prince.

Soon after her arrival, the story makes known that "she was taken ill, and believed herself to have been

poisoned by the Cardinal of York, who,” according to the tale, “*was a crafty priest,*” and a personal enemy to her mother. In this danger of her life, alarmed for that of her son, she removed him from her own care, and “placed him under the charge of *some old Highlanders* who had followed the Prince.” It is not explained what had prevented the more natural protection of his *father*. But after the decease of Charles Edward, upon the approaching end of his daughter, the Baron de Rowenstart re-appears in the drama at the death-bed of his wife, then sinking under the ascribed poison of her uncle; she conjured him to remove her son to another country, but silently and without any disturbance, “since the Cardinal was all-powerful in Italy.”

Notwithstanding, however, this conviction of her own assassination, and the danger of her son, the tale continues to relate that the “unhappy Duchess was so cajoled and intimidated by the Cardinal, that she gave up to him all her father’s effects and papers,”* and soon afterwards sunk under the “poison administered” by the relation whom yet she rewarded for her murder with the inheritance of all which she possessed.

Such are the two versions of the Walkinshaw traditions, now revived with considerable interest, and supported by MS. narrations circulated among the friends of their possessors, and *said* to have been cor-

* Arndilly Papers.

roborated by the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, widow to Charles Edward. While there are found persons of knowledge, rank, and title, sufficiently credulous to listen to such a romance, it is not idle to notice its absurdities and contradictions.

The principal positions in the legend are the assumptions that the Prince was married to Miss Walkinshaw at their first conjunction, and that the union was afterwards known and approved by King James, who interested himself in the education of his grand-daughter as the representative of his family, who might "one day wear the crown."

These pretensions are overthrown by documental evidence, and the testimony of the King.

It is maintained by the Walkinshaw narrations, that the period of Clementina's union with Charles Edward was "some time after the battle of Culloden, *when* the Prince returned to France"*—that is in 1746. But, in April 1747, the asserted husband contemplated a marriage with the Czarina,† and, upon the 24th of February 1749, addressed a letter to the Landgrave Hesse Darmstadt, demanding the hand of his daughter, and, upon the same day, executed a commission to the Sieur Douglas, empowering him to treat for the alliance.‡ During the succeeding summer, the reports

* Arndilly Papers. Œuvres de Louis de St Simon, &c. Strasb. 1791. XII. p. 144.

† Letter, King James to the Prince, April 25, 1747.—*Orig. S. P.*

‡ *Orig. Stuart Papers.*

of Europe, and traditions strongly retained both in Sweden and Poland, proclaim his views of another marriage with a princess of the House of Radzivil; and from that period, for several years, the correspondence of King James proves that he was not only ignorant of any nuptials contracted by his son, but that so great was his solicitude for a union which might give "lawful heirs to the crown," that he would "almost have consented to his marriage with a lady of private rank."*

Upon the 30th of December 1750, the King strongly represented to the Prince the important and visible necessity for an event affecting the existence of their house. "Had you," said he, "entered into the views which I formerly gave,† you had been, probably at this time, the father of a family, *with a wife* whom it would not have been beneath you to have married had you been in England."‡ The anxiety of James appears to have been aggravated by a knowledge of his connection with Miss Walkinshaw. "What gives me the greatest concern," he adds, "is, that you have put yourself *into a situation and way of living which renders your marrying anybody absolutely impracticable.*"§ He concludes with a hint, which, had the Prince really

* Letter, King James to the Prince, Dec. 30, 1750.

† In 1747, James recommended to his son an alliance with one of his cousins, a Princess of Modena. Letter to the Prince, 17th April 1747.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ Letter, King James to the Prince, Dec. 30, 1750.—*Orig. S. P.*

§ *Ibid.*

been united to Miss Walkinshaw, would have afforded him so favourable an opportunity for acknowledgment, that it could scarcely have been neglected.

“I am so convinced of the necessity of your marrying, that I could almost say *I would rather see you married to a private gentlewoman than not at all.*”*

This opening for confidence, however, elicited no communication from Charles Edward. A year afterwards the king repeated his solicitations and regrets, and apparently with the same sense of *the liaison* which governed the conduct of his son. “It is plain,” said he, “that as long as you continue *in the situation in which you are, you cannot think of marrying*, but I am afflicted to think *that you are resolved to continue in that situation.*”† These remonstrances, however, produced no effect, and upon their repetition in 1754, twelve months after the birth of his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, Charles returned not only a determined refusal to marriage, but an avowal of its rejection, upon the express design to prevent the continuation of any legitimate representatives to maintain an unequal struggle for impotent rights. “It is that,” said he, “which will always hinder me to marry, as long as in misfortune, for that would only subject those who had the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel.”‡

* Letter, King James to the Prince, Dec. 30.—*Orig. S. P.*

† Letter to the Prince, April 19, 1751.—*Orig. Stuart Papers.*

‡ Letter to Mr Secretary Edgar, March 24, 1754.—*Orig. S. P.*

From this period the king appears to have relaxed his efforts with his son ; and nearly at the same time occurred the estrangement of all his English adherents by the repulse of the first embassy sent from Britain to entreat the dismissal of "his mistress." In reply to this mission, however, the Prince assumed no position by declaring her his wife, and upon the fatal desertion which followed, made no effort to vindicate the lady, and restore his friends, by the assertion of an union which would have exculpated Clementina, and justified himself. The same admission of reproach was continued in the following year, when a second and third deputation repeated similar expostulations for the reform of the Prince's household, and the removal of all suspicious persons. Upon this occasion, however, as the former, the Prince made no declaration to relieve Miss Walkinshaw from the odium of a faithless mistress—and, for her sake, the curtain fell between Charles and his country, and he lost the support of his friends for ever.

Had the Prince really been married to Clementina, it is impossible that this rupture could have occurred. The asserted approbation of the king, and the assurance that the fidelity of a wife might have withstood the seductions of a sister, would no doubt have overcome the jealousy of the party, and prevented their desertion of a Prince and a leader who, at that time,

was not merely the minion of affection, but the hope of a political cause.*

The next most remarkable evidence against the marriage of Miss Walkinshaw, is the fact that, when the Prince, exasperated by the abduction of his child, attempted by every means to obtain her recovery, he was incapable of exerting the right of paternal authority, which, under all laws, in every case except *illegitimacy*, is held superior to any maternal claims; since the Legislature, recognising no certain identity in the reputed father of an illicit offspring, grants no authority over a child who has no participation in his rights. Hence, when the Prince endeavoured to recover possession of his daughter, her mother successfully repelled his interposition. The fact of a mere natural relationship was, however, fully confirmed afterwards by an official declaration from Charles himself; for, in the year preceding his death, he granted to his daughter an act of legitimation,† which acknowledged the irregularity of her birth.

The Duc de St Simon has been cited for evidence, that, during the residence of the Prince in Flanders, Miss Walkinshaw was commonly reputed to be his wife, from having shared the same title, and done the honours of his house.‡ But those titles had no reference

* King's Anecdotes, 208—Note.

† Registrations of the Parliament of Paris, Sept. 6th, 1787.

‡ Œuvres de St Simon, xii. 144.

to the real designations of the Prince. Clementina never was called "Princess of Wales" or "Rothsay," nor even "Comtesse d'Albanie," and, consequently, never assumed any share in his real identity. The appellations which she bore with the Prince were mere *noms de voyage*. Those by which Charles Edward was disguised in his travels—"tantot un, tantot un autre.*"

But these *aliases* of concealment, common to the practice of the most unsanctioned cohabitation, instead of having been quoted as proofs of a legitimate union, should have been cited as concomitants of an association which tarnished the character of the Prince, diminished his political influence, and was lamented by his father as the obstacle to any suitable alliance.

So far, indeed, from the reputation cited by the Duc de St Simon having been unequivocal in Liege, there appears great probability that the incapacity to produce any voucher for its veracity, prevented the name of its offspring from being entered in the registrations of the Church. As before noticed, *twenty-five years elapsed* before this attestation was effected; and when, nine years after the baptism of Caroline, the pastor Bailly granted a *private* and unregistered testimonial letter, it is observable that he omitted the customary notice of matrimonial relation in the parents, and instead of the words "filia nobilis domini, n. et nobilis dominæ n. sponsæ suæ," wrote only "filia nobilis Do-

* Pichot, II. 370.

mini Guillelmi Johnson, et nobilis Dominae Pit," * without any adjunct of alliance. It was only in the year 1778, and *after the death* of the Pastor Bailly, that Miss Walkinshaw, apprehensive lest from the absence of the registration "*the legitimacy of her daughter might be doubted*,"† appointed the Lord Anthony Renoux as her procurator to solicit with the Prince Prelate of Liege, the admission of the testimonial letter of the Pastor Bailly into the Register of the Church of Notre-Dame-des-Fonts. In his application, however, the commissioner produced *no certificate of marriage as is customary on the Continent at the registration of baptisms*, but in support of his plea, cited *only common reputation* in the city, and the *belief* of certain grave and credible persons who remembered the ordinary opinion, and that "*during the cohabitation*" of the supposed Comte and Comtesse Johnson, a daughter *was* born to the lady.‡ The petition, however, was addressed to the Duc de Bouillon, Prince Prelate of Liege, the most confidential friend of Charles Edward at the period of his residence with Miss Walkinshaw in that city, and who must have been intimately acquainted with herself. By his especial favour, therefore, a mandate was granted for the registration of the testimonial letter of the Pere Bailly, in the Liber Actorum de Notre-Dame-des-Fonts.

* Registres aux Actes de Baptimes de la Paroisse de Nôtre-Dame-des-Fonts.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

The following is a copy of the original document :—

“FRANCISCUS CAROLUS, Dei gratia episcopus et princeps Leodiensis, Sacri Romani Imperii Princeps, Duc Bulloniensis, Marchio Franchimontensis, Comes Losensis et Hornensis, Baro Herstalliensis, &c. &c. &c.

Contentis supplicæ pro parte Nobilis Domini Antonii Renoux, equitis Ecclesiastici ordinis melitensis quâ a Nobile domina Carolina Pit constituti nobis porrectæ attentis, subauditoque desuper dilecto Nobis in Christo Magistro Mathæo Defays ecclesiæ nostræ parochialis Beatæ Virginis Mariæ ad Fontes, Leodii pastore moderno et ex quo, in super, per instrumentum respective a personis gravibus ac omni fide dignis, constiterit atque edoctum fuerit nobisque penitus, innotescât, quod revera anno 1753, die 29^a 8^{bris.} in hoc civitate nostra Leodiensi sub Parochia Sancti Thomæ suum habuerint domicilium et commorati fuerint assertus dominus Guillelmus Johnson et asserta domina Carolina Pit, quod ipsi publicè et ab omnibus hic pro marito et uxore habiti fuerint. Quod tempore eorum cohabitationis procreaverint filiam, quod hæc eorum filia dicto anno 1753, die 29^{wa} 8^{bris.} baptizata fuerit in dicta ecclesia nostra parochiali Beate Virginis ad Fontes, quod quondam delectus Nobis in Christo Josephus Antonius Bailly ejusdem parochialis ecclesiæ tunc plebanus et pastor desuper etiam suas relaxaverit, litteras testimoniales in modum sequentem. Anno domini millesimo septingesimo quinquagesimo tertio mensis Octobris die vige-

sima nono baptisata est in ecclesiâ nostrâ parochiali Beatae Virginis Mariæ ad fontes Leodiensis Carolina filia nobilis domini Guillelmi Johnson, et nobilis dominæ Pit suscipiente nobili domino Gregorio Fromenten nomine Nobilis domini Andræ Giffard. Datum ex Registro nostro baptismali dictæ ecclesiæ hac quarta Maii anni millesimi septingentesimi sexagesimi secundi, subsignatum A. Bailly plebanus ac pastor nostræ dominæ ad Fontes Leodiensis. Quod nihilominus eadem litteræ Baptismales ab ipso sic relaxatæ in Registris dictæ Ecclesiæ modo existentibus non reperiantur inscriptæ quod contra in fede et post finem unius ex istis Registris habeatur dumtaxat in formis quædam de sub ministrato illo Baptismo notula a fato delecto Nobis in Christo Magistro Mathæo Defays moderno dictæ ecclesiæ pastore de mandato, ut ait, sui predecessoris plurimis de post annis, et non nisi post quam hujus in dicta ecclesia fuit, vicarius, conscripta, qui notulæ utpote, in verso Registri ordine seu frotius extra illud Registrum manu solummodo et caractere dicti dilecti Nobis in Christo pastoris moderni, qui tempore nativitatis et baptismi antedictæ Carolinæ, Guillelmi Johnson, et Carolinæ Pit, filiæ, nondum, ut fatetur, ecclesiæ nostræ parochiali Beatae Virginis Mariæ ad fontes erat addictus nec etiam sui prædecessoris Vicarius, exarata, nulla fides in iudicio vel extra iudicium adhibere valeret, idcirco ne ob defuncti dilecti nobis in Christo pastoris Bailly relaxatas ab ipso litteras baptismalis registrandi vel

registrum in quo forte registratæ erant conservandi eventualem negligentiam, postmodum forsitan filiatis et baptismus, sæpius nominatæ Carolinæ Guillelmi Johnson et Carolinæ Pit filiæ in dubium revocari queant, enixis supra nominati Nobilis domini constituti supplicantis petitis, utpotè justis et rationabilibus, annuentes permittimus fato dilecti nobis in Christo Mathæo Defays ecclesiæ nostræ parochialis Beatæ Virginis Mariæ ad fontes pastori moderno et in quantum opus eidem injungimus ut dictas litteras Baptismales die 4^a Maii anno 1762, a prædecessori suo relaxatus, et per eminentissimum Cardinalem à Bavaria prædecessorem nostrum episcopum et principem Leodiensem recognitas et legalisatas, nobisque, per copiam authenticam et legalisatam subjunctam reproductas, in Registro Baptismali dictæ ecclesiæ nostræ parochialis juxta dictam copiam in ea qua jacet formà cum et sub presentibus accurate inserat pro omnium quorum interest notitiam. Datum in civitate Leodiensi sub signatura nostri in spiritualibus vicarii generalis, sigilloque solito hac 26^a X^{ris} 1778.”*

From the above circumstances may be judged what degree of credit is to be attached to the assertion that Clementina ever was in possession of a certificate of marriage which she failed to produce upon such an occasion ; and also what value was to be given to

* Registre aux Actes de Baptêmes de la Paroisse Nôtre Dame aux Fonts de l'an 1700 Cinquante trois.

the *reputation* of her position with the Prince in Liege.

The inconsistencies of the Walkinshaw history are, however, frequent and glaring. It is almost needless to mention instances so puerile as the assertions that Clementina was intimidated to renounce her claims to virtue and sovereignty by the threat of a "*lettre de cachet*;" or that, when thus liberated, Charles espoused the Princess of Stolberg at the solicitation of his *father*. *Lettres de cachet* were the iron hands of the Bourbon Government; but Charles was at variance with its ministers, and his father and brother without influence to wield the state despotism of France. Neither is it visible how James, who died in 1766, could effect the marriage of his son, which happened in 1772.

It is equally incongruous that Charles should have sacrificed an existing legitimate daughter, for the contingency of an uncreated son. The succession of Britain, governed by no salique law, offered no incitement for such injustice; and dotingly attached to Caroline, his warm heart and obstinate determination would never have been induced to disinherit her of rights really invested in her person. It is equally improbable that Clementina would have consented to the repudiation of a marriage which should have given her daughter a place among the sovereign families of Europe, and, according to the possibilities of human events, the future claim to a throne.

The assertion that her marriage was invalidated because it was "wanting in some of the formalities of the Catholic Church," betrays only an ignorance in fabrication ; but the history being Protestant, the inventors, influenced by the indefinite ideas of "mystery," "mummery," and "superstitious ceremonies," with which their imagination invested the Catholic ritual, conceived the existence of some unknown occult and mystical formula, in which the omission of a cross or a candle, a genuflexion or a vestment, might nullify the contract of the altar.

But, in the Catholic Church, marriage, being a sacrament, is indissoluble, and cannot be invalidated or annulled but for some moral or natural disability, and the supreme mandate of the Pope. The ring once given, and the benediction pronounced by the priest, at any time, in any place—under the blue vault of heaven, or the fretted roof of the holy choir—it is ratified in the sight of Him by whom it was instituted ; and the tie which "is bound on earth is bound in heaven," and never can be loosed but in the grave. The only power for dissolution is pre-existing disqualifications, consanguinity, conflicting vows, or such moral causes ; but "*nullo legitimo impedimento*" existed between Charles and Clementina. No bull was ever passed for their divorce, and no dispensation granted for another marriage. Those who intermeddle with Ca-

tholic institutions, should first become acquainted with Catholic laws.

The concluding inconsistencies of the Walkinshaw history are among the most contradictory and extravagant—all at variance with reason, and some with themselves. In the first version, it is hinted that the certificate of Clementina's marriage was in her own possession in 1805, and at her death supposed to have been deposited in Berne, in order to be transmitted to her friends in England, for the vindication of her character ; but, in the second narration, it is declared that it had been retained among the papers of the Prince at Rome, and that, after his decease, though "*all*" these were surrendered to the Cardinal by his niece, the certificate passed into the possession of her asserted son. Still more unreasonable is the relation that, notwithstanding the Duchess d'Albanie believed herself poisoned by the Cardinal, and considered the life of her son unsafe within his influence, she constituted him her sole heir, regardless of the crime against herself, and the destitution of a son endangered by his machinations.

Little less improbable is the assertion that "*all* the facts" of the Walkinshaw history were attested by the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, from the suspected assassination of the Duchess d'Albanie to the "annulled" marriage of her mother. But the truth of this supposed corroboration may be judged by the last declaration.

In this, the fabricators, being Protestant, forgot, or were ignorant, that as a Catholic, the Princess Louisa knew that a Catholic union could not be dissolved but for the causes before noticed, and that, therefore, none such having existed between Charles and Clementina, any admission of their marriage would have endangered the validity of her own.

There is one more discrepancy which we shall notice, although it has no connection with the history of Charles Edward, but it is worth remark, as characterizing the credibility of the Walkinshaw Fable; it is the assertion that when the Duchess d'Albanie removed her asserted son from the malign influence supposed to be exerted by the cardinal, *in the house of his brother*, "she placed him under the charge of *some old highlanders who had followed the Prince*," and "that the *first language which he spoke was Gaelic*." Without stopping to observe that, in the last years of the Prince, there were *no highland followers remaining near his person either in Florence or Rome*, we shall merely pass on to remark that, if the original tongue of Monsignorretto Roehenstart was Celtic, he must have been very tardy in acquiring the use of speech, for, according to the same authority, when he passed under his Gaelic tutors, he was "*about six years of age!*"*

With the notice of these puerilities, however, we should not have encumbered even this little book, had they

* Arndilly Papers.

not characterised a narration so deeply affecting the memory of the Cardinal and the Prince, and which, notwithstanding its invalidity, is now industriously circulated in Scotland.

It is true that throughout his public life, Henry had never acted in concert with his brother, had disappointed his best hopes, and was incapable of supporting his efforts, hence he was not beloved by the Jacobites, nor trusted by the Prince ; but none ever accused him of a vice, and his life and his character render it unnecessary to vindicate his fame from murder ;* for if he did not possess *great* virtues, neither had he the passions for a crime.

When, therefore, the basest treachery is charged against the Prince—the repudiation of a wife, and the dishonour of a child—and that the crime of assassination is advanced against a mild and feeble old man, aggravated by treason in his brother's blood, and the person of an amiable and unoffending lady, the falsehood becomes malignant, and weapon must be drawn against weapon—the sword of justice against the stiletto of revenge.

It is for this reason that we have written the latter pages of these fragments. Some may think that it was unnecessary and ungenerous to lift the veil of the de-

* It is sufficient to notice that the Duchess d'Albanie died from a lingering abscess in her side, occasioned by a fall from her horse, some time before she left France to reside with the Prince.

parted century—the oblivion which had been drawn over the frailty of one long gathered to her rest—the member of an honourable house, which has left descendants to bear her name, and blood to blush for her indiscretion.

But if Clementina belongs to hearts yet alive to sensibility, Charles belongs to his country and to posterity; his memory cannot be torn from among her dearest and saddest pages; and if his errors are not denied, they must not be exaggerated; neither must their shade be made the veil to cover the frailty of another. Clementina has left names and influence to maintain the honour of her family, and repair, in their own life, the errors of hers. But if Charles has none who may claim in *Scotland* the *right* to vindicate his memory—his clan, his country—while Scotland yet possesses a clan, and still holds a place among nations—will not permit his name to descend undefended to posterity; and if his father and his brother neither shared nor deserved the same interest in the last pages of the “*Romance of Scottish History*,” let not the posthumous injustice of man be added to the chastisement of heaven; and be it remembered that they have now passed the bar where their faults and their virtues are determined for ever.

Why were the ashes of the dead disturbed? Clementina had charms, qualities, and sorrows, for which the world would have drawn a veil of tenderness over

her faults. Let not her phantom be called up from the grave to aggravate, with hostility in death, the errors which paid too dearly in their lives.

MR JOHN NEVOY.

I. PAGE 65.

AFTER the action fought in Kintyre between the fanatic republicans under General Lesly, and the royalist clans under the celebrated Alasdair MacColla, upon the retreat of that chieftain and his Irish followers into the Isles, the Highlanders submitted “upon quarter given them by David Lesly, but *having surrendered their arms*, the Marquis” of Argyll, “and a bloody preacher, Mr John Nevoy, prevailed with him to break his word, and so *the army was let loose upon them and killed them all without mercy*. Whereat David Lesly seemed to have some inward check, for while the Marquis and he, with Mr Nevoy, were *walking over the ancles in blood*, he turned about and said: ‘*now, Mr John, have you not once gotten your full of blood.*’”* Much has been said, is still said, of the tyranny of the Stuarts, and the oppression of Protestants, but “*if the lion should paint,*” what would be the black and blood-stained pages of the “*hundred tyrants*” of the Revolution, and the legal murders, the fanatic massacres of the sacrilegious reformers, and sanguinary banditti of “the covenant.”

* Memoirs of Hen. Guthrie, Bishop of Dunkeld, 12mo, Glasgow, 1748, p. 243.

GROSERT.

II. PAGE 65.

GROSERT, or Grossart, was a gloomy fanatic whose name was still remembered among the oldest of the last generation, for one of the remnant of the most ferocious of the covenanters. As noticed by Dr Beaton, he was a collector of customs at Alloa, and married, not, as inadvertently mentioned by that ingenious gentleman, to the milliner of Leicester House, but to a German woman, *the daughter* of that sempstress. In July 1751, it was "currently reported in Scotland, that he had left the country with intention to assassinate the Prince;" according to the description sent abroad for his arrest, "he was a middle-aged man, about five feet ten inches high, well made, of a black complexion, and pitted with the small-pox, his eye-brows large and black, inclining rather to lean than fat." "He had a remarkable genius for clock-work and all sorts of mechanism." * "So strong was the presumption against him, that all carriages passing Avignon were closely inspected, and summary measures taken for his arrest, †

* Letter, Sir James Harrington, supposed to the Prince, Avignon, Aug. 6, 1751.—*Orig. S. P.*

† *Ibid*

had he appeared in that city. Doubtless, however, he was diverted by learning the absence of the Prince, and finally baffled by the impenetrable incognito which involved his retreat. Of the attack upon Charles Edward two years preceding, in Germany, we have already given an account ;* but if the veil of power was lifted, the history of the modern as well as the ancient world would disclose the employment of assassination where it is little suspected by the innocent and the inexperienced, who, removed beyond the machinery of cabinets, believe that black and mysterious deeds were confined to that period called by the ignorant, "*the dark ages.*" But if the stones of palaces, the trees of the forest, the clouds and stars of night, had tongues to tell what passed beneath them, there would be little temptation to resort to Scott and Ainsworth for romance. Some, perhaps, who pass the gates of Herrenhausen may still pause upon the spot where the sword of sovereignty was imbrued in murder ; and few have seen the walls of Imislake who have not heard the story which, if it had occurred in the "*middle ages,*" would be made a chapter to quote against their civilization, of "*Howe Schir Migwel of Portingale slew the Marquis de Loulé.*" The latter of these dark deeds happened no longer ago than the beginning of the present quarter century. On the morning of the 29th of February 1824,

* Page 44 of this Volume.

Don Agostinho Domingos, Marquis de Loulé, was found dead beneath a table in one of the saloons of the palace of Imislake, the royal hunting seat in the province of Alemtajo, upon the south side of the Tagus. When first inspected, no marks of violence were observed, but upon close examination, it was discovered that his death had been caused by a small and very acute stiletto, which had been *driven into the brain through the roof of the mouth*. The perpetrators of this assassination were, Don Miguel, the Marquis d'Abrantes, and a favourite of the prince, Don Jose Verissimo. Various causes were assigned for the atrocious act, and some even implicated "La Madre de Pecado," Donna Carlotta, the queen dowager, but it is most probable that nothing certain is known of the truth.

The motive for the death of Comte Koningsmark, however, is sufficiently notorious. He had been an admirer of the Princess of Zell before her marriage with the Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I. Long subsequent to that event, at a time when the latter was absent with the army, he visited Hanover, and it was reported to the Elector that he had been received by the Princess in her apartments. Upon this information, her father-in-law caused the Comte to be watched, and one evening he received notice that the suspected nobleman had been seen to enter the palace. At this report the Elector immediately posted himself with some attendants near the gate to wait for

his return, and when at length he appeared, he gave the word for his attack, and he was killed by the swords of the attendants in his own presence. It was generally believed that the princess was innocent, and that the comte had been allured to the palace by a false appointment concerted by a mistress of the Elector.

It would be non-pertinent to cite the fate of the Czars—of Foedor—the Peters—Paul—Alexander, &c., &c., because we are only treating of assassination ; but in Russia the dagger, the bowl, and the sash, are among the ordinary feudal services of succession. Neither do we think it consistent with our own convenience to relate the confession of the physician who, on his death-bed, revealed the fate of a young and illustrious personage whom he had removed from the arena of kings, by mixing a subtle poison with the stuffing of a tooth. The world, unconscious of the employment of assassination, hereafter may be curious to learn the particulars of the plot in which the commander of a ship of war in the service of a great power, in various nights of August, September, and December 1803, and January 1804, landed upon the shores of her enemy five conspirators bound in a confederacy against the life of the chief magistrate, which four of their number had previously unsuccessfully attempted ; and those who believe that acts of state violence terminated with the “dark ages,” will hear with incredulity that these brigands were in the pay and direction of a diplomatic

minister,* from whom they received the following instructions: "*It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown; it is sufficient that you shall be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death.*"

Those who indignantly repel this charge, may then refer for a precedent, to the design planned in 1715 by Lord Stair, to assassinate King James VIII., on his way from Paris to embark for Scotland;† and if they are diffident of such disregard to life among statesmen, they may consider the official instructions with which the *same Lord Stair* prefaced the massacre of Glen Co; and the confidential counsel which the Lord President Forbes delivered, not against the existence of one "dangerous" individual, but for the "*extirpation*" of a *whole race of people*. "The *Highlanders*," said the minister, "are now to be *destroyed as wild savages*; to attempt to bring it about by legal trial would serve only to put them on their guard."‡ "The *winter* is the only season in which we are sure the *Highlanders cannot escape us*, nor carry their *wives, bairns, and cattle* to the mountains," for "*human constitution cannot endure*," then, "*to be long out of houses. This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights.*" §

The Lord President confirmed the "*expediency*" of

* Mr Drake, British Minister at Munich.

† Duclos.

‡ Letter from Lord Stair to Sir Thomas Livingstone, Jan. 7, 1691.

§ Letter, Lord Stair to Colonel Hamilton, Dec. 1, 1691.

this extirpation, and sanctioned, by his high legal authority, the subsequent butcheries of 1746. “If *all* the rebels, with their *wives, children, and immediate dependents*, could be *at once rooted out of the earth*, the *shock* would be *astonishing*, but *time* would *commit it to oblivion*.” *

But the license of state policy is continually at variance with every principle of virtue, and bond of private obligation, and the world holds a tacit convention by which he who passes the threshold of a cabinet becomes absolved from the laws of conscience. How would many a minister answer at the bar of an assize if reduced to plead the actions of his administration in the responsibility of a private citizen? What *was* the living tomb of Napoleon? What *is* the dismemberment of Poland; the legislative disfranchise of Ireland? Yet, in the solar eye of truth, what are the marches of Poland *less* than the landmarks of a British freehold?—the rights of a senate than the patent of an individual peerage?—the person of an imperial prisoner than that of a private grenadier?—yet the robber of a charter should be hanged, and he who incarcerated his neighbour in a cellar should be sent to the treadmill.

Where is the rope for Nicholas?—the penitentiary for St Germain?

After the enormities above cited, the individual tra-

* Letter, the Lord President Forbes to Sir Robert Walpole. Culoden Papers, 4to, London, 1815, p. 62.

gedies of Caspar Hauser and the plenipotentiaries of Rastadt become secondary crimes, which the President Forbes could easily have "*committed to oblivion*," with the massacre of Glen Co, and the "*rooting-out*" of the Highlanders ; but they are dark and mysterious passages, which show, that if the "Romance of History" is better veiled than in the days of Hugh Capet, and crouch-backed Richard—political passions and the "expediency" of power are not extinct.

The death of the French plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Rastadt has been extenuated as the execution of assassins whose participation in the crimes of the Revolution, and the murders of the Temple, had placed beyond the laws of men and nations, and standing in the position of the relatives to Louis and Marie Antoinette, the slaughter of their assassins will be viewed as an act of vengeance against ruffians whom power only had placed beyond the axe and the gallows. The outrage of the safe conduct of ambassadors was another and a different question ; but for this, the granters of that protection were not responsible, for the attack upon the deputies was totally independent of the government of Austria, and an effort of private vengeance concerted by the Queen of Naples with the Colonel of the Szelklers hussars.*

* In one of the great actions between the Austrians and the French, the Szelklers hussars were reduced to a jeopardy which left them no

On the 9th of April 1799, the French ministers having made all their preparations for leaving Rastadt at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, a captain of the Szelklers hussars, stationed at Gernsbach, delivered to the Baron d'Albini—one of the Ligurian Legation, which had resolved to leave the city with the French—a verbal message from his colonel, that they might quit Rastadt with safety, and were required to depart within twenty-four hours. Meanwhile the hussars had arrived and occupied all the avenues to the town. At eight o'clock, the deputies entered their carriages, but, on arriving at the gates, they were stopped by the garrison regulation, which prohibited travellers from passing the barriers at that hour, and, for the exception to which, the order had been neglected by the commandant. An hour was lost in obtaining this permission ; but at length it was procured in an especial command to open the gates for the Legations. The French deputies demanded an escort, but the commandant assured them that they would be as safe in their carriages as in their own chambers, and they set forward. They had not, however, proceeded fifty paces from the city, when the carriages were stopped by a party of the Szelklers hussars, who were

alternative but surrender or destruction. The commander of the regiment cried out—"Will *you give us quarter?*" "*Defend yourselves!*" replied the French dragoons, and they were charged and cut to pieces.

posted near the canal de la Murg. The following account of the attack which followed is given by the surviving deputy, Jean Debry :—

“ Six men, armed with drawn sabres, dragged me violently out of my carriage, when I was immediately searched, and robbed of all which I possessed. While this was doing, another, who appeared commander of the party, rode up at full speed and asked for the minister Jean Debry ; I supposed that he came to my protection, and replied—‘ *C’est moi, Jean Debry.*’ I had scarce spoken when I was cut down by two sabre strokes, and rolled into the ditch. I feigned death, and the banditti left me to assist in the attack on the other carriages. I seized the instant to escape, wounded as I was, bleeding on every side, and my life saved, perhaps, only by the thickness of my clothes. Bonnier was killed in an attack similar to mine, and Roberjot almost in the arms of his wife. Each of my unhappy colleagues, previous to his assault, received the same question — ‘ *Es tu Bonnier?*’—‘ *Es tu Roberjot?*’ Our carriages were pillaged ; the papers of the Legation were seized, and never afterwards recovered. The secretary of the Legation threw himself into a ditch, and, by the darkness of the night, escaped the assassins. Meanwhile I dragged myself out of the place where I fell, and succeeded in gaining a neighbouring wood, where I heard the tumult of the murderers, and the cries of the victims, and, above all the rest, those of

Madame Roberjot, my own wife, then in the seventh month of her pregnancy, and my two daughters, who continued shrieking for their father. My private secretary, Belin, was held by six men from giving any assistance, and my valet was thrown into the river.

“All the members of the Legation made the greatest efforts to pass the barrier maintained by the assassins, and go to the assistance of those who could still be assisted ; but it was not before one o'clock in the morning that Madame Roberjot could be conveyed to the house of M. Jacobe, Minister of Prussia, and my wife and daughters to that of M. de Beden, Minister of Bremen-Hanover. I wandered in the wood during all that horrible night, dreading the day, which should expose me to the patrols. Towards six o'clock in the morning, hearing them going the rounds, and seeing that I could not avoid them, penetrated also with cold and wet, and my strength sinking with continual loss of blood, I took the desperate resolution to return to Rastadt. On the road, I saw the naked bodies of my two colleagues, but the way remained clear and without interruption. At last, breathless and covered with blood, I arrived at the house of the Comte de Goërts, the Prussian Minister.”*

This relation is an example of the deception of the human heart—the lively sensibility of those crimes in

* Collection complète de Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution Française. Fol. Par. 1804. II. 557.

others to which it is blind in itself. The deputy who had gloried in the massacres and legal murders of the Revolution, became deeply sensitive to humanity when the sacrifice of life was that of his own and his confederates. More just, however, than the assassins of Le Temple and La Force, the Szelklers hussars discriminated between the guilty and the innocent. Debry, without observing why, discovers that all the inferiors of the Legation were not only unassailed, but withheld from mixing in the tumult—he should have added, that this was not to prevent their aid to the victims, but for their own preservation ; for what could a few secretaries, valets de chambres, and ladies' maids, against sixty hussars ? The act, however—as the President *Forbes* would say, “*astonishing*”—was a plan of private vengeance for the murder of the Royal Family of France ; and hence was directed only against the three deputies who were compromised in that and other enormities of the revolutionary tempest.

If the treason against the person of Caspar Hauser was, according to the President Forbes's humanity, less “*astonishing*” than the massacre of Rastadt, it was a passage in the “romance of history” little less extraordinary than any which passed in the days of the “*dark ages*,” under the tribunal of the “Holy Vehm,” or within the dungeons of a feudal fortress. It was on the evening of “Whit-Monday, the 26th May 1828, that a citizen of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was

loitering before his door in the Unschlett Platz, near the small and unfrequented Haller Thor, or Haller gate, he observed at a little distance a young man in the dress of a peasant, who was standing in a very singular posture, and, like an intoxicated person, endeavouring to move forward without being able either to stand upright, or to govern the action of his legs. On the approach of the citizen, the stranger held out to him a letter directed to ‘His honour the captain of the 4th squadron of the Shwolishay regiment in Nuremberg.’ As the house of this officer lay in the direction of the citizen’s walk, he took the youth to the guard-room, from whence he was conducted to the lodgings of the Captain. When the servant opened the door, the stranger advanced with the letter in his hand, with the following words:—‘Ae sechtene möcht ih waehn, wie mei Votta waehn is.’ The various questions of the servant, as what he wanted? who he was? whence he came? he appeared not to understand, and answered only by a repetition of the same words. He seemed so much fatigued that he could scarcely be said to walk, but only to stagger; and he pointed to his feet with tears, and a countenance expressive of much pain. As he appeared to be also suffering from hunger and thirst, a small piece of meat was handed to him; but scarcely had the first morsel touched his lips when he shuddered, the muscles of his face were seized with convulsive spasms, and he spat it out with great ab-

horrence. He manifested the same aversion after he had tasted a few drops of a glass of beer which was brought to him ; but he swallowed with greediness and satisfaction a bit of bread and a glass of pure water. In the meantime, all attempts to gain any information concerning his person or his arrival were entirely fruitless. He seemed to hear without understanding, to see without perceiving, and to move his feet without knowing how to use them for the purpose of walking. His language consisted mostly of tears, moans, and unintelligible sounds, mingled with the words which he frequently repeated—‘*Reuta waehn, wie mei Votta waehn is.*’* He was hence regarded as a kind of savage ; and, in expectation of the captain’s return, was conducted to the stable, where he immediately stretched himself on the straw, and fell into a profound, or rather torpid sleep. When the captain came home several hours after, with immense difficulty the boy was awakened. He then regarded the bright colours of the officer’s uniform with childish satisfaction, and began to repeat his ‘*Reuta,*’ &c., to which, and his few other articulate expressions, he attached, as was afterwards discovered, no particular meaning ; they were only sounds which had been taught him like a parrot, and which he uttered as the common expression of all his ideas, sensations, and desires.

* This jargon seems to imply : “ I will be a rider—a trooper—as my father was.”

“ The letter addressed to the captain afforded no distinct information concerning this singular being. It stated that the writer was a poor day-labourer, with a family of ten children. The bearer had been left in his house the 7th October 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave it. A Christian education had been given to him, and he had been taught to read and write ; and, as he wished to become a trooper, and the writer found it difficult to maintain him longer, he had brought him to Nuremberg, and consigned him to the captain’s protection. This letter, manifestly designed to mislead, was written in German, and concluded with this heartless expression—“ If you do not keep him, you may get rid of him, or let him be scrambled for.” In a Latin postscript, evidently by the same hand, though the writer professes to be a poor girl, it is stated that the lad was born April 30, 1812 ; that he had been baptized ; that the application was for his education until he became seventeen years old ; and that he should then be sent to the 6th regiment of light dragoons, to which his father, then dead, had belonged. Under all the circumstances, the captain thought it best to consign the stranger, and leave the solution of the riddle to the city police. On his arrival at the municipal office, the usual questions were put to him, to which, and all other inquiries, he gave no other reply than his usual unmeaning “ Reuta,” &c. He exhibited neither fear, astonishment, nor confusion,

but rather showed an almost brutish dulness, which either leaves external objects entirely unnoticed, or stares at them without thought. But he was continually pointing, with tears and whimpering, to his feet, which, with his awkward and childish demeanour, soon excited the compassion of all who were present ; for, having the appearance of a young man, his whole conduct was that of a child scarcely two or three years old. The police were divided in opinion, whether to consider him as an idiot, or a kind of savage ; and one or two expressed a doubt whether, under this appearance, some cunning deceiver might not be concealed. Some one thought of trying whether he could write, and placed materials before him with an intimation that he should do so. This appeared to give him pleasure : he took the pen by no means awkwardly between his fingers, and wrote, in legible characters, the name, "Kasper Hauser." This circumstance strengthened the impression of his being an impostor ; and he was, for the present, consigned to a tower used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds—in the short walk to which he sank down, groaning at almost every step. Although only four feet nine inches in height, the structure of Casper Hauser's body was stout, broad-shouldered, and symmetrical. His face, on his first appearance at Nuremberg, was very vulgar ; when in a state of tranquillity it was almost without expression ; and its lower features being somewhat prominent, gave

him a brutish appearance. But the formation of his face altered in a few months almost entirely ; his countenance gained expression and animation ; the lower part of his face became gradually less prominent, and his earlier physiognomy could scarcely be recognized. His feet, which have no marks of having ever before been confined by a shoe, were beautifully formed, and the soles were as soft as the palms of his hands. His gait was, properly speaking, not a walk, but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of the way—a painful medium between the motion of falling, and the endeavour to stand upright. The smallest impediment in his way caused him often in his chamber to fall flat on the floor ; and, for a long time after his arrival, he could not go up or down stairs without assistance. He scarcely knew at all how to use his hands and fingers. Where others applied but a few fingers, he used his whole hand in the most awkward manner imaginable. He was so utterly destitute of words and conceptions, so unacquainted with the common objects and daily occurrences of nature, and he showed such an indifference and abhorrence to all the usual customs, conveniences, and necessities of life, and evinced such extraordinary peculiarities in his mental, moral, and physical existence, that it only remained to conjecture that he had been kept in a state of utter seclusion and imprisonment during the former portion of his existence, and now appeared a monstrous being, only beginning to

live in the middle of his life, and who must always remain a man without childhood or boyhood.

“Caspar then became an object of great curiosity and interest, and was visited by hundreds of persons. During the night he lay upon his straw bed, and in the day he sat upon the floor with his legs stretched out before him. He could be persuaded to take no other food than bread and water. Even the smell of most of the common articles of food was sufficient to make him shudder, or still more disagreeably to affect him; and the least drop of wine or coffee mixed clandestinely with his water, occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. When he saw for the first time a lighted candle placed before him, he was delighted with the shining flame, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into it; but he quickly drew them back, crying out and weeping. Feigned cuts and thrusts were made at him with a naked sabre, in order to try what might be their effect upon him, but he remained immoveable, without even winking, or without appearing in the least to suspect that any harm could thus be done to him.

“The burgomaster of Nuremberg and Professor Daurmer soon interested themselves in his education. To the house of the burgomaster he was taken almost daily, for the purpose of instruction, and he was finally consigned altogether to the care of the Professor. He was able to give little information concerning the pre-

vious portion of his existence, and that confirmed the conclusions at which the people of Nuremberg had arrived. There was no doubt that he had lived always in a hole (a small low apartment which he sometimes called a cage) where the light never entered, and a sound was never heard. In this place, it appears that he never, even in his sleep, lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat, waking and sleeping, with his legs extended before him, and his back supported in an erect posture. Some peculiar property of his place of rest, or some particular contrivance, appears to have made it necessary that he should always remain in this position. An unusual formation of the knee seems to have resulted from it, so that, when Caspar sat down with the leg and thigh extended horizontally on the floor, the back formed a right angle with the flexure of the thigh, and the knee-joint lay extended so close to the floor, that not the smallest hollow was perceptible in the ham, between which and the floor a common playing-card could scarcely be thrust. In this dungeon, whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes the water had a bad taste, probably from the infusion of opium ; for, whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep ; and when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut ; from which, and other circumstances, it appears

that Caspar met with a certain degree of careful attention during the period of his incarceration. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink, who also never spoke to him, except to utter the 'Reuta wahn,' &c., which Caspar so unmeaningly repeated, when found in Nuremberg. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and several ribands: with these horses he had always amused himself so long as he remained awake; and his only occupation was to make them run by his side, and to fix and tie the ribands about them in different positions. Thus one day passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and once only excepted, had never felt the sensation of pain. It is also remarkable that he never had dreams until after he went to live with Professor Daumer, when he regarded them as real appearances.

“ How long he had continued to live in this situation, he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. He had no recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place. The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm but once, when he struck him a severe blow with a stick or piece of wood. Soon after this circumstance, the man came and placed a small table over his feet, and spread some paper upon it; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backward and forward on

the paper, with a lead pencil he had stuck between his fingers. Caspar was exceedingly pleased with the black figures which appeared on the white paper; and when the man was gone, was never tired of drawing these figures repeatedly on the paper. Another time the man came to the place where he lay, lifted him up, and endeavoured to teach him first to stand and then to walk. Finally, the man came one day, and taking him on his back, carried him out of the prison. It appears he fainted on being brought into the light of day and the fresh air. He noticed none of the objects around him during the journey. He was only conscious that the man who had been leading him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand, and then vanished; after which, a citizen observed him, and took him to the guard-room.

It seems, from this account, that Caspar had at length become an encumbrance or a danger to those by whom he was confined. But why they did not get rid of him in some other manner? why they did not destroy him? why he had not been put out of the world as a child?—these are questions which still remain without solution. It seems to have been expected that he would have been lost as a vagabond or an idiot, in some public institution at Nuremberg, or, if any attention was paid to the recommendation he brought with him, as a soldier in some regiment. But none of these events took place. The unknown foundling met

with humane consideration, and became the object of universal public attention. The journals were filled with accounts of this mysterious young man, and with conjectures respecting him; the development of his mind was everywhere spoken of—marvellous things were related to the public of his progress; and it was at last reported that Caspar Hauser was employed in writing a history of his life. At this period, and probably with a view of preventing the execution of this intention, an attempt was made on the 17th of October 1829, to assassinate him in the house of Professor Daumer. He escaped with an inconsiderable wound on his forehead; but which, from the excited state of his nervous system, occasioned him much suffering and prolonged indisposition.

“At a subsequent period the Earl of Stanhope adopted the charge of Caspar, and had him removed to Anspach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster, with whom he also resided. It was intended that he should be brought to this country, in which he would have been tolerably safe from the dread of assassination. This fear, in which he long lived after the first attempt upon his life, seems, indeed, to have considerably subsided, after he had remained several years at Anspach without molestation. But his secret enemy had not lost sight of him. As he was leaving the Tribunals on the morning of December 14, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him under

the pretence of having an important communication to make. Caspar excused himself, as he was then going to dine, but promised to meet the stranger in the afternoon in the palace garden. The meeting took place: the stranger drew some papers from underneath his cloak, and, while Hauser was about to examine them, stabbed him twice near the heart with a dagger that he kept concealed. The wounds were not immediately fatal. Caspar was able to return home, but could then only utter, in broken syllables: 'Palace garden—purse—Uz—monument.' The tutor to whose care he had been committed, despatched the soldiers of the police to Uzen's monument, in the palace garden, where they found a small purse of violet silk, containing a scrap of paper, on which was written, in a disguised hand: 'Hauser can tell you well enough why I appear here, and who I am. To save Hauser the trouble, I will tell you myself whence I come; I come from—from—the Bavarian frontier, on the river ———. I will also give you the name—M. L. O.' According to Caspar's description, the man was the same who made the previous attempt upon his life at Nuremberg. The unfortunate Caspar Hauser died on the night of December 17, in consequence of the wounds he had received; and no clue to the mystery of his life and death has yet been obtained, although a reward of 5000 florins has been offered by Lord Stanhope for the discovery of the

assassin. The funeral of Caspar Hauser took place on the 26th of December, and was attended by crowds of persons, all moved by the deepest sympathy, for the poor youth was greatly beloved. His preceptor, Dr Fuhrmann, pronounced an oration over his grave, in the course of which he alluded to the last words of the victim, who, on being asked if he forgave his enemies, replied: 'I have prayed to God to forgive all whom I have known; for myself personally, I have nothing to forgive, as no one ever did me wrong.'*

"However extraordinary the crime of Caspar Hauser's history, it has not only been paralleled, but exceeded, both in Germany and England. In London, within the last half-century, there has been brought to light more than one child who had been immured in darkness, nakedness, and abominable filth, for several years. One of the most atrocious instances was punished in the monstrous case of Mrs Brownrig, notorious in the annals of the police. In Germany, near the period of the Nuremberg mystery, there was discovered a girl, who had been confined with the pigs in a sty from infancy, until the age of twenty-two, and who, with little more liberty of space than Caspar, had sat cross-legged for many years. Less endowed by nature than Hauser, she

* Feuerbach Einige wichtige Aeturstucke, &c. Findling Kasper Hauser betreff. 8vo, Berl. 1831; and Kasper Hauser Beispiel eines Verbrechens, &c., &c. 8vo. Ansbach, 1832.

never acquired the use of speech; her only sound was a grunt like that of a hog, and her whole nature had become brutalized.*

“If such daring mysteries of crime occurred among the lower orders, what should be the instigations of vice within the grasp of power; and if the *superfluous* child of a peasant has been confined in a cellar or a sty, what should be the black ‘romance of history’ in the atrocities of states, with the command of sovereign sway—of gold, and men, and dungeons.”

Since the death of Caspar Hauser, attempts have been made to throw his history into discredit; but the critiques which have been published for this purpose, are in the highest degree superficial, assumptive, and equivocal, and leave unnoticed the most remarkable evidences of the case—the personal, moral, and physical phenomena by which Caspar was distinguished from all others of his species—the modification of his senses, and the absence or presence of perceptions unknown to persons in an ordinary state of existence. Whatever was the real history of the mysterious being, so changed from all his race, the opponent essays only strengthen the belief of his reality by the weakness of their criticisms; and he who reads the contradictions of the cavillers, will not only return with more confidence to the history of the unknown, but *suspect the motives*

* Dr Horn's Tour through Germany, Göttingische gelehrte Anzeige July 1831, p. 1097.

and the interests of those by whom his history has been attacked.

“The grand Duke Leopold,” of Baden, “came into power in the year 1830. His legitimacy was doubly doubtful. In the first place, he was the offspring of what is called a Morganic marriage; his mother, the second wife of his father, not being of the same rank as her husband. In the second place, Caspar Hauser, who was subsequently murdered at Anspach, in Bavaria, was then alive, and considered throughout Germany as the son of the Grand Duke Charles, who died in the year 1819, and Stephanie Napoleon his wife, and consequently the legitimate heir to the Ducal Crown of Baden. This opinion was founded upon the combination of a variety of circumstances, and then strengthened by the guarded but intelligible hints of Feuerbach, the distinguished criminalist and president of the Tribunal of Anspach, who died shortly afterwards at Frankfort, of a violent cholic, in consequence of having accepted an *invitation to a diplomatic dinner*. The notoriously abandoned conduct of the Grand Duke Louis, who governed the territory of Baden from 1820 to 1830, and who was with reason considered capable of any atrocity, added to the report that he had put the legitimate infant out of the way in order to seize upon his inheritance.” *

* London Dispatch, April 8, 1838.

Supposing Caspar Hauser to have been the son of the Grand Duc Charles, there is no difficulty in conjecturing *how*—perhaps *where*—he was concealed. Beneath the Castle of Baden there is an extraordinary and mysterious labyrinth of dungeons, oubliettes, and occult communications, of which the origin, purpose, and, perhaps, much of the extent, is now unknown. The excavations of this internal fortress communicate with the court and chambers of the castle, the yard of the Alt-Schloss, or old chateau, upon the height of the hill above, and dive into the bowels of the rock, to a distance perhaps yet unknown. Various other ways may also exist, though now unknown, but the ordinary descent is by a “turnpike,” or spiral stair, of modern construction, which leads down from the southern tower of the inner court to three vaulted chambers, dimly lighted by grated windows; beyond these are two others, in which are still retained the evidences of a Roman bath, the aperture for the entrance of steam, and two large stone reservoirs for cold water. From a vault beyond, a narrow passage leads to a square chamber, from which branch several avenues leading to various cells, all like themselves buried in profound darkness. The extremity of one of the galleries is closed by a solid stone a foot in thickness, and turning upon iron pintles; by this there is entrance to a vault, now called a prison; and beyond, a similar door of rock opens into a similar dungeon.

Ten of these dark and stone-locked cells succeed each other, some hewn out of the solid rock, some built with ponderous masses of stone. Beyond these an extent of several galleries leads into a vault, called now the "*Folter-Kammer*," or Rack Chamber; and round the walls, hooks and iron rings, bolted into the rock, are *supposed* to be the evidents of prisoners and tortures.

Beyond this chamber, one of the passages of regress turns at a right angle, the floor of which, instead of the usual rocky pavement, is a planked trap; the footing betrays that there is a vacuity below; and under the boards a shaft descends to the depth of thirty-six feet. This appalling pit, terrible from its own mysterious gloom, and the traditions with which it is involved, is called the "*Oubliette*," and it is *said* that here the culprits, condemned to death by the Vehm-gericht, met an unexpected, sudden, and oblivious fate. In the rock beyond the chasm there is a niche, and in this recess it pleases the imagination to suppose that there stood a figure of the Fatal Maiden, so well known in the romances of Germany and Holland. As related of other tribunals, it has been *conjectured*, that the capital punishment awarded by the Vehm, was to kiss the statue, and that as the unconscious culprit advanced over the trap to fulfil this agreeable verdict, the door, suspended by a spring unequal to his weight, gave way under his tread, and precipitated him to the bottom of the well, where a "*sword-mill*," or cylinder set full

of sharp blades, was already in motion, and, occupying the whole space of the cavity, with a violent revolution quickly cut up the victim into a macerated heap.

This fearful legend has been confirmed—or *created*—by a story that, about thirty years ago, a little dog belonging to a visiter having fallen through the trap, an effort was made for his release by the guide, who descended the shaft with a rope. The dog was found alive, but, to the horror of those employed, they discovered also rags, bones, the wreck of a wheel, and remains of rusty iron, now reported to be the fragments of wasted blades.

At a short distance from the “oubliette” is a large chamber called the “Judgment Hall.” The entrance from the vaults is by a stone door, but in a recess of the opposite extremity, at some feet distant from the floor, there is a perforation now walled up, but *said* to be the mouth of a subterranean passage extending to the “Alt-Schloss,” among the ruins of which is still visible a low-browed arch, asserted to be the opposite extremity. By this souterrain the judges are reported to have descended into the hall; and round its sides are shown two rows of holes, and six projecting stones, believed to have been formed for the bench of the tribunal, and the seats of the officials.

The conveyance of the prisoners into the dungeons is said to have been performed by a shaft, which descends from one of the lower chambers of the castle to the gal-

leries communicating with the judgment hall and the rest of the vaults now known. In looking up from below, the dim light of day is seen glimmering down as through a tall and narrow chimney ; and by this tunnel, seated in a chair, each prisoner was lowered from a windlass above.

All this "*history*" is truly a "*romance*," but in which of the senses associated by Lord Orford, it is now impossible to decide. But whatever may have been the uses of that mysterious labyrinth in the middle ages, it affords ample suggestion of the means and probability for "sequestering" in utter oblivion the person of an individual child.

There may, however, be sufficient reason for doubting that Caspar Hauser was actually immured in the dungeons of Baden, or even beneath the ruined Alt-Schloss on the hill above ; but there are, throughout Germany, a sufficient number of similar, though not such extensive, recesses, which would afford to the enemy of an interposing heir, abundant facilities for secretion. Almost every old fortress possesses known or unknown seclusions, where more than one prisoner might be lost for ever to the world. Those of Baden are only remarkable for their great extent and elaborate construction, and the mystery and romance which this magnitude and wonder has given to their character. The tales of the Vehm, and the supposition of mysticism and torture with which they have been as-

sociated, are legends of the marvellous and unknown, with which ignorance and awe invests all obsolete usages and gloomy ruins. That the secret tribunal *might* have availed itself of recesses so favourable for its use, is highly probable ; but their original construction was undoubtedly of a remote age, for purposes of space, security, and communication, at a period when it was considered more simple and convenient to excavate than to quarry—to hew granaries, keeps, and communications out of the bosom of the rock, rather than to raise the materials and build upon the summit. Many instances of this choice are still to be seen, especially among the works of the Romans, who were the first excavators of Baden ; but the middle ages perpetuated the principle in all countries. In fortresses of importance, some of the subterranean excavations were for secure retreat, similar to the casemates of modern citadels ; but the greater number were only cellars, lodgings, and chambers for menial use. To the structures elevated upon high or inaccessible rocks, there were sometimes added means of perpendicular communication, infinitely more safe and convenient than the winding “turnpikes” and tedious flights of steps, weary, unsafe, and insufficient modes of ascent, within the bowels of vaults, or on the exterior of those precipitous rocks which formed the site of so many feudal fortresses. Though now, from the gloom of ruin and the ignorance of disuse, endowed with superstitions

mystery and imaginary terrors, such were the greater number of the remains called “dungeons,” “oubliettes,” and “secret passages ;” but in Germany, where antique buildings are so much preserved, they are yet often used for their original purposes of cellars, granaries, and fuel stores, and in Scotland they may be traced among the ruins which have been spared by the revolutionary spirit of destruction, which, in Britain, wars upon all old buildings, sacred and profane. At Hawthornden are seen various domestic cells, and even a pigeon-house, hewn out of the rock beneath the old mansion ; and at Roslin, below the castle, and along the face of the precipice upon which it stands, are three tiers of galleries and chambers, containing extensive lodgings, cellars, a kitchen, and other domestic apartments, which now the imagination of the cicerone, and the credulity of the visitor, convert into dungeons for tyranny and torture. One of these is particularly distinguished ; it is a small dark recess near the door of the old kitchen ; and the guide stoops and peers into the gloom, and points with awe, and tells in a low voice “This is the *worst* prison—none but the most miserable were put *here*.” It was, however, the peat or wood-hole for the kitchen.

In Scotland, remains of subterranean cells and perpendicular communications are less frequent than upon the Continent, partly because almost all the great feudal castles are destroyed, and partly because

there were comparatively few buildings constructed upon such inaccessible eminences, for Dumbarton and the Bass would be ordinary sites in Germany and Switzerland, Italy and Spain ; but they are still to be seen even entire in some of the perfect, or half dilapidated edifices of undestructive countries. The labyrinth of Baden, now invested with such mysteries and terrors, is the most remarkable example, and its construction was undoubtedly not for mystical despotism, but purposes of military and internal resource. The well, or shaft, has been the object most alarming to the imagination ; but, in ancient castles and “ houses of fence,” it was important for security to preserve the lower walls solid and inaccessible by windows ; hence the principal chambers were in the upper stories of the building. For the convenience of these rooms, or the descent to the deep and dark ranges of vaults in times of the narrow and spiral turnpikes, the impossibility of raising large or heavy bodies by those strait and vermicular ascents, suggested the construction of perpendicular and more spacious openings, or wells of communication, by which bulky and weighty objects were drawn up with a windlass. This expedient is still used in factories, and the cavities for the same purpose are yet visible in a few old castles. By the same method the fuel was sometimes drawn from the cellars, and the courses from the kitchen ; and though now built up,

there are yet to be seen, under the ruins of Roslin, through two tiers of galleries, the square apertures for the traps by which the dishes were raised from the semi-subterranean stories; while in the Castle of Elphinstone is preserved a shaft which at Baden would be called an "*oubliette*," but which was certainly some contrivance for domestic convenience, or personal security.*

* The Castle of Elphinstone is one of the most interesting of any now remaining entire in Scotland, and exhibits several curious examples of castellated and domestic architecture. The shaft, which is about three feet square at the mouth, descends in the thickness of a party wall from the third to the second story of the building; its summit is closed, as at Baden, by a square-boarded trap filling the breadth of a stone passage which leads out of the upper hall, and is the only avenue of communication with the east range of sleeping apartments. Like every other part of the castle, exterior and interior, it is formed of fine hewn freestone, admirably built, and falls into a small square chamber, lighted only by one or two shot-holes. The entrance to this room is by a very small stone stair which descends in the thickness of the wall, and has its exit into the deep recess of an east window in the great hall. The purpose of the shaft *may* have been for security to the range of apartments isolated by its mouth, for if the trap was lifted inward, the chasm in the passage, and the door thus raised, would prevent any access without time and violence.

In the days of deadly feuds, when desperate attempts were sometimes made to seize or assassinate a hostile chief even in his bed, various constructions were adopted for outlets of escape, and security against surprise. The sleeping chamber of the proprietor was the principal object of defence. In the keep of Castle Migerney, formerly a residence of the MacGregors of Glen Lion, at the side of the bed in the "family room," is a very small door, in its original times concealed by the hangings of the room, and opening on a little stair which

In castles upon [the sea-coast or the banks of large rivers, similar cavities were occasionally maintained for communication in time of danger. The shaft in the craig, or in the building itself, descended upon the strand of the shore or the margin of the river; the exit, hidden, if possible, among rocks or bushes, and in that case, kept secret from all except the castellain; those who passed were let down or drawn up with a wind-

descended in the wall, and gave exit below upon the main "turnpike" of the building. At some period before the Campbells had succeeded in dispossessing the ancient owners, an attempt was one night made upon the Laird by four or five desperate followers in the "Linn-Chrios" of the Knight of Loch Awe, sent from Castle Baloch,¹ and in concert with a traitor, by whom they were admitted into the tower. They were making their way up the turnpike, when, stumbling in the dark, or by some other accident betraying their ascent, the chieftain, who chanced to be awake, alarmed by a clink of arms, and the cautious turning of the lock, sprung from his bed, and, seizing his dirk and plaid, slid through the door behind the arras, and, as the assassins entered the room, gained the vacant stair and escaped.² In Castle Caolchairn, upon Loch Awe, originally the seat of the chiefs of the Clan Grigor in the west, the deadly and eternal feud with the same exterminating usurpers of their race rendered every means of security peculiarly necessary. One of the escapes is yet to be seen in a middle chamber of the keep, where a small flight of steps descends from the recess of the south window, and passes down through the thickness of the wall until it terminates in an aperture at the roof of a doorway entering from a lower apartment upon the main stair of the tower. By this egress, any person timely alarmed of an approach in the usual avenue could escape to the rear of the ascenders while they entered the rooms above.

¹ The old residence of the Barons of Glen Urcha at the east end of Loch Tay, before the building of Taymouth.

Tradition of Glen Lion.

lass ; and thus if the rocks were precipitous, and water flowed to the egress of the well, it was difficult to cut off the communication. According to our memories, there *was* such a shaft in the citadel of Ham in France, and another in one of the old “water towers” of Chester. Such, we believe, was the dungeon well of Baden—of the discovery of *human* bones, and the fragments of the “sword mill” in its “abyss,” we have no superstitious belief. It would be abundantly grateful to our imagination to feast on the “Romance of History,” which such memorials would suggest, but it has been our misfortune to have that imagination mortified in the investigation of too many old ruins, and too many tales, legends, and reputed antiquities, to give credence to the wonders of ciceroni, or the credulity of the unlearned. We have seen at Dumbarton “*the sword of Wallace*,” forged in the time of *James IV.* ; in the Border Antiquities, the “*banner of Hotspur*”—a goodly *chair bottom*, worked by some honourable or noble Penelope in the middle of the *seventeenth* century ; at * * * * the “*Druidical vase*”—a *Hookah bell* from the Indies ; and in the Antiquarian Archæologia, the account of the “*Watch of Robert the Bruce*,” of the *maker* of which we know the *living apprentice*. We have heard the revolting tale of the *nuns* of Lismòr—the licentiousness of monastic orders brought to light in the *bones of infants* discovered among the ruins of their convent—we have *seen* those bones whitening the earth which now covers those wicked

walls, purged by the rue and hysop of John Knox. But, scandalized Christians! when we exercised our eyes, behold! they were the bones—of *rats* and *mice*!—of babe *rabbits* and suckling *hares*!—and the lascivious infanticides and perjured nuns—were two white owls! who inhabited the ivy on the convent tower, and cast out their leavings over the wall! Yet the pious Calvinist still sighs and shakes his head, and blesses John Knox and the sword of the covenant, which “smote Rahab, and wounded the Dragon”—by which is to be understood—the Abbess of Lismòr, and the Bishop of the Isles.

So at Baden the traveller sighs at the horrors of “*the dark ages*,” as he follows the black-eyed Alsaçienne, who leads him through the mysteries of the “Secret Tribunal.” But the fables of our own country have left us incredulous to those of others—That rags, and bones, and rusty irons, were found, we doubt not:—In the ancient house of Gordonstone, in the gloaming of a dark November’s day, we ourselves descended into one of the numerous traps, recesses, and mysterious cells, contained within that hoary and then uninhabited chateau. As we receded from the light of day, our waning taper cast a wan and lurid glare upon the narrow steps, the grim and naked walls, and the dust of the narrow cell, pulverized by the drought of ages to the impalpability of flour. In that stone coffin, white and scattered objects caught the light about

our feet; we stooped the taper; they were—*bones!* *rags!*—the mingled debris of a once animated frame—and beyond, half covered in the dust, there lay a long tress of once beautiful—*once golden hair!* We gathered the bones into a decent heap, and brought the faded tress to upper light. It was neither torn nor disturbed, but even and entire, as years and years ago it had been shorn from the head; but how! by the blow of an assassin, or the violent hand which had consigned the murdered body to its cell? Alas! for the “romance.”—*Bones*, and *rags*, and *golden hair* there was. But those bones were—*capon's*—those rags, —what? we know not—perchance, gnawings of the footman's nether stocks, or figments of the housemaid's petticoat, brought there by rats, for purposes unknown to us; but, as we suppose, for the same or a similar propensity as that in which their consanguinæ, two hundred years before, stole the scarlet hose of a certain cavalier, in an old manor house which had an evil fame in the days of the civil war. For the hair—very beautiful hair it once had been—but golden tresses belong not to the heads of Dorking cocks and hens. Whence came it then! If we may be permitted to conceive, some milk, house, kitchen, or other maid, had occasion to poll her locks for conceit, sickness, or sale—for poor maidens often sell their hair if it is beautiful and within market of the peruquier—and that by reason the said maids, for the lack of Macassar and other

goodly oils, are wont to anoint their hair with butter, or, perhaps, like the Kenilworth minstrel, "with a sponge daintily dipped in a little capon's grease, until it shine like a mallard's wing;"* so it seems to us probable that a certain rat, or rats, between the head and the hairdresser, made free with the same, rather for the delusion of the odour than any commodity of food; for which cause, upon better understanding, they abandoned the tress where it was found by us. Such do we believe to have been the discoveries in the shaft of Baden; and that, instead of the ruins of a sword-mill, and the tatters and remains of a mangled wretch who had expired under its blades, the iron, the rags, and the bones, were the pintles and other gear of the windlass, and the debris of accidental downfalls, no more allied to the "romance of history" than the "*trundle-tail*" whose descent caused their resurrection to the light.

But though we do not believe that the labyrinth of Baden was built for the Holy Vehm, or that any mangled victim lay, like truth, for three hundred years at the bottom of its well, we doubt not that the secret tribunal might avail itself of an Eleusis so suitable for its mysteries; and that, at a later period in the "romance of history," the solitary victim of *modern* crime was immured, if not within its actual bowels, in some other oubliette of a similar age.

* R. Langham's letter from Kenilworth. 12mo, 1575. 46.

ANTIQUES

PAGES 70, 71.

THE ivory hand—"La Main de Justice" of Charlemagne—was one of the sceptres of that monarch preserved among the Regalia of France, and used in the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon. The extremity from which it was named is an ivory hand in the attitude of benediction, and the shaft is of fine gold, ornamented with pearls and a few small precious stones. The Brotche of Lorn, so long preserved at Dunolly, the seat of that lordship, disappeared in the seventeenth century, when the castle was burned by the MacNeils, assisted by the Campbells of Bar-Gleann. It was believed in the country to have been carried off by the latter while the former were either seeking or ransacking the charter chest. The Bar-Gleann family, however, overawed by the immediate neighbourhood of their powerful enemies, never displayed the brotche, or boasted of its possession; but having latterly fallen into decay, they are reported to have sold it no longer ago than the year 1822, soon after which it is said to have been accidentally observed by General Campbell of Lochnell, in the window of a jeweller in London. The General, a near neighbour to MacDougall, recognizing, if not the

Brotche of Lorn, which he never saw, a very curious and ancient Highland relic, entered the shop and enquired its history, when he was told it was "the lost Brotche of Lorn," and, with very generous feeling, immediately purchased the valuable relic, and presented it to its hereditary owner. We deliver this anecdote of its recovery as a current story, not as one of which we have any personal knowledge.

Whether the original Brotche of Lorn was really that which tradition declared was torn from the breast of Robert the Bruce, is very uncertain. According to the belief of Perthshire, it fell to the possession of the MacNabs, having been taken at the battle of Dal-Righ by Angus Mòr, their chief, in whose family it was preserved at Kinnel until the great civil war, when the clan Nab, remaining loyal, was plundered and burned by the hereditary traitors, the Campbells of Glenlyon, from whom, by the marriage of the heiress of the latter house with Garden of Troop, it passed into that family, with whom it is still preserved. The design and work of the MacNab brotche certainly declare it to be of *much* higher antiquity than that of Lorn; and it is true that the ancestor of its possessing family, in the time of Robert the Bruce, was, as Barbour declares, "a false tratour," and "disciple of Judas," who was not only leagued with the king's enemies, but betrayed his own friend and Robert's nephew, Sir Cristal de

Setown.* Barbour, however, makes no mention of MacNab in the desperate attack on the King's person, which, according to others, though not declared by the Archdeacon, cost the King his brotche; the only assailants noticed by him being the two "Mac-andorusers," and a third who, leaping on the croup of the King's horse, grappled with him from behind, while the other surviving desperado clung to his leg and stirrup. The claim to the brotche must rest between these two, for the third opponent had been cleft through the arm and shoulder before he reached the King. Of the others, the King, turning in the saddle, seized the enemy at his back, and, wrenching him round before him, struck him to the brains with his sword; and, dealing a second blow at him whom he dragged at his stirrup, laid him dead behind him, and broke away to his retreating men.† With either of the last two assailants the brotche and mantle might have been left; and that they belonged rather to the MacNab than the Lorn country, is rendered probable by the notice of Barbour, who, in the midst of his description of the battle of Dal-Righ, stopping to introduce the two redoubtable brothers who attacked the King, designates them as of "*that land*,"‡ which, if taken literally, would signify the district where the action was fought. This, then, was Strathfillan, immediately contiguous to the MacNab country, while that of Lorn lay beyond another

* The Bruce, III., 247.

† *Ibid*, II., 540.‡ *Ibid*, 488.

great lordship in an entirely different geographical and feudal division of the Highlands. It may be objected that the locality of the third man is not noticed ; but, as the whole “ jeopardy ” is referred to the vow and enterprise of the Mac-an-dorusers to kill the King, it seems most probable that their only assistant was one of their own party.

If it was uncertain whether the original Brotche of Lorn was truly that rent from the illustrious Bruce, it is something doubtful if that which now bears its name is the hereditary family jewel, for there were several of the same kind in the country. One exactly similar, but larger and finer, had been the hereditary brotche of Loch-Bui, but having passed out of the family, has not been known to exist since the year 1774, when it was in the possession of Professor Lort, of the Greek class at Cambridge.* Another very ancient and beautiful brooch has been preserved in the family of the MacKays, now MacNeils, of Ugadell, and is said by tradition to have been given to the maternal ancestor of that house by Robert the Bruce. “ When the King fled from Arran to Rachrine, he was in such extremity that he escaped into Kintyre in a very small boat, with only two men, by whom he was brought across the Sound of Kilbrenan from Loch Ranza to Ugadell. It was late in the evening ; Ferquhard Mackay, then the possessor of the farm, was sitting upon the ‘ Clach-an-Eòrna,’ or barley-

* Pennant’s Tour in Scotl., &c. Part II., p. 14.

stone,* at the end of the house, and, when he saw the skiff approach the little rocky point which juts from the small landing creek beneath the farm, he descended to the beach to offer hospitality to the strangers. Before he reached the shore, however, the boatmen had already put off, and the Bruce walked forward alone, and received the kindly invitation of MacKay. As they proceeded up the brae, though simply dressed, the powerful stature and majestic appearance of the future monarch attracted the admiration and curiosity of his host; but, as the rules of Highland courtesy did not permit any inquiry concerning the name of a guest, he made no questions, but provided the noble stranger with the best food and lodging which he had to offer. During the evening, the Bruce expressed his intention to cross the peninsula the next morning, to take boat upon the opposite shore. His host having engaged to direct him to the most proper place, at an early hour on the next day set out to guide him through the hills. Having come in sight of the sea, MacKay stopped and pointed out his last instructions to his guest. The place where they separated was on the farm of Ardnakill, near a large standing stone, which still remains erect, and is known by the name of "*Clach-Mhich-*

* A large rude mortar, about the height of an ordinary seat, and very like a small ancient font, used for shelling barley by bruising it with a heavy wooden pestle. In former days, one stood by every door, and they are still occasionally seen at the entrance of the "black houses" and small farms.

Dhaidh''—MacKay's stone. From this spot the gudeman pointed out his route to the Bruce, and, at parting, the King, taking the brooch from his mantle, presented it to his host, and, pursuing his way, obtained a boat in Mac-righ-Hanish Bay, and passed over in safety into Rachine. After his elevation to the throne, 'the good King Robert' repaid the hospitality of his host by a grant of the lands of Ugadell and Ardnakill, to be held of the Crown by the tenure of entertaining the King when he should visit Kintyre. For many years after the year 1745, the brooch had disappeared in the family, and was supposed to have been lost ; but, when the present proprietor pulled down the old house of Losset for the purpose of building the present residence, as the workmen were employed in taking off the wainscoat in one of the upper rooms, a heavy object fell from behind a panel among the rubbish. The wright, supposing it to be a piece of stone or mortar, continued his work without notice ; but, when he left work, observing some object glitter on the floor, he discovered the brooch, which, being richly gilt, was little tarnished by time and damp. It is supposed that it had been concealed behind the wainscoat in the year 1746, during the alarm excited by the outrages and rapine of the troops and cruisers, especially the "notorious barbarian" Captain Caroline Scott, who commanded the *Furnace* sloop of war.*

* Tradition and information by the Laird of Ugadall.

MATHER.

PAGE 71.

THE name of this species of cup is properly Gaelic—“*Maidar*,” from “*maide*,” wood, timber. It acquired in Ireland the sound of “*th*” from the Anglo-Colonists, who confounded the thick sound of the Gaelic *d* with that of the combined Saxon letters “*th*.”

In noticing the name of the Dunvegan Maider, we ought to have added that, although from similarity of sound, and the decay of the Gaelic language and traditions, the modern sobriquet of the Irish King, a nephew of Rob Roy, the prophesied MacGrigor fatal to the Campbells, and several other Highland personages, the name of the vessel is corrupted into “*glùn-dubh*,” “black-knee.” The appellation was originally, and ought to be, “*glùn-dos*,” “*bandy-legged*.” The former has no intelligible meaning, while the latter, like Duncan *Donn-cheann*, brown head ; Donald *Donn-shuil*, brown-eyed ; Cameron *Càm-shron*, crooked-nose ; Canmore *Ceann-mòr*, large head, &c., &c., is a natural distinction, which could not have failed to designate its possessor at a period when any personal charac-

teristic gave origin to a name ; hence the Mather of Dunvegan is also appropriately named, from the bandy appearance of the four little human legs upon which it is supported, though it is probable that this appellation might be suggested by the sobriquet of the Irish king, at a period when the history of Ireland was intimately associated with that of the Western Isles.

THE SANCGRAIL.

PAGE 73.

ACCORDING to the romances of the middle ages, the "*Sancgrail*" was the holy vessel of the Pasch in the last supper; and its miraculous preservation, and the adventures of its quest, are among the most remarkable in the chivalric fictions. Its name is derived from "*saint*," holy, and "*grail*," a dish; and it is described to have been made of pure gold, at all times replenished with the holy elements, and guarded by lions in a castle situated upon the sea coast of one of those islands, or territories, the locality of which has not been determined by the geography of romances. It appeared more than once to some of the most illustrious Knights of the Round Table, and, upon the installation of Sir Galahad in the "*Siege Perilous*," to the whole Court of Prince Arthur, when its transient and imperfect vision incited the institution of the famous "*Quest*" for its discovery. Upon this occasion, all the principal Knights of the "*Table-Ronde*" engaged in the pursuit, and their dispersion or death in the adventure produced the declension of the order,

which never again re-gathered in its original strength and splendour. The origin of the "Quest," and the forebodings of its fatal consequences, are thus related in Caxton's romance of that prince, written by Sir Thomas Malorie :—

"In the Feast of Pentecost, the king and all the estates went home unto Camelot Minster, and so after that they went to supper, and every knight sat in his place as they were beforehand ; then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that they thought the place should all to rive. In the midst of the blast entered a sunbeam, more clear by seven times than ever they saw by day." "Then entered into the hall the holy grail, covered with white samite, but there was none that might see it nor who bear it ; and then was all the hall fullfilled with great odours ;" and when the holy grail had been borne through the hall, then "the holy vessel departed suddenly, and they wist not where it became." "Then the king yielded thanks to God of his grace that he had sent them. 'Certainly,' said King Arthur, 'we ought greatly to thank our Lord Jesu Christ for that he hath shewed us this day, at the reverence of this high Feast of Pentecost.' 'Now,' said Sir Gawaine, 'but one thing hath failed us ; we might not see the holy grail, therefore it was so preciously covered ; wherefore I will make here a vow, that to-morrow, without any longer abiding, I shall labour in quest of the Sancgrail, that I shall hold me

out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed, I shall return again, as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ.' When they of the Round Table heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose the most part of them and avowed the same; and anon, as King Arthur heard this, he was greatly displeased, for he wist well that they might not again say their vows. 'Alas!' said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, 'ye have nigh slaine me with the vow and promise that ye have made; for through you ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship, and the truest of knighthood, that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for, when they shall depart from hence, I am sure that all shall never meet more in this world.'"

With this foreboding they separated upon the next day. "In their last interview the tears began to run down the king's visage, and therewith he said—'Ah! knight Sir Launcelot, I require thee that thou wilt counsel me, for I would that this quest were undone, and it might be.' 'Sir,' said Sir Launcelot, 'ye saw yesterday so many worthy knights that then were sworn, that they may not leave it in no manner of wise.' Then the King and the Queen went to the Minster, and anon Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine commanded their men to bring their arms; and when they were all armed save their

shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which all were ready in the same wise to go to the Minster. Then after the service they mounted upon their horses, and rode through the streets of Camelot, and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping." That night they made their lodging in the castle of an old knight named Vagon ; " and then they departed on the morrow with weeping and mourning cheer, and every knight took the way that him liked best."—*Hist. Prin. Arth.*, Pt. iii., chap. 36.

The adventures which they afterwards encountered, form the principal relations in the latter part of the Romances of the Round Table, and through most of their sentiments and incidents there is maintained an exalted tone of feeling, and a reigning moral, becoming the solemnity of the enterprise.

In the commencement of the adventure, it was enjoined that all those who professed its " Quest " should maintain a strict government of their passions ; and, in the ill success which attended some of the knights, they were put to various shames and misadventures for attempting the achievement in an unworthy state of life, or with unrepented sins upon their conscience. Hence the great Sir Launcelot, the " best knight of the world," failed in his quest ; and the following instance of his ill success is an example of the moral of the romances, and the imagination of their writers :—

Sir Launcelot, and his fellow Sir Percivale, having separated in a wide forest, " Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong, and held no certain path, but as adventure led him ; and at the last he came unto a stone cross which departed two ways in waste land, and by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him and saw an old chapel, and there he weened to have found much people ; and so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield and hung it upon a tree, and then he went unto the chapel door and found it wasted and broken, and within he saw a fair altar full richly arrayed with cloath of silk, and there stood a fair candlestick, which bare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver ; and when Sir Launcelot saw the light, he had a great will for to enter the chapel, but he could find no place where he might enter. Then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came again to his horse, and took off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helm, and ungirded his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield before the cross.

" And as he fell on sleep, and half waking and half sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreys, both fair and white, the which bear a litter, therein lying a sick knight ; and when he was nigh the cross he there abide still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for

he slept not verily ; and he heard him say—‘ Oh ! sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, wherethrough I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespass ;’ and thus a great while complained the knight, and always Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick with the tapers come before the cross, but he could see nobody that brought it ; also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sangrael, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour’s* house. And therewithal the sick knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said—‘ Fair sweet Lord, which is here within the holy vessel, take heed to me that I may be whole of this great malady,’ and therewith upon his hands and upon his knees he went so nigh that he touched the holy vessel and kissed it, and anon he was whole ; and anon he said—‘ Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.’ So when the holy vessel had been there a great while, it went into the chapel again with the candlestick and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sin that he had no power to arise against the holy vessel ; wherefore afterward many men said of him, shame, but he took repentance after-

* *i. e.* “ *Pécheur*,” he was king Pelles, grandfather of Sir Gallahad, and called “ *le Pécheur*,” for venturing to enter the enchanted ship contrary to its ordinance.—*Rom. P. Arth.*, Pt. III., Ch. ii., lxxxvi., &c

ward. Then the sick knight dressed him upright, and kissed the cross. Then anon his squire brought him his arms, and asked his Lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said he, 'right heartily, for through the holy vessel I am healed ; but I have right great marvel of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessel hath been here present.' 'I dare it right will say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is befouled with some manner of deadly sin whereof he was never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappy, for, as I deem, he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sangreal.' 'Sir,' said the squire, 'here have I brought you all your arms save your helm and your sword, and therefore by mine assent now may ye take this knight's helm and his sword ;' and so he did. And when he was clean armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his own, and went his way."—*Hist. Prin. Arth.* Pt. III., Ch. xlv.

The moral which follows this disgrace is beautifully expressed by the hermit, to whom Sir Launcelot confessed his humiliation. "Sir," said he, "ye ought to thank God more than any man living, for he hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth ; and for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, that caused you might not see it with your

worldly eyes ;” “ and there is no knight living that ought for to give unto God so great thanks as ye, for he hath given unto you beauty, seemliness, and great strength above all other knights, and therefore ye are the more beholding unto God than any other man, to love him and to dread him ; for your strength and manhood will little avail ye if God be against you.”—*Ibid*, xlvii. Throughout its adventures the quest of the Sancgreal is made an allegory to inculcate the virtues of a noble and illustrious life, and the true duties and glory of chivalry. “ When ye were first made a knight,” said the Hermit to Sir Gawaine, “ ye should have taken you unto knightly deeds, and *virtuous living*.” Patience, humility, charity, and the perfect government of the passions, were inculcated as the true characteristics of knighthood, and by which alone the pursuit of the Sancgreal could be followed with success ; accordingly it was ordained to be achieved by Sir Galahad, for that he was “ clean, and without spot or blemish.” The consummation of the “ Quest of the Sancgreal” is concluded by the death of its noble aspirant, and its own translation from the earth which was not worthy of its presence. In the felicity of its beatific vision, Sir Galahad had prayed that he might be permitted to pass out of the world when he should make his request ; and having obtained the keeping of the holy Grail, and prepared himself by a year of devotion and exemplary life, coming as customary before the sacred vessel to

say his morning devotions, he found kneeling before it “a man in the likeness of a bishop, and a great fellowship of angels, and then he arose and began a mass; and when he came to the saking of the mass, and had done, he called for Galahad, and said: ‘Thou shalt see that which thou hast so much desired,’ and then ‘Sir Galahad began to tremble right sore when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things’—‘and therewith the good man took our Lord’s body between his hands and proffered it unto Sir Galahad, and he received it gladly and meekly;’ and then ‘Sir Galahad went to Sir Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God,’ and said: ‘Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Launcelot, my father; so soon as ye see him, bid him remember this unstable world;’ and therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesus Christ, and a great multitude of angels bear his soul up to heaven; and his two fellows saw come from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithence was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sangreal.”—*Hist. Pr. Arth.* Part III., ch. 103. It has been the taste to decry the “puerility” and “absurdity” of the romances of chivalry, without any observation of their merits; but whatever were their critical errors, it should not be overlooked that they abounded in the

noblest sentiments of heroism, generosity, and devotion ; and that if sometimes they degenerated into inconsistency and extravagance, they often possessed simplicity and grandeur approaching to the sublime, and inculcated principles of honour, patriotism, and an exalted veneration for virtue and religion, which might be read with much advantage by the directors of the public imagination in the nineteenth century ; and a reader of black-letter fiction might take leave to doubt if the author of any modern novel ever composed his work in the spirit of those writers, of whom one of the most popular concluded his last page * with the words,

‘ LAUS DEO.’

And another† consecrated his first with the inscription,

“ JESU SALUATOR,
TU SIS MICHİ AUXILIATOR,
AD FINEM DIGNUM LIBRUM
PERDUC ATQUE BENIGNUM.”

* Amadis de Gaul.

† The Blind Minstrel’s Wallace, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. fol. 1.

THE ENCHANTED SPINDLES.

I. PAGE 76.

THE history of these curiosities is among those fables which so unhappily intermix in the machinery of the old romances. They were discovered by Sir Galahad and his companion, Sir Percivaile, affixed to the bed which was part of the miraculous furniture of the enchanted ship made by king Solomon for the purpose of sailing about the world with his charmed sword, until the proper time came for rendering it to his descendant, Sir Galahad, the great champion of the Round Table. For what purpose the spindles were made, king Solomon himself confessed, that if all the world were present, they could not tell. His queen never thought proper to inform him, and Sir Thomas Maleor, who seems to have been the only person in the secret, has not judged expedient to declare it to us, but he has abundantly satisfied all curiosity as to their appearance. They were six in number, of which two were as white as snow ; two emerald green ; and two blood red ; of the natural colour of the wood, and without any painting. “ These spindles had their origin in

the tree of knowledge." For when Adam and Eve were put out of Paradise, "she took with her the bough on which the apple hung ; then perceived she that the branch was fair and green, and she remembered her of the loss that came by the tree ; then she thought to keep the branch as long as she might ; and because she had no coffer to keep it, she put it into the ground, so the branch grew to a great tree within a little while, and was as white as any snow, branches, boughs, and leaves, that it was a token a maid planted it." Upon the birth of the primogenitor of the human race, to commemorate this first manifestation of the fertility of the world, the tree assumed a verdant hue, and became as green as grass, and all that came of it." "And so it befel, that many days after, under the same tree, Cain slew his brother Abel, wherof befel full great marvel, for anon, as Abel had received the death under the green tree, it lost the green colour, and became red, and that was in token of the blood. And anon all the plants died thereof ; but the tree grew and waxed marvellous fair, and it was the fairest tree and the most delectable that any man might behold." When the ship was completed which was to transport Solomon's sword to his descendant the knight of the Round Table, one of his queens, who, from the interest which she took in the affair, must be supposed to have been the young gentleman's great-grandmother, at the distance of some hundred generations, ordained a bed on

which the sword might be laid in state, during its milleniumary voyage, and to decorate the tester, she summoned a carpenter to attend and take her commands at the tree under which Abel was slain. 'Now,' said she, 'carve me out of this tree as much wood as will make me a spindle.' 'Ah ! madam,' said the carpenter, "this is the tree the which our first mother planted." 'Do it,' said she, 'or else I shall destroy thee.' Anon as the carpenter began to work, there came out drops of blood, and then would he have left, but she would not suffer him. And so he took away as much wood as might well make a spindle ; and so she made him take as much of the green tree, and of the white tree ; and when these three spindles were shapen, she made them to be fastened on the top of the bed. When Solomon saw this, he said to his wife—what, we have no doubt, will be entirely assented to by the reader—'now, though all the world were here, *they could not tell wherefore all this was made.*' Had Solomon lived to the time of Sir Thomas Maleor, he might also have expressed the impossibility of comprehending how, though the carpenter made only *three*, Sir Galahad and his companions found *six* spindles ; and how, though the tree twice changed its colour, and lost all its offsets, it afforded, three thousand years afterwards, all its original varieties of white, crimson, and green timber." —*Hist. P. Arth.* Pt. III. c. lxxxvi. lxxxvii.

ULYSSES' BOW.

PAGE 79.

“And now his well-known bow the master bore,
 Turned on all sides, and viewed it o’er and o’er,
 Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong—
 Its owner absent, and untried so long.”

Odyssey, B. xxi.

“HARRIE THE SOWIE.”

PAGE 81.

“HARRIE the Sowie” is a game played by boys in Scotland, and is a sort of shinty, or as it is called in England, “*Hockie*,” in Ireland “*Commons*.” There is, however, considerable difference. In the latter, a “*hail*,” or winning goal, is possessed by each party, which endeavours to drive the ball through its own hail, and prevent it reaching that of the opponents. But in the former there is but one, and the struggle consists in the contest of each party to obtain the honour of the hail, or driving the “*sow*,” which is generally a piece of bone, into the goal. In shinty, the hails are gates marked by posts or any upright object, and are placed opposite to each other, at the distance of about two hundred yards, and the parties stand opposed between them ; but in Harrie the Sowie they stand in a circle, and the hail is a hole in the centre of the arena.

It may be doubted whether—varying only by a very trifling aspiration—the name should not be “*farra*,”

or "*farrow-the-sowie*," in allusion to the ancient military engine, called a sow, and the ordinary jest of a besieged garrison, when they dislodged its inmates, that the sow had *farrowed* her pigs."* In the days when the military engine was familiar, this etymology might have arisen from a jocular comparison between the struggle to hail and prevent hailing the game sow, and the contest to advance and prevent the advancement of the military sow to the beleaguered wall.

Whether or not this analogy existed—since we have named the engine, for the sake of those who are not familiar with its nature—it may not be impertinent to remark that it was a wooden shed upon small block wheels, closed at the head, top, and sides, by very strong planks, and used to protect the engineers employed in breaking the foot of a wall. It was one of that herd of wooden animals which, from their names, were called in Scotland "*Bestial*,"† and of which the principal were the "*War-wolf*," the "*Ram*," the "*Sow*" the "*Tortoise*," and the "*Cat*." A graphic account of the contest, for and against the advance of the sow to its attack, is given by the venerable and poetical Barbour.

* * * * *

" Then they without, in great array,

* Barbour's Bruce, B. XII. 441. Hollinshed's Chronicle, fol. 1577, p. 345.

† Bl. Min. Wallace, B. VII., 977, 987.

Pressed their sow towards the wall,
 And they within soon caused^a call;
 The engineer that taken was,
 And great menace to him mais,^b
 And swore that he should die, but he
 Proved on the sow such subtilty
 That he should crush^c her ilk^d dele,
 And he that has perceived wele
 That the deed was well near him till,
 But if he might fulfil their will,
 Thought that he, at his might would do.
 Bended in haste then was scho,^e
 That to the sow was even set
 In haste he caused draw the clecket,^f
 And smartly let fly^g out the stone;
 Even o'er the sow the stone is gone
 And behind it a little way
 It fell and then they cried, "*hey!*"
 That were in her—"Forth to the wall!"
 For dreadless it is ours all!"
 The ginner* then actively^h
 Causedⁱ bend the gin *j* in full great hy,^k
 And the stone smartly let fly out;
 It flew out wizzing with a rout,^l
 And fell right even before the sow;
 Their hearts then began^m to grow,ⁿ

^a "Gert," orig. ^b makes. ^c to fruschyty, orig. ^d every part.
^e "she," *i. e.*, the engine on the wall. ^f the check or trigger of the
 engine. ^g "swappyt," orig. * Engineer. ^h "deliverly," orig. ⁱ "gert,"
 orig. ^j engine. ^k haste. ^l heavy blow or shock. ^m "begouth"
 orig. ⁿ "grew," modern Scot.; shudder, Angl.

But yet then with their mights all,
 They pressed the sow towards the wall,
 And has her set there-to gentilly.^o
 The ginner then cause bend in hy
 The gin, and slapped out the stone
 That even towards the sky^p is gone
 And with great weight then dashed^q down,
 Right by the wall in a randown,
 And hit the sow in such manner
 That it that was the most sure,
 And strongest for to stand, a stroke,
 In sunder with that crash^t broke;
 The men ran out in full great hy,^u
 And on the walls they made cry,
 That their 'sow was farrowed' there!" *

* * * * *

We have modernized the orthography and some of
 the words of the above passage, for the facility of those
 unfamiliar with the old Scots.

^o completely. ^p "lift," orig. ^q "dusshit," orig. ^r rapid motion
 or fall. ^s "stint," orig. ^t "dusche," orig. ^u haste.

* The Bruce, B. XII., p. 400.

ABHORRENCE OF THE DEER TO SHEEP.

PAGE 84.

“THE deer went from the hill.” This is not a figurative assertion. The detestation of the deer to sheep is so great, that they will not inhabit the same ground with these animals.

A remarkable instance of this antipathy was observed in the end of the last century by an old drover, familiarly called “*An dròbhair bàn*,”* when crossing one of the great moors of Sutherland, soon after the first “head of sheep” had been turned into Lord Ray’s forest. The narrator was surprised by the appearance of a large column of near a thousand deer marching out of the country in a steady determined emigration. Disgusted by the invasion of the sheep and their dogs, they had collected from all parts, and unable to find “clean ground,” continued their course out of the

* Mr MacIntyre of Clun-nam-Mac-righ, in Lorn, a most worthy and intelligent example of the old character of the Highlanders, whose mind was stored with ‘traditionary lore and personal observation. Time and the grave, which now divide us, will not obliterate the remembrance of the hospitality and information which we have received under his roof.

country, dispersing into the most solitary glens. From these they never returned, and, harassed and killed by the shepherds and farmers, their numbers became reduced to the few and scattered fugitives which lingered in a state of outlawry in remote coires, until the "commercial spirit" of England spread to the Highland hills, and it was discovered that harts and hinds could be converted into marketable stock like other cattle. Hence deer are now "*grown*" for Saxon guns, as wool for Manchester looms, or beef for Smithfield shambles.

The abhorrence of the deer to sheep did not result merely from the disturbance of their dogs. It is true that, like the corollary of St Columbus concerning cows and women, "where there are sheep, there must be dogs, and where there are dogs there must be mischief." But the chief cause for which the deer shun the society of their woolly enemies, is the closeness of their feeding, and the foulness of their fleece.

The deer is very delicate in his food, and exceedingly fastidious as to the purity of his pasture. Independent, therefore, of the abridgement of his provision by the excoriating teeth of the tree and herb-exterminating "*gall-geall*," he cannot endure the oily rancour of their wool, which poisons the fresh heather and sweet green shealing. Wanting these nuisances, he exhibits no antipathy to the intercourse of black cattle, his old aboriginal brethren of the hill, whose clean coat and

moderate feeding spares the grass, and leaves no taint of tar and oil in the pasture. Hence the deer and the stirks may be seen herding in the same coire, and reposing on the same turf.

Sheep in any considerable number are an introduction into the Highlands since the latter end of the last century—when it was supposed to be discovered that mutton was not only a *safer*, but a more profitable stock than man. It is yet well remembered in Argyllshire, that the first Cheviot flock brought into that country was introduced by Mr Campbell of Combie, upon the farm of Balantyre, near Inverary, in the year 1771. The earliest similar colonization in Inverness-shire was in Morven, about the year 1777. The shepherd of these flocks—of whom the first was a certain John Todd from the neighbourhood of Dumbarton; the second, a Braidfoot from the border—introduced the first “*maud*,” or “*shepherd’s plaid*,” worn in Argyll or Inverness. Similar flocks and their feeders disseminated the expulsion of the deer, and the introduction of the base “*hodden-grey*,” which has since usurped the place of the tartans of the Clans; and at its first appearance, from the calamities by which it was accompanied, and its degraded supplantation of the national dress, was truly and significantly named—“BRAT-GALLA,”—“*The foreigner’s rag*,” and—“AN RIOCHD-MALLAICHTE,”—“*The accursed grey*.”

This hue was to the Highlanders what black is to their

neighbours ; and so detestable for its wan and ghostly appearance, that its association afforded the popular appellation for ghosts and devils ; hence an apparition—a phantom—was named “ an *Riochd*,” the grey, or wan—the spectre foreboding death “ *am bodach glass*,” the grey carl ; another of an evil genus in the shape of a goat—“ an *Glastig*” or “ *Glasdidh*” *—“ the Grey” or wan ; and, as in the south, the great enemy is named familiarly “ *The Black Gentleman*,” so in the Highlands he is called “ *Mac an Riochd*,” the son of the grey. In the ideas of the old wives and children of the last century, all these personifications, except one, were as nearly as possible those of the modern “ *dubh gall*” deer-stalkers in their chequered “ *hodden grey*,” wanting only the “ Jim Crow,” “ ruffian,” or “ crush hat”—enormities which had not then completed the masquerade of death and Satan.

It is easy to trace the origin of this association. The ancient Caledonian hell, like that of Scandinavia, was a frozen and glassy region—an island named “ *Ifrinn*,” far away among the “ wan waters” of the Northern Ocean, and involved in everlasting ice, and snow, and fog. In this association, the appearance of the evil spirits to its inhabitants, like that of mortals in similar circumstances, was believed to be dim, wan, and cloudy

* It has pleased a writer of the “ *Cockney school*” of Highlanders to convert this word into “ *Glaslig*,” which we take leave to observe is unknown in the Highlands, and did not exist before the year 1841.

shades, such as men become when seen through a frosty mist. Thus, a party of modern deer-stalkers, noble, well appointed, and gallant though they be, in despite of the gold Geneva watch chains, and costly Purdie rifles, which peep from beneath their shepherd plaids, would represent to an old "*Sealgair-nam-beann*" the liveliest vision of the fiend and his familiars; and we have no doubt that, if "*Alasdair Mac-Dhonachiruaidh*," or even "*Iain-dubh-draoineachan*," had ever met, in the grey of the morning, either Lord O., Sir H. G., or "The brigands of A. . . .," he would have fled the hill for that time, and never have returned to it again, between sun setting and sun rising.

THE FOSTER BROTHER.

PAGE 96.

“ BESIDES the strong ties of affinity held so sacred,” in the Highlands, “ there were others that formed a bond of no small endearment. In the Highlands, the children of gentlemen were always given out to nurse, on this simple principle, that such a one could never have too many children, or too many adherents. The more sons the better. These were the ornament and defence of a clan. The more daughters, still the better ; for these formed ties by which useful alliances were procured ; and the more foster brothers and sisters that were created by the nursing of these children, the more a family had of adherents attached to them, with a fervour and fidelity beyond example.

“ There were two kinds of foster-brothers, bound to each other by the kindly ties I have mentioned. One were the children of the person by whom the child was nursed ; the other, which was but of rare occurrence, were the children of other gentlemen who happened to be nursed by the same person.

“ This could not often take place, because people generally found qualified nurses within their own bounds. But when such a tie was thus created, it was very binding. The *Cho Alt*, for that was the term by which this relation was signified, was the nearer for being the child of one's nurse ; but he was the dearer for being one's equal, born in the same rank, bred to the same pursuits, and having, as it were, an inherent title to be one's chosen friend.”*

A powerful illustration of the ties of fosterage in our own times, is related by Mrs Grant of Laggan.

“ Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser, son to the Laird of Culduthil, being on service with the 42d regiment, was sent with other troops on a vain attempt to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747. They lay entrenched for some time near the French lines. Some rash and unlikely project was formed for surprising a redoubt held by the enemy, in the night ; which I think did not after all succeed. It was, however, attempted with great secrecy at midnight—‘ moonless midnight.’ Young Fraser was among the number of the proposed assailants ; but no privates of his regiment, to the great grief of the officer's foster-brother, who would willingly have accompanied him.

“ The party left the trenches with the utmost silence

* Mrs Grant's Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders, II. 188. Gen. Stewart of Garth's Sketches, I. 245. Mrs Grant has inadvertently mentioned the young officer as “*Culduthil*.”

and secrecy ; but, from the utter darkness, and their imperfect knowledge of the ground, became confused, and so bewildered, that they knew not exactly where to proceed.

“ In the act of getting over the remains of an enclosure which stopped his path, young Culduthil felt his feet entangled in something. Putting down his hand to discover the cause, he caught hold of a plaid, and then seized the owner, who seemed to grovel on the ground. He held the caitiff with one hand, and drew his dirk with the other, when he heard the imploring voice of his foster-brother. ‘ *Cìod e thug an-so thu!* ’ How came you here ! whispered the surprised subaltern. ‘ *Gu cobhair ortsa ma’s urrainn mi* ’—To help you if I can, replied the foster-brother ; ‘ *Ou ! tha sin do-dheanamh nise, Ach carson a tha ’m breacan ? nach ’eil ach a cuir maille* ’—Oh ! that is of no use now, and why the plaid, which is only in the way ? ‘ *Ochòin cia mar thiginn am feasd a’ àm fianuis mo mhathar, us thusa marbh no leòinte gun mise bhi fagus dhuit le breacan ’san deaninn do ghiùlan* ’—Alas ! how should I ever see my mother if you were killed or wounded, and I was away, and no plaid in which to bring you ? * I cannot recollect the sequel of the adventure, but, upon

* The dialogue as given by Mrs Grant is evidently made up from imperfect recollection ; we have therefore substituted the original Gaelic of the tradition as we received it from “ Murrach dubh ”—Black Murdoch MacLean, the old piper in Inverness.

inquiry, it was found that the poor man had crawled on his hands and knees between the sentinels, then followed the party at some distance till he thought they were approaching the place of assault, and then again crept in the same manner on the ground beside his master that he might be near him unobserved.

“This faithful adherent had too soon occasion to assist at the obsequies of his foster-brother ; for looking over the edge of the trench to view the approaches of the enemy, he was killed by a cannon ball in a few days after.

“This subject of the tenderness of these kinds of attachment would admit of much farther illustration, but I suppress many curious and authentic facts.” *

* Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders, II., 192.

THE "SOUTH FACTOR."

PAGE 100.

"IN that district the gentlemen stood in some awe of their Maker, and had some respect, and more attachment, for their chiefs; they thought they had lived very comfortably under their old patriarchal life, and wished for no other. *Light*, however, began to be let in on those regions; and the lord of the soil, who lived at a distance, sent a gentleman pretty much of their own class to superintend, administer justice, and uplift the rents of the lands, which had previously been held by a kind of military tenure. This was not to be endured. Many wise heads were laid together to revenge what they could not prevent.

"A man of determined resolution, who was the Cassius of the conspiracy, sent his *Linn a' chrìos** to take the life of the intruder, which he thought he might do

* "*Linn a' chrìos*"—literally "*Children of the belt*." They were the immediate confidential body followers of the chief, ready at all times to support, defend, or obey him, at the peril of their lives. The bond was mutual: he in return protected them against all injustice or aggression.

with a safe conscience, on the same principle that Hamlet excused himself for the death of Polonius. The linne made no scruple of undertaking the business, and though the chief felt no remorse at the meditated deed, he did not choose to shock his family with the result. He sat down with two or three friends in a little *tigh-òsda*, or drinking house by the road-side, having given strict charges to the most determined of his followers to bring him the head of the common enemy.

“Towards morning the band returned. The leader entering first, his patron cried—‘Where is the head?’ ‘The head is on the neck, and will yet speak loudly,’ said the disappointed carnach.*

“They had surrounded the house, and set fire to it; this adherent, as faithful to his lord as they were to their master, though urged by his servants to make the best of his way, would not leave the flaming house without returning for the papers relative to his lord’s business. Having on a” tartan† “night-gown, which he

* Mrs Grant used the Anglo corruption “*kerne*,” introduced by the English colonists into Ireland, and which had a different meaning *i. e.*, “*Ceathairne*”—peasantry—or, according to the compound more commonly used in Ireland, “*Ceathairne-Choille*”—woodmen—*i. e.*, outlaws or persons under hiding—the woods being their general retreat—as in the highlands similar persons are named “*Fear-Chuirn*,” men of the cairns, because they were driven to the cairns, or rocky summits of the hills. The word intended by Mrs Grant has a totally distinct sense—“*Ceathernach*,” a warrior—a stout trusty peasant, or follower. For the sake of the Saxon reader we have spelled it as pronounced, “*th*” being quiescent in Gaelic.

† Mrs Grant, though she had lived many years in Scotland and

had thrown about him in haste, he put the papers for security within it, under his left arm. There they proved a shield, resisting both bullets and daggers. He fought his way with determined bravery, and escaped severely wounded. Of course he left the country, and I never heard that there was any inquisition made for the perpetrators of this outrage. Indeed, it would not in the least have availed. Crimes of any magnitude were very rare, and when they were committed, it was generally, as in this instance, in consequence of some misapplied or misunderstood principle. Therefore it was in vain to seek a proof, for a Highlander could not, on pain of infamy to himself and all his descendants, betray another.”*

the Highlands, having spent all her early life in America, has been betrayed into the use of the word plaid for tartan, according to the *English* corruption, which applies the name of the *garment* to its *material*.

* Mrs Grant's Essay on the Superstitions of the Highlanders. 8vo, Lond. 1811, II. 45.

MAGGIE MACKAY.

PAGE 111.

THIS incident, and the remark of the noble proprietress of the poor woman's croft, is related and universally believed as a fact in that country ; the barbarous and impolitic depopulation of which, has almost equalled the inhuman "*clearances*" in Ireland, and practically demonstrated the blasphemous principle of Malthus, that "*the poor have no right in the soil.*"

TERMS OF PIBROCHS.

PAGE 114.

THE technical terms for the regular pieces of pipe music, and the parts in their variations, are as follow :—

NAMES OF THE PIECES.

PORT-TIONAIL	- - - - -	The gathering.
PORT MÀRT	- - - - -	The March.
CUMHA	- - - - -	The Lament. Played at the funerals of the clans.

NAMES OF THE PARTS IN THE VARIATIONS.

DEACH-GHLEUS	- - - - -	The tuning prelude.
CNAMH, or URLAR	- - - - -	The adagio or theme.
AN SIUBHLACHAN	- - - - -	The Allegro, or first acceleration.
TOR-LUATH	- - - - -	Increased acceleration, 2d variation.
CRUN-LUATH	- - - - -	Still quicker, 3d variation.
CRUN-LUATH FOSGAILTE	- - - - -	Open running, 4th variation.
CRUN-LUATH BREABACH	- - - - -	The lilting or springing movement, 5th variation.
CLIATH-LUATH	- - - - -	The quickest movement, or "battle of notes," 6th variation.

THE CREEL HOUSE.

PAGE 121.

“CREEL” or basket houses were once common in all the woody parts of the Highlands, but only used by chiefs after the dilapidation of their castles in the troubles of the great ecclesiastical and civil rebellion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The construction of the building was a strong timber frame, with a double case of very close wattling, about two feet asunder, the exterior surfaces of which were plastered, and the intervening space filled with clay or turf. The superior dwellings were hung with arras, which, for persons of the highest rank, was sometimes of costly materials. The notices of the interior, mentioned in the text, are derived from the tradition of the house of Clanranald, at Ormiglade, in Uist, and which existed in the latter end of the seventeenth century, previous to the erection of the stone mansion burned by an accidental fire in 1745.* It was richly furnished with gilt mirrors, French silks, and tapestry. This

* This loss happened while Clanranald was on the mainland, and his son absent in the army of the Prince. It was occasioned by the person, who was left in charge of the house, having neglected a pot in which he was smelting deer's fat—considered a great specific in the Highlands for bruises, rheumatism, &c. The cauldron boiling

will appear less surprising when it is known that, in the middle ages, the West Highlands and Isles possessed a prolific trade with the Continent,* which lingered in some degree as late as the early part of the last century. The principal intercourse was with France and Spain; and even in 1745, the dress plaids of young Clanranald were made of *Barcelona silk*.†

In the woody districts of Ardnamurchan, Braemar, Strathspey, and other great forest tracts, the creel-houses continued to a late period; and the last known to us were those inhabited by MacDonald of Greenfield, on the Garrie, and “old Lurg,” a venerable *ceann-tigh* of the clan Grant, who lived on the skirts of the forest of Abernethy, and died about the year 1777, more than a hundred years of age.

We have often heard an old gentleman,‡ not many years deceased, describe his boyish impressions when, after having travelled with his father through the fall

over, the blaze caused by the suet communicated to fuel and other combustibles, and the careless absentee was only recalled by the pillar of smoke and fire which arose from the universal conflagration of the house. This building was also splendidly furnished with French, and even Spanish, productions. Its loss, however, was no subject of regret, as the boiling pot only anticipated the fate which, in the succeeding year, it would have shared with Achnacarie, Invergarrig, Castle Downie, and the other castles and mansions pillaged and burned by the banditti of the Duke of Cumberland.

* Costume of the Clans, xlv., et passim.

† Clanranald papers. Information by the Captain of Clanranald.

‡ The late Peter Grant, Esq., sheriff of Banff.

of an autumnal night, the gloom of the moss, and the shadow of the scattered wood, they suddenly entered the bright creel-hall. The wide space illuminated by the clear pine fire, which cast its broad flashes and crackling sparks through the shadow of the solitary chamber, disclosing, with fitful shapes, the black couples and massy rafters hung with deer skins, salmon spears, and more than one "*gunna Spàinteaich*"—the long Spanish gun of the ancient highlanders—while the hoary figure of the old man, then more than a hundred years old, sat before the blaze, his embossed hands resting on his knees, and his scarlet "*peiteag*" and chequered "*truis*," his long hair and white beard, strongly lighted up by the red flame of the hearth.

The memory of this last of the Highland patriarchs is perpetuated by the portrait in possession of his chief at Castle-Grant.

Although extinct as a popular usage, a very good "creel house" was built by the late Glengarrie at Inverrui, for his hunting lodge in Croidart. This house is still, we believe, in existence, and under its hospitable roof we have enjoyed some of those last happy days of clanship, which shall never more be known to the Highlanders in the same rank.

THE CUCKOO.

PAGE 129.

THE "*Cubhag*" or Cuckoo is the name of one of the twelve wall pieces, the only part of the ancient armoury of Invergarrie castle still in the possession of Mac-Mhic-Alasdair. There is another called the "*Ramasach*," or *Ramsey*, from having killed an officer of that name, which happened in the following manner :—

Some time after the battle of Cillecrancie, a party from the garrison of Inverness, under the command of an officer of the name of Ramsey, was ordered out to take possession of the castle of Invergarrie. The news of its approach arrived only a little before its appearance at the north end of Loch Oich, when a man rushed into the hall where the chief was at dinner, and exclaimed—" *Tha an Ramasach tighinn, agus buidhneach mhòr dhearganach !* " " The Ramsey is coming, and a great troop of the red soldiers ! "

Ramsey was well known at Invergarrie, and for a determined man ; and Mac-Mhic-Alasdair, immediately rising from the table, ordered the house to be closed,* and ascended the great square tower, still standing at

* In the hospitable days of the ancient highlanders, the house door was never closed during meals ; and if it had been previously shut, it was then opened, as a sign of welcome to the traveller. To close the house at that time would have been considered a stigma of inhospitality. We have known, in Glen Urcha, an old highlander, whose father never sat down to dinner, or *latched* his door at night—for it was *never bolted*—without first going to the road to see if any traveller was in view.

the west angle of the ruined castle. At the head of the broken stair, now almost impassable, there is a little turret chamber, which looks directly to the head of the lake. Through the small square window the chief and some of his principal attendants watched anxiously for the first appearance of the enemy. Among the party assembled was the old armourer, who was no less remarkable for the extraordinary accuracy to which he had brought the use of the wall-pieces, than the affection which he bore to them, from whence they commonly went by the name of "*Nigheanan-Alasdair-Dhuibh*"—Black Alexander's daughters.

Glengarrie leaned on the sill of the window, his eyes fixed on the little green corner of the lake at Aberchalader, where the road from Fort Augustus first comes in sight along the water, and old Alasdair stood behind watching over the shoulder of his chief. At length the scarlet gleam of the red-coats, and the glancing of the muskets, appeared upon the bank, and in a few moments the head of the detachment filed down along the narrow road which led along the margin of the lake. As they proceeded, the officer could be distinguished on horseback at their head. Mac-Mhic-Alasdair looked over his shoulder at the old armourer—" *An toireadh beòil-nan-tàirneanach* a-mhàin an coileach-ruadh ud?*"—

* Literally "*Thunder-mouths*," a familiar name given to the wall-pieces, from the size of their bore and report in comparison with that of the ordinary "*Cuilibheir*," or musket.

“ Would the wall-guns bring down yon red-cock ? ” said he.

“ *Tha dha,*” replied Alasdair, “ there are two—I would not be sure of them all—but for the *Cubhag* * and her marrow, they would speak to them.”

“ Bring the gowk,” said Glengarrie, turning to one of the men. The mighty hang-gun was brought. Donald laid “ her ” black mouth through the window, and levelled the barrel carefully on the sill. “ Ay,” said he, “ yon should do fine.”

“ Mark him, then,” said Glengarrie. Alasdair waited until the head of the column had cleared some birch scrogg-bushes, and as soon as they came out upon the open road, he laid his eye to the stock, steadied the gun, but just as he was about to pull the trigger, some interruption happened ; there was a momentary halt ; the officer rode to the rear, and only the top of his hat appeared above the musquets. “ *Cha-n’-eil comas air !* ” “ No matter ! ” said Alasdair, as he saw the officer linger ; “ *Gabhaidh mis’ am-fear eile,* ” “ I’ll take the other ; ” and he turned the muzzle of the Cuckoo upon the sergeant. He marked him steadily for a moment, and drew the trigger. The report rolled like thunder round the lake, and as the smoke blew off out of the window, the broad halbert and stiff square-skirted figure of the sergeant were no more visible, but a crowd of the men appeared busy round a red heap upon the

* Cuckoo.

road. “*’S math thilg sin !*” cried Glengarry, “*Thilg a’ chubhag smugaid orra,*” “The gowk has spit upon them.” At this moment the officer rode hastily to the front, and as the square-cocked hat appeared at the head of the detachment—“*Seall! an Cabar Féidh!*” exclaimed Mac-Mhic-Alasdair, “*Aon a ris !*” * By this time the other guns had been brought without bidding. Alasdair chose his next favourite daughter, and laying “her” over the window, marked out the leader, as he sat conspicuous on his horse. The old man levelled his eye along the barrel with a still and steady gaze; in the next moment the “bang” of the heavy gun went off through the casement, and the commander dropped out of the saddle. “*Sin a laochain !*” cried Glengarrie, “*tha an Ramasach cho math ris a’ Chùbhaig,*” the Ramasach is as good as the Cuckoo.” From that day the gun retained the name.

Upon the effect of those two fatal shots, the detachment fell into confusion, and lifting the fallen bodies, made a hasty retreat to Inverness.†

At the sacking and burning of Invergarrie in 1746, the Cuckoo and her companions were sent to Fort-William to do garrison duty against their old friends and neighbours. Here they were retained until the late Glengarrie raised his regiment, when he succeeded in obtaining their restoration to Invergarrie.

* “There’s the stag’s head !—one more !”

† Tradition communicated by the late Glengarry.

HIGHLAND PROPHECIES.

PAGE 131.

IN most of the Highland districts there are local vaticinations, many of which relate to a great day of retribution among the clans. Those in the text belong to Argyleshire, and are directed against the Campbells, who, originally foreign to that province, and having acquired all their great territories by the pillage of their neighbours, were universally unpopular among the aboriginal tribes. Hence, along with the numerous traditions of their usurpations, rapine, and treason, there are current various prophecies of their fall, and the restitution of their wrested territories. Some of the principal of these prognostications are those noticed in the story. "*Grigor Glùn-dos*"* is a MacGrigor, at whose appearance the many enormities committed by the Campbells against his clan are to be avenged. The prophecy of the White Horse is not so ancient. It forebodes that the day shall come when "all which remains of the

* Grigor bandy-legs, now popularly corrupted to "*Grigor-glùn-dubh*,"—"Grigor black knee."

Clan O'Duibhine* shall passover Bruach-na-sroin† *upon one white horse.*" This "sooth-saw," however, like most others, is of very equivocal interpretation, for as the "*White Horse*" is certainly the "*Each-bàn-Hanobher-aich*," the remains of the clan transported by that quadruped might be very different from the burthen of an ordinary "hill-garron." The metaphoric denunciation of the "*Breacan Sgriosail*," or "Fatal Plaid," is equally ominous, but less doubtful. In this no direct mention is made of the Campbells, but it is declared significantly that "there shall be a time when a *many-coloured* mantle shall float down *Loch Fine*, and all the birds of the hills shall assemble together, and each *take his own piece or colour.*" Though nothing more is said, this is universally understood to allude to the multifarious usurpations of the Campbells, and a day of restoration to the dispossessed tribes. The tradition affords much consolation to many an old MacDonald, MacGrigor, MacVicar, MacIntyre, and others of the disinherited names. The last of "Glengarabh's" prophecies is connected with an actually existing fact.

On the shore of Loch Fine, a short distance below Inverara, there is, or *was* in the year 1819, a very large and ancient ash tree. This patriarch of the departed forest,

* The ancient name of the Clan Campbell, from the famous "Diarmaid O'Duibhne," or "Diarmaid an Torc," its supposed founder.

† The main pass out of Glen-Urcha towards the east.

which once spread along the side of the lake, is fatally associated with the house of Argyll. It is the object of one of the oldest traditions in the country, and bears the fatality, that when the water shall wash its foot, the family of “Mac-Chalin-mhòir”* shall be extinct. About eighty years ago the banks of the loch extended so far between the tree and the water, that the prophecy, like the moving of Cruachan, was believed to intimate the perpetuity of the Clan Campbell. Though slow and imperceptible, the shore, however, had been always decreasing, and at length its visible diminution attracted the attention of the old inhabitants of Inverara, until in 1819 the water had gained so much, that in a storm the waves threw their spray up to the roots of the ash. Not having visited the town for many years, we are ignorant of the present relation between the lake and the fatal tree.

* The patronymic of the chief of the Clan Campbell, from his great ancestor “*Calin-mòr-na-sraing*,” Knight of Loch Awe. Sir Walter Scott has led all the Southron and Saxon world into the error of giving to the Duke of Argyll the unknown title of “*Mac-Callum-mòr*,” which is making him the son of *Columbus* instead of *Colin*; besides which, there *never* was a “*Callum-mòr*” of the house of Argyll.

THE HEATH STANDARD.

PAGE 134.

IN the days of Highland chivalry, it was customary to bear the clan badge upon the head of the standard. This usage among the MacDonalds is noticed in a description of the "Highland host" of 1678. "Among other singularities," says the author, "the Glenco men were remarkable, who had for their ensign a fair bush of heath, well spread and displayed upon the head of a staff."* This union of the badge and the banner is frequently alluded to in Gaelic poetry.

"Air brat ball-dearg bréid-gheal
'S *fraoch* sleibh mar bharran air." †

"On the red spotted sheet of the white flag,
And the *heath* of the mountain at its point."

"B'aluinn dealbhach am breid sròil
Air a cheangal ri crànn caol
An robh caisteal, bradan 'us long
Làmh-dhearg, Iolair, 'us craobh
Bha *fraoch* os-ceann sin gu-h-àrd

* Wodrow MS., Bibl. Facult. Jurid., vol. xcix. p. 29.

† Moladh an Leomhainn, ver. 2. Sar-obair nam Bard, I. 135.

Ceangailt' am bàrr a' chroinn chaoil.

Bha sin ann 'us Leòmhann dearg

'S cha b'àite tearmaid a chraos.*

“ From the slim staff the silk unrolled
The gleaming banner's blazoned fold,
The tower, the galley, and the tree,
The blood-red hand, the eagle free,
The salmon and the lion red ;
While, bound upon the standard's head,
The blooming *heath* victorious spread.”

In these notices, the bard alludes to the armorial banner of the MacDonalds of Isla. The epithet “ *red spotted*” refers to the first quarter, which is “ *argent semée of fleurs-de-lis gules*; a lion rampant of the second,” from the marriage of John, Lord of the Isles, with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert I. It is observable, that in the second passage the *Eagle* is mentioned as one of the charges. This bearing has been generally disused except in the Glengarry family ; but it was one of the principal features in the shield of the old Lords of the Isles, and was borne gules surmounted by the galley.

* Dan le Eachan MacLeoid, &c., ver. 17. Comh-Chruinneachadh. 8vo, Edin. 1804, p. 290.

THE FUNERAL.

PAGE 137.

THE gathering for the funeral of a chief in the old time, comprehended not only the whole clan and its branches, but all its "kin and allies;" and since the Highlanders, like the present Albanians and Rajah-Poots, always carried their weapons, it is scarce necessary to observe that the muster was "in arms." The only distinction between the array of a funeral and the array of battle was, that in the former was omitted the "*Clogaide*," the "*Lùireach*," the "*Sgiath*," and the "*Claimh-da-laimh*."*

* The helmet, the mail coat, the shield, and the two-handed sword. The dictionaries erroneously give "*target*," as one of the meanings of the "*sgiath*;" but this betrays an ignorance of the ancient usages of arms. The shield and target of the Highlanders had the same distinction as those of other countries. The first being the *pointed* armorial defence common to all Europe; the last, the round, leather, nail-studded buckler used by the inferior footmen, yeomen, pike and bowmen—the "*Rondache*" of the Normans, the Target of the English, which last name it carried into the Gaelic "*Targaid*." Until the disuse of arms rendered their definition unfamiliar to the parsons and students who made dictionaries, the appellation of the shield and the target were no more synonymous than at the present day that of a musquet and a rifle.

We may take occasion in this place to relate an anecdote, not only illustrating the distinction of the two objects among highlanders,

At the funeral of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, in the latter part of the last century, there were present four thousand men ; and at that of Simon VIII. Lord Lovat, who died at Dalcrois, five thousand men in arms conveyed his body from the march of his lands at

but the astonishing tenacity and accuracy of tradition. The head forester of Lord Lovat, Angus Mackenzie, being in the dining-room of Eilean Agais, where there are some pieces of old Highland arms, having examined the most remarkable, looked anxiously round the walls, and at length asked : “ *C’aité am bheil an sgiath ?* ”—Where is the shield ? The defence, properly so called, having been disused in the Highlands ever since the discontinuance of armour, his cicerone thinking that, like most of his *superiors* in *rank*, he could have no idea of the object beyond its modern confusion with the *targe*, pointed to one which hung upon the wall ; Angus shook his head : “ *Cha n-i sin idir i ’se sin an Targaid* ”—“ It is not that at all ; that is the *Target*,” said he ; “ I know that very well. *Ach is i’n sgrath tha bhuam* ; but it is the *shield* that I want,” and he moved his fingers demonstratively in the exact figure of the usual *pointed* middle-age shield. His guide immediately understood what he wished, and pointed to one of the armorial escutcheons. “ *Hu tha ! se sin i !* ” * exclaimed Angus, with a beam of joy on his face ; “ many a time I heard tell of them, but I never saw the likeness of them before ; ” and he examined its form and emblazonry with the greatest pleasure. Angus passed the greater part of his life in the most remote wilds of Lochaber, Badenoch, and the glens between those districts and the sea, and never had any means of acquiring antiquarian information but what he derived from the songs and traditions of the last old bards and deer-stalkers. But it is—or rather it *was*—with them, and in those remote regions now depopulated by the sheep, or tenanted by Saxons, and in that language for which the possessors, like their fathers, from the “ *nàmhaid-dearg* ” of old, often incur the danger of the cane, † that there lingered more true history and archæological gleanings than are to be found in any of the town-made books which have been written concerning

* O yes ! that is it.

† Burt’s Letters, I., 108. Harl. Miscel. VI.

Bunchrew, to the family chapel in the Church of Wardlaw.*

This funeral, however, was inferior in splendour to that of Hugh X. Lord Lovat, who died in his house at Beaully upon the 27th of April, and was buried in the church of Wardlaw† upon the 9th May 1672.‡

“ At eight o'clock of the morning, the coffin, covered with a velvet mortcloth, was exposed in the courtyard, the pall above it being supported by four poles, the eight branches of the escutcheon fixed to as many poles driven into the ground, four at each end of the coffin. A large plume surmounted the whole. Two hundred men in arms formed an avenue from the gate to the high road. Four trumpeters standing above the grand staircase sounded on the approach of every new arrival. A sumptuous entertainment was given about mid-day. Between twelve and one the trumpets played the dead march, then the mourners raised the coffin and the pall above it. Two trumpeters pre-

Highlanders; and Angus M'Kenzie, and some of those few of the same character and age who yet remain, possess more true knowledge, facts, data, and valuable details, than most of those town students and foreign book-makers, who have written themselves, or copied from each other, notices of a people with whose *language*, character, and local information, they were utterly unacquainted.

* The Wardlaw MS. in the possession of Mr Thomson, accountant, Inverness.

† Now Kirkhill.

‡ Hist. of the Clan Fraser, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid.

ceeded and followed the body. A horseman in bright armour, holding a mourning spear, led the van, two mourners in hoods and gowns guiding his horse. At the ferry, two war horses, covered with black trappings, and held by grooms attired in sables, had been placed in ambush, who starting up, here joined the procession. From the west end of the moor to the kirk stile, one mile in length, armed bands of men were drawn up, through whose lines the procession went slowly. The Earl of Murray alone sent 400 of his vassals; the Bishops of Murray, Ross, and Caithness, with 80 of their clergy, were present, and a body of 800 horsemen. At the Church stile, the Earls of Murray and Seaforth, the Lairds of Balnagown, Foulis, Beaufort, and Strichen, carried the coffin into the church, which was hung with black. After singing and prayer, the funeral sermon was preached from 2 Samuel 3d chapter, 38th verse. At four o'clock the whole ceremonies were over, and the trumpets sounded the retreat. The different clans filed off with banners displayed and pipes playing, the Frasers forming a line, and saluting each as they passed. They then marched to the ferry, and were dismissed."*

The preparations in wine, brandy, provisions, and confectionery for such occasions, resembled the purveyance for the vast entertainments of the middle ages.

* Hist. Frasers, MS. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. 412.

The wines and spirits were furnished in great abundance by the ample commerce with France and Spain; and in latter times condiments, confectionery, and other luxuries, were brought from Edinburgh. At the funeral of Sir Duncan Campbell,* above-mentioned, four waggon-loads of delicacies were transported from the metropolis—but nothing to the satisfaction of the guests, for at a bad piece of the road in the wood of the “*Leitir-Beann*,” at the foot of Cruachan, they were all overturned into Loch Awe.

In the ancient highland funerals all who had far to come, or when the procession had to set off very early, all who were not near neighbours, assembled on the preceding evening, and “waked the corpse,” or kept vigil during the night. The women relieved each other in watching the coffin in the funeral chamber, while the men sat in the hall—the more weary asleep, but the greater number, especially if it was winter, “round

* It was at the death of this Lochnell that the incident occurred mentioned in p. 95 of these fragments. The old chieftain, perceiving that his end was at hand, commanded the piper to be summoned, and directed to play “*Cha till mi tuille*,” the death lament played at funerals. The pipes presently blew up on the green below the castle, for Lochnell house was then a castle. Sir Duncan sat up in his bed, and ordered the window to be opened, and, as the sound of the music went and came below, he listened with deep emotion, waving his hand to the measure, and looking at times to the setting sun, and bright blue sky, as if to take a last sight of the world, till at length his arm sank, he leaned back on the pillow, closed his eyes, and gave one parting sigh.—*Tradition of Beann-da-loch*.

the light of the oak," listening to traditionary tales or poetical recitations, generally of a sombre cast, and delivered in an under tone. At day-break a breakfast was set out, well furnished even among the inferior orders, with beef, venison, or goats' flesh, salmon, trouts, heaps of hens and eggs, and abundance of claret and brandy. Whisky was unknown until the Covenantic and Anglican persecutions put down the abundant commerce with the Catholic countries.

As soon as the meal was concluded, "Thog iad an Corp"—"they lifted the corpse," and the procession set forth. The women followed to the first burn, where, as at that which the dead had already passed, they once more took leave for ever. In the short halt which attended this separation, and in which tears flowed afresh, the "*deoch-falbh*," the parting drink, passed round in profound silence, as if the departed gave the "*deoch-an-doruis*" on that threshold which he should cross no more. The dark column then passed forward, and if it was winter, and the day was bad, with a stern, quick, determined pace; for if the roads were ill, and the waters swollen, it should be a march of toil, sometimes of danger, when the fords were deep and the torrents strong. All near the coffin, and these were continually exchanged from front to rear, relieved the bearers every forty or fifty yards, so that if the distance or the shortness of the light required haste, the bier was born forward with surprising velocity. Two men with

bottles, always replenished, preceded the head of the column about three hundred yards, and gave drink to all whom they met, but with a kind and saddened hospitality. If the deceased was a person of rank, the clan standard was carried before the coffin, but *furled*. The pipes *always* attended, but *followed* immediately after the bier, a small space being warded round the piper, by four men, who joined their drawn swords before and behind him, to keep off any pressure of the crowd. In the present decay, or rather *extermination* of ancient customs, it has been supposed that the pipes should precede the coffin, as they preceded its inmate when alive. But the contrary was the invariable custom ; because the *feet* being borne *forward*, the pipes attended the *head*. It was an undeviating form that the piper preceded in a wedding, but followed in a funeral.

In the vast parishes of the Highlands, where the ecclesiastical rebellion destroyed all the local chapels, and, in many instances, threw a plurality of cures into one, the church is now placed at the distance of a day's journey from many of the inhabitants. Often, therefore, the coffin must be borne from twenty to thirty miles, and through many a deep and violent torrent ; and yet the bearers will perform this progress in five or seven hours. It was, and is still by the people of the glens, considered derogatory for a Highlander to be carried in a hearse. It is by the hands of " his people,"

“shoulder high,” that they feel a sad pride and consolation to render their last services to the dead. When the late Glengarrie died, a question was made in Inverness if a hearse would be used at the funeral? but the clansmen bent their brows and said, “that it might be sent, but that it would never go past Drumnadrochaid,” for that “the people would never see *Mac Mhic Alisdair* carried to the grave in a cart.” His own feelings, indeed, would have sympathised with theirs; for one of ourselves being dangerously ill, and obliged to be borne from Invergarrie to the steamer, he disliked the idea of the carriage being used; upon such an occasion it appeared to him too near the hearse; and when it was proposed, “No,” he said, “he shall be carried in his plaid, *shoulder high*, like his father’s son, and the pipes before him”—which, indeed, *should* have been, could we have had strength to bear it.

The funeral of Glengarrie himself was the last which bore—probably shall be the last which *will* bear—a Highland character; and in the text we have described its features so nearly, according to our recollection of its sad but imposing details, that we could scarcely add any particulars. The funeral of the late Chisholm was attended by a great train of carriages, and nearly a thousand people, but the coffin was conveyed in a hearse, and there were neither pipes nor tartans, nor any attribute of a Highland gathering. One of the chiefs present having heard an expectation

of this absence, made inquiry upon the subject, and received for answer that "*it was desired that no Highland dresses should be present.*"

“ LAMH-DHEARG-CLANN-DOMHNUILL.”

PAGE 139.

“THE red hand,” though not the regular war-cry of the clan, which was “*Fraoch!*” from its badge, the heather was a distinguishing armorial device, and an ancient incentive cry with the great “*Siol Chuain,*”^{*} and was derived from a very early antiquity, an incident of which the following tradition is told:—

When the three sons of Ochaius Duibhlin came over from Ireland to seek their fortunes in Albuinn, it was agreed that he who first touched the land should be chief of all which they obtained. On approaching the coast of Argyll, the galley of the second brother was gaining fast from his companions, when, seeing her about to win the race, Coll-Uais, the elder, seizing a Danish axe, cut off his right hand, and, throwing it on shore before his brother, cried, “*Làmh dhearg, bhuadhach!*”—the red hand victorious!

A dexter hand coupée gules, is born in pale on the

^{*} “Race of the sea.” Such is the poetical etymology for the ancient name of the Clan-Domhnuil; but more truly the appellation was “*Siol-Cuinn,*” the race of “*Constantine,*” from its great ancestor, “*Con-ceud-Cath,*” Constantine of the hundred battles.

dexter chief of the old arms of the Lords of the Isles and Glengarrie, and, with the above cry as a motto, was sometimes carried on the weapons and decorations of the chiefs of that family. It must not be overlooked that the arms of Ulster are argent a dexter hand coupée erect gules; and there is no doubt that, connected as the Isles and north of Ireland had been from the earliest period, whatever was the origin of the cognizance, its usage between both countries was derived from some common source.

THE PRINCE'S BONNET.

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THE bonnet here described was the "*Bonaid-mhòr-iteach*," or great feather bonnet, common to the Highland chiefs from the middle of the seventeenth century, and the parent of the modern military bonnet. One of the ancient wear is thus beautifully described in a Gaelic poem of that period by Ian Lom—

"Gu trom os-cheann gorm shùil a thréith
Chrath itean geala riòmhach tlath
Mar chromas beithe maotha thall
'S na geugan caola fo shneachd aig aom."*

"The white plumes from the stranger's land
Waved heavy round his head,
Like the drooping birches of the craig
When all their slender branches are laden with snow."

The notices in the text relative to the shot marks among the feathers, have followed a tradition, which, though flattering to the imagination, cannot be true. Such marks appear among the plumes, but they are certainly *civil* accidents, for, undoubtedly, the bonnet was

* Posadh Mac Mhic Alasdair. From the recitation of Ailean dall, bard to the late Glengarrie.

never worn by the Prince except upon state occasions, and most probably only during the short period of his court at Holyrood. In ordinary use he appeared in various simple kinds ; on the march, generally one of the flat shape of blue or green velvet, with a gold lace band and the badge of St Andrew in the cockade.* At times he used the little original "*bonaid-biorach*,"† or Highland example of the ancient barrette, common to all Europe in the middle ages, and to the Greeks, Albanians, and Circassians, at the present day. On military parades, and in ordinary full dress, he often wore a "*bonaid-mhòr*," with black and green plumes ; and, as customary among the ancient Highland peers, a small light rim, with the diadem of his coronet.‡

* Henderson's Hist. Reb. 12mo. Edin. 1753, 51. Portrait at Achnacarie.

† That which he wore at Glasgow in 1745 was of crimson velvet, laid on the seams and bound with gold cord and lace. Original in our possession.

‡ Costume of the Clans, pp. 86, 126.

LADY GRANGE.

1.—PAGE 198.

THE history of this lady has created more interest in the present century than in that to which it belonged, partly because her character was unworthy of sympathy with those to whom it was known, and partly for the reason in which it has been said, that the action of epic poetry should be laid in a remote age, because time draws an exciting mystery over events.

At a period when the old Scottish customs, like the old Scottish accents, are fast wearing out,—when the Saxon-bred children talk of *Mrs* Clunie and *Mrs* Glengarrie in the same course of declension with which they speak of a hō'se and a cā't,—meaning those noble ladies whom their great-grandfathers addressed as *Lady* Clunie and *Lady* Glengarrie, and those objects which the same relations denominated a “horse” and a “cart,”—the most national traits have become obscure, and now among those things of which it was said by the venerable Ferguson, “*it is more genteel to be ignorant, than knowing.*”

In the Calvinistic legislation of the seventeenth century, it was enacted, that the highlanders should send their children to the “Inlande, to learn *godlinessse* and

Englishe." It is now to be wished that our kindly bairns were brought up at home, to learn nationality and Scots.

Until this is effected, until the alphabet recovers its value, the lairds their patriotism, and the ladies their titles, there will be many whom it shall be necessary to inform why *Mrs Erskine* was called "*Lady Grange*."

Be it known then to all men, "Francis et Anglicis, et Scottis et Galwensibus,"—those who never knew, and *we* who have *forgotten*, our native customs—that until the "learning of godlinesse and Englishe," after the manner of John Knox and the Duke of Cumberland, had expelled all our good old usages, the wife of a chief or a laird was called the "*Lady*" of the place or patronymic* of which her husband was the proprietor. Hence the Honourable James Erskine having been Laird of Grange,† it followed that his wife was "*Lady*" of the same title. In the present instance, however, the bearer esteemed the matrimonial accident less than the hereditary necessity by which she had been born daughter to Chiesly of Dalry, a man of such a proud and domineering character, as will be best understood by the following illustration :—"Upon Sunday afternoon, the 31st of March, in the year 1689, as the President of the

* From the estate, as "*Lady Lochiel*," or "*Lady Glenco*." From the family patronymic, as "*Lady Clanranald*," "*Lady Macleod*," or "*Lady Macintosh*."

† The estate possessed by Mr Erskine was *Preston Grange*, near Preston Pans.

Court of Session was walking quietly home from church, down the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, at the entry of the Old Bank Close a pistol-shot was fired close behind him, and he fell upon the pavement. Among the crowd which gathered round his body, stood a gloomy-looking man, who, when he heard that the venerable judge was dead, observed,* “I did not use to do things by halves.” Such was the man whom Rachael Chiesly boasted for her father. In the scandal of the time, it was said that she had been betrayed by Grange, and, when about to be deserted, threatened that he should not survive her shame — “Remember,” said she, “*I am Dalry’s daughter!*”

They were accordingly united. Her husband was of a family as ancient and more noble than her own, for his eldest brother was the Earl of Mar, who headed the rising of the clans in 1715. Like most Scottish younger sons, since the time when gilt spurs and sharp lances were exchanged for the two curses of Ercledoune, the sheep skin† and “the grey goose quill,” he was edu-

* The cause of this assassination was a decision by which the Lord President had compelled Dalry to make for his wife and family a provision which he had resisted. Chiesly was executed for the murder at the Gallowlea, half way between Edinburgh and Leith.—*Arnot’s Criminal Trials*.

† The learned in the Rhymer’s prophecies may cavil, that he spoke nothing of the *skin*, but condescended only upon the “*jaw*” of the exterminating animal. Where there is a head, however, there will not want a hide; and if the “*jaw*” has been the curse of men and deer in the highlands, *parchment* has been no less the malediction of mankind throughout Scotland, since almost every aristocratic profession has been engulfed in the law.

cated for that profession, of which we will not repeat Petrarch's definition, but which succeeded so well in his person, that in 1707 he was created Lord of Session by the title of his estate.

Let not, however, any Saxon delusion tempt the reader to believe that *this* conveyed title to his lady. Among the legal dignitaries of Scotland, as among the Protestant prelates of England, the judges and their wives present the anomalous union of "*Lords*" and "*Mistresses*." In the latter case, however, with less reason, for, since there never was a canon for the celibacy of the bench, we know not why the state should be more parsimonious of judicial than of military rank; why the honours earned in a wig should not be as partitive as those won in a cocked hat; and why the spouse of a hero who slays by the gallows, should not be as much entitled to share the style of her husband, as she whose knight slaughters by the sword. In the present nomenclature, the designation of "*Lord*" and "*Mistress*" has a very irreverend association. In the old time, if the judge had also the good fortune to be a laird, there was no equivocation. We may therefore say, that Lord and *Lady* Grange were an extremely unhappy couple.

Without speculating upon what there is now no evidence to show—the balance of their original matrimonial grievances—we may observe, that while the last degree of discord prevailed, we are in possession of no

imputations against Lord Grange, which may not be referred to or palliated by the maniac violence of his wife ; and that, while his public character was unreproached, hers was notorious for an infamy of manners, which insulted and outraged all with whom she had any correspondence, from humble menials to persons of the highest rank, scandalizing the town and alienating all her friends. Her conduct became at length so furious and intolerable, that, with the advice of their mutual relations, Lord Grange came to the resolution of a conventional divorce, and upon the 27th of July 1730, the parties executed a contract of separation for five years, by which Lord Grange charged himself with an allowance to his lady of one hundred a year as long as she should forbear “to set foot in his house in town or country, or at all to disturb his tranquillity.”

For reasons which appear to have been merely those of pride and contradiction, Lady Grange strongly opposed this treaty ; and though finally she conceded to its ratification, she paid no regard to its articles, but immediately after her removal from her husband's house, began to persecute him even “in the streets, in the most scandalous shameless manner.” Upon one of these occasions, she attempted to disturb his seat in the church during the time that the minister was in the pulpit, and being deterred from this indecency, waited her husband and one of their children in a corner near the door, and as they passed out, pursued them through

the crowd with vociferations and reproaches, raising so great a clamour, that they were compelled to take refuge in a tavern in the Writers' Court, where she imprisoned them for more than two hours, by waiting for their reappearance at the head of the close.

Upon another occasion she inflicted a similar aggravation upon her sister-in-law, Lady Jean Paterson, who, after the separation of her brother, had kept his house. This lady having, upon a Sunday, taken her second niece to the afternoon service, Lady Grange waited to intercept them in Merlin's Wynd, and as soon as they appeared, "the Lady Jean walking down the street in the midst of the people, with the little girl in her hand," she went up to them, and, addressing her sister-in-law with the titles of "slut," "jade," and numerous opprobrious names, encouraged the child to leave Lady Jean, by this winning invitation—"Come away from that slut your aunt, my dear, for you are my own dear bairn, and sharp and smart like myself, and will not be a tawpie like her." The little girl wept in great alarm, beseeching her aunt not to let her be taken from her; her mother continuing to follow and persecute them, until at last Lady Jean was compelled to take refuge in a house.

These attacks, however, were prompted by no regard for her children, but merely to vent her own passions, for, notwithstanding the tender years of her youngest offspring, which could not have admitted any serious

cause of offence, her hatred for her husband was so far extended to them, that she was accustomed to designate them by the term of "d——d Erskine brats." It was not only in accidental encounters that she rendered herself the terror of her husband and his family in the streets ; she assailed him in his house in Niddry's Wynd when the rooms were full of company, and the court crowded with chairs and footmen. In the midst of this attendance, she vociferated the most injurious reproaches, directing her abuse to the windows where the company was assembled with Lord Grange and his sister, Lady Paterson.

These violences appear to have been instigated by her indignation at having been induced to agree to the contract of separation, for upon repenting its execution, she not only committed the most furious hostilities, but refused to receive the dividends of her annuity when three times offered, twice by Mr John Erskine, and once by Mr Thomas Elliot, clerk to Lord Grange. Her conduct became at length so violent, and lost to all sensibility, that, avowing herself unconscious of shame, she threatened "to attack her husband on the bench, and neither he nor his nearest friends could pass along the streets without being openly affronted and insulted by her," "as shamelessly as by the most abject and impudent beggar." "Thus she became a disgrace to herself, her husband, and her children, and especially a ruin to her daughters."

These continual persecutions and indignities might themselves have justified, and it appears that in the opinion of the friends and children * of both parties did justify, Lord Grange for banishing his wife to a retirement, where she was unable to degrade her family, and outrage the presence of her daughters. There is indeed reason to think, that either by irritation, malady, or the intemperance in which she was afterwards besotted, her intellects were affected, for upon one occasion her husband found a razor under her pillow.† “What was a man to do with such a wife?” asked he, in the memorial which he afterwards drew up for the arbitrators of his case. “These were things which could not be redressed in a court of justice, and we had not then a madhouse.”

But, independent of the domestic persecution of Lord Grange, there arose another cause for anxiety of a much more serious nature—an immediate danger, by which the liberty, and perhaps the life of himself and his principal friends, were placed at the disposal of an infuriated woman, whose vindictive malice had so long proved the extent of her revenge. By whatever means, either before or after their separation, Lady Grange had obtained a conviction, and, according to her declaration, direct evidence that her husband was secretly associated with the leading Jacobites, and deeply com-

* Notes concerning Lady Grange, Scots Magazine for 1817, I., p. 333.

† Ibid.

promised in a correspondence with the exiled house of Great Britain, it is certain that Sir Alexander Macdonald, Simon Lord Lovat, MacLeod, and others of its most distinguished adherents, were his most confidential friends ; and it is now known that these were in direct communication with the banished court.

According to the assertions of Lady Grange, she was in possession of a paper addressed by her husband to Lord Doune, giving “ a long and particular account of what had passed at London in affairs upon which he had visited” that capital, previous to his separation from his wife. The contents of this paper were declared by Lady Grange to contain “ *clear proofs of treason* against” her husband. As the judge, however, could not vindicate the transportation of his wife by the confession of a conspiracy, he was compelled to protest that the document was only a report of his proceedings in the affairs of his sister-in-law, the Countess of Mar. This lady had been very injuriously treated by Sir Robert Walpole ; and Lord Grange asserted that all which his wife could have revealed was his commentary upon the conduct of that minister, who, being his personal enemy, would have rendered the discovery sufficiently inconvenient. There is, however, much reason to believe that the paper really contained dangerous communications relative to the house of Stuart ; and the part taken by Sir Alexander Macdonald, Lord Lovat, and MacLeod, is an evident proof that there existed

some great and secret cause for her removal, in which they held common interest with her husband.

It has been objected, that neither Sir Alexander Macdonald nor MacLeod were among the adherents of the Prince in 1745. But it is, or ought to be, sufficiently well known, that those chiefs forbore to join his standard *only* because they considered his unsupported attempt utterly incapable of success. The same opinion and the same resolution was determined by Lochiel and Cluny, until the *personal* presence of Charles Edward fascinated their conviction. But even in their refusal, both MacLeod and Macdonald professed, like them, that if he came with sufficient force, they would immediately raise their clans and join his standard. That they afterwards reported his landing to the government, was a mere formal act of their inaction, for the intelligence was not given until it was too late to be of any value.

By those who are still wonderfully disposed to convert the virago of Grange into the "distressed lady" of a romance, a question has been raised against the probability that her husband, a reputed *whig* and *presbyterian*, should have been a compromised *Jacobite*. But the majority of the Jacobites in Scotland were of the latter sect, for the inferior number of Catholics and Episcopalians did not admit of any equality in the body of those discontented with the Hanoverian succession. As to his *political* professions, what were, and are,

those of *expediency* in all ages and countries? What were all the highland chiefs, when they signed the congratulatory address on the accession of George I.? What, especially, was the Earl of Mar, the elder brother of Lord Grange, the elevator of the Jacobite standard in 1715?

Like their father, this leader of the "rebels" had originally joined the revolutionary party for the preservation of his interest; and if he did not maintain his dissimulation so long and so consistently as his brother, it was because he had more temptations and greater loss. Upon entering public life, the earl had acted with the reigning party under the Duke of Queensberry, the leader of the Scottish *Anti-Jacobites*. With them he continued, until in 1704 the translation of their sway to the country party carried him with his interest to the new ministry. In the succeeding vacillations of power, he proceeded so dexterously with both parties, that, while the Tories confided in his adherence to the house of Stuart, the Whigs believed him to be so much their own, that on their return to office they made him Secretary of State for Scotland. Under the *Whigs*, he assisted in that matrimonial alliance* called so emphatically by the highlanders "*Glas-làmh na h-Albainn*"—the handcuff of Scotland—and for opposing it, when it was done, in 1713 he was again made Secretary of State under the *Tories*.

* The Union.

With the Hanoverian succession, he would have trimmed with equal facility, had not George I., on his landing, turned his back in his face at Greenwich, and peremptorily dismissed him from his office without the prospect of conciliation. Previous to this political death-warrant, the noble secretary had not only protested the hereditary "loyalty" which he must necessarily have inherited from the ancestor who "had had the honour to be charged with the care of his majesty's grandmother," but he had availed himself of the legal talents of his "whig" brother, to draw up a fulsome congratulation to the new sovereign for the signature of the leading highland chiefs. What need we observe of the *reputed* politics of Lord Grange, when *all* those chiefs—Jacobites as well as Revolutionists—were compelled by the necessity of their position to sign the unfaithful document?

The conventional character of Grange was therefore no demonstration of his secret proceedings; and it was only in duration that he strained dissimulation beyond his brother. But the earl lost his place, while the judge remained upon the bench; therefore Mar "rebelled," and his brother—retained his seat.

By all who received the last traditions of his history, it has been admitted that the banishment of his lady was incurred by her threats to discover his "*treason*" against the government. During all the interval between the "fifteen" and "forty-five," an active corres-

pondence was maintained between the exiled family and a large body of the principal peers, proprietors, and official personages of Great Britain. Members of Parliament were sent to the house by the influence of King James and the Prince, and even officers under the ministry were at times in correspondence with their agents, and, like Sir James Graham, had their counter "*cabinet noir*" in the post office, which opened suspected letters, and transmitted copies of their contents. By whatever means, Lady Grange appears to have obtained an alarming knowledge of these mysteries, and she made use of the threats which it afforded her, to intimidate her husband into a consent to gratify her pride by removing the stigma of a separation. Finding, however, that he continued inflexible in the resolution to exclude her from his house, she at last determined upon the actual execution of her menace, and for that purpose secured her place in the coach* which then ran from the Canongate between Edinburgh and London. Upon the discovery of this ominous preparation, Lord Grange consulted with his friends, and one of them, "a gentleman of considerable figure and fortune, who had interest with the managers of the stage, prevailed upon

* This conveyance appears to have been a temporary undertaking, and to have been laid aside before the year 1751, since at that date Lord Grange mentions it as having existed only some time before and after the year 1731.—Paper of Lord Grange, quoted in Chambers's Journal, No. 114, N.S., p. 146.

them to return the hire already paid, and let her place” to another traveller.*

Immediately upon this suspension of his lady’s journey, Mr Erskine held a conference with his friends for a conclusive deliverance from the danger with which they were threatened, and the result of this council was a determination to banish the vindictive informer to the western Isles.

At the present time, when the realities of the last century are gone like a dream—when the Stuarts have become the mere phantoms of tradition, disembodied from the hopes and the efforts of existing struggles—the associations of a song or a novel—a “Wilson’s entertainment” or a “Waverley Romance,” to be sung or read at Windsor as freely as in Moidart or Glenfinnan—few or none feel the once present facts, when they were a dynasty recently dethroned, still labouring to overthrow the dominant power.

In these days, when the extinguishing spirit of the union, and the exterminating measures of “the forty-five,” have so fully taken effect, that the majority of the aristocracy have lost all nationality—the reality of Scottish parties and Scottish interests is so worn out, that the events of the last age have become like any other ideal tradition; the fall of the Stuarts and the “loyalty” of the Highlanders is like the tragedy of Macbeth or the

* Lord Grange, who seems to have been minute in his memory, adds—“If I well remember, a foreigner in the army.”

opera of the Donna del Lago ; the plot is exciting, and the spectacle commands admiration, but none are identified with the dread of an usurper, or the sufferings of a proscribed clan.

There are yet many who delight to call themselves "Jacobites," but for the most part it is a sentimental indulgence ; and time has so mingled the elements of the age which they celebrate, that there is only a confused dream of something romantic and chivalrous a hundred years ago ; but the majority have no identity in the peril and animosity of its parties, the danger of "fidelity," the vengeance of power ; many have only the general sense of the period that an antiquary has of an armoury, who prizes the weapons, but does not inquire by whom they were used.

Hence the greatest anomalies are committed by some who profess nationality, but who, forgetful of place, person, and circumstance, mix up the reminiscences of parties and the commemoration of events with incongruous confusion or indecent celebration. It is thus that by one "great Jacobite" *we* have been received in a plaid given to her grandmother by the *Duke of Cumberland*, and by another invited to inspect an orderly book which belonged to one of his officers, and contained the orders of the day for the morning before Culloden. It is thus that the descendant of a Dalrymple would exhibit to a Glenco a fragment of "the Royal William," and that a Campbell of Loch Awe would boast to a

Macgregor of possessing the sword which beheaded Alasdair of Glenstrae ; while in the metropolis of the north, the centenary anniversary of the battle of Drum-mossie *has* been celebrated by the obsequies of—A DINNER ! And it has been proposed to erect a monument to its dead, which shall be inaugurated by—A BALL !

There are now few or none who feel *what* it was to be a Jacobite, when that name incurred the peril of the gibbet and the axe. Some boast to have touched the gown* in which one escaped from the Tower, and some to have seen one of the cells† where another was preserved by his faithful clansmen for nine years after the proscription of 1746. But who now would be the *Nithsdale*, to risk the wearing of that gown ; and who the *Clunie*, to have so preserved the double loyalty of his people !

Few of those who rejoice in Jacobitism under the excitement of a dinner, or the exaltation of a song, who chorus “The old Stuarts back again,” and wear in *ball-rooms* the tartans which they neglect upon *the hill*—few of these consider what it was to support their sentiments when these songs were treason, and that dress was a crime—when Wilson should have been transported, and Glengarrie should have been hanged. It is thus that few of those who are astonished at the banishment of Lady Grange comprehend the danger of her

* Until recently, preserved at Tereagles in Dumfriesshire.

† Under the house of Dalchulie in Badenoch.

husband and his friends, when one word from a desperate woman should have perilled the best heads in Scotland.

The measure adopted by the confederate chiefs for their safety was well calculated for that end, since, while it permitted comparative liberty to the almost maniac informer, it provided a secure and impenetrable secretion, beyond the probability of communication or escape. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Western Isles were scarce ever visited by strangers, and none of the inhabitants, except the clergy and the higher orders, possessed any living language except the Gaelic. No legal officers resided within their circle ; and each clan was so far devoted to its chief, that any measure directed by him was little examined, never disputed, nor betrayed.

The termini of Lady Grange's banishment having lain within the territories of Macdonald and Macleod, and these chiefs having been deeply compromised in the danger of Jacobitism, it is probable that the project for her exile was conceived by one of them. There was, however, another confederate whose intriguing talents might have given him precedence in the suspicion. This was Simon Lord Lovat, who, though he did not receive the lady into his custody, directed the principal movements of her transportation.

For the recovery of his estate and title, this nobleman had powerfully supported the Hanoverian government

in the struggle of 1715 ; but if he had not betrayed, he had lost the confidence of both parties by the intricacy of his intrigues, and upon the success of the reigning dynasty, it discarded him without ceremony.* Burning with disappointment and revenge, he immediately resumed negotiations with the exiled house ; and of all the confederates in the case of Lady Grange, he was the one most likely to be the deepest interested. Hence, according to his Machiavelian talents, he appears as the director of their enterprise.

This influence was greatly affected by his consanguinity with two of the chiefs, and the general connexion of all the confederates who have come to our knowledge ; Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, John Macdonald of Glengarrie, his uncle Æneas MacDonell of Scothouse,† Norman MacLeod of Dunvegan, John

* Upon the final extinction of alarm, the English ministry withdrew the pension which they had granted to Lord Lovat, and deprived him of the independent Highland companies which he had held under the government. From this period he never relinquished the designs of retaliation ; and it was during the confinement of Lady Grange in St Kilda—a confinement to which he probably owed the safe pursuit of his measures—that he dispatched the celebrated John Roy Stewart to King James, with secret intelligence and overtures, which, combined with subsequent efforts, excited and accelerated the attempt of 1745. —Les Memoires de la Vie de Lord Lovat, 12mo, 1747, 85. State Trials, 18, 832, 566, 590, 806, 834.

† The inaccurate edition of Lady Grange's Narrative, printed in the Scots Magazine, has an error which contradicts this well-known relationship, by noticing MacDonell of Scothouse as "*brother to the Laird of Glengarrie,*" and yet married to the *aunt* of John MacLeod.

MacLeod of Muiravonside, advocate, and Rodrick MacLeod, writer to the signet ;—all these were more or less related, and two of the three chiefs matrimonially allied to Lord Simon of Beaufort ;—Glengarrie having been son to Isabel,* daughter of Hugh tenth Lord Lovat, and MacLeod to Anne, daughter of Hugh eleventh† Baron of that house, by which they were

Scots Mag. I. 337. But Æneas of Scothouse, whose wife, Catharine, third daughter of Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera, stood in that relation, was brother to *Alexander* MacDonell of Glengarrie, who died in seventeen hundred and *twenty-four*, and hence uncle to *John* MacDonell of Glengarrie, who assisted the abduction of Lady Grange in seventeen hundred and *thirty-two*. The printed Narrative has erred by omitting the word "*late*," and substituting "*Laird of*," preceding the name of Glengarrie. The MS. original reads correctly—"Scotos, brother to the *late* Glengarry."

* Anderson's History of the Clan Fraser, 4to. Edin. 1825, p. 108.

† Ib. 117. In Douglas's Baronage he is erroneously called the *tenth* Lord Lovat. Edit. 1798, p. 379. It was probably from the above mentioned connexion that Lady Grange, in her Narrative, frequently calls Rodrick MacLeod "cousin to Lord Lovat;" but the alliance of Norman of Dunvegan conveyed no real propinquity between his lady and his clansman, who was descended in the third degree from the uncle of his grandfather. It is, however, probable that Lady Grange had confounded *Norman* of Dunvegan, the husband of Anne Fraser, and *Norman* of Bernera, the grandfather of Rodrick MacLeod, and thus supposed the latter to have been grandson to Hugh eleventh Baron of Lovat, by which he would have been immediate cousin to Lord Simon of Beaufort.

cousins to each other, as well as to Lord Simon. Other intermarriages extended the ties of alliance, then so strongly observed among the clans. John and Rodrick* MacLeod were first cousins—the first son to John of Contullich, the second to his half brother William of Luskind, and both were also connected to the MacDonells, and nearly related to their chief, their fathers having been sons to the celebrated Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera,† great-uncle to the

* The editor of the Narrative of Lady Grange, printed in the Scots Magazine, I. 339, has fallen into the error of declaring that *Rodrick* MacLeod was MacLeod of *Muiravonside*, but the proprietor of that estate was *John* MacLeod, his first cousin, with whom he never shared any interest in the possession. The property really held by Rodrick was the barony of Kames in Bute, which he acquired by marriage with Isabel, only sister and heiress of James Bannantyne, the last male of the ancient house by which the lands and castle of Kames had been held from the 14th century. By the heiress, Rodrick had one son, the late Sir William MacLeod Bannantyne, Lord Bannantyne in the Court of Session, who died in 1833, and by whom the estate was sold to its present proprietor, James Hamilton, ninth son of Alexander Hamilton of Gilkerscleugh, eighth descendant and representative of James 1st Earl of Arran. Rodrick MacLeod took no active part in the rising of 1745, but it was remembered by his son, Sir William, to have seen him “drawing on his boots to ride to London for the purpose of using his influence,” or more probably his professional exertions, “in favour of some of his kinsmen, the Jacobite prisoners of 1746.”

† This distinguished chieftain was third son to the famous Sir

latter, and their aunt married to Æneas of Scot-house, who, as before mentioned, was uncle to Glen-

“*Ruairidh mòr*,” chief of MacLeod, by Isabel, daughter to Æneas MacDonell, seventh chief of the Clan Ronald, and Glengarrie. MS. Hist. Clan. Ran. in our possession; Dougl. Bar. 378. Like all his noble family, in the great civil war he had been a faithful adherent to his sovereign, and in 1650, when his brother Rodrick of Taliskar raised his clan regiment for the service of Charles II., he became lieutenant-colonel, and, with his brave brother, carried to the king a force of seven hundred men. This gallant corps was present in the action of Worcester, where they were almost all left upon the field of battle. Taliskar escaped with difficulty to his native isles, but Bernera was taken prisoner, and confined for eighteen months in England. By his enterprising character, and the assistance of his friends, he at last effected his escape, and, returning to his own country, renewed his exertions to combine another movement for the restoration. In 1653 he was one of the gathering held by the royalist chiefs in Glen-Elg, when, it being resolved to raise a force of two thousand men for the king's service, he was deputed by the council of war to communicate its design to their Prince, the King of Denmark, and the States of Holland. After the total defeat of the royal cause, when the Generals, Dalziel, Middleton, and Drummond, fled for security to Sir Rodrick MacLeod in Skye, Bernera was greatly instrumental in supplying their wants, and transporting them to the continent. In 1659, he was employed by the king to negotiate for aid from Denmark, and had obtained the promise of ten thousand men, when the unexpected interposition of General Monk rendered their assistance unnecessary. Immediately after the accession of the king, he repaired to London, where he was received with high distinction, but no other reward for his great services and sufferings than the empty honour of knighthood. With that base ingratitude by which Charles

garrie. Rodrick and his chief were also connected with Sir Alexander MacDonald, MacLeod having married Janet, aunt to that nobleman and daughter to Sir Donald, third Baronet of Sleat,* and Rodrick having been grandson to Catharine, daughter of Sir James, the second Baronet of that house.†

All the confederates were thus connected by ties of dishonoured his return to the power of remunerating his friends, Sir Norman was permitted to remain in neglect for two years, when, having made a strong representation of his services, and a process being commenced to forfeit the traitor of Assint for the betrayal of Montrose, and correspondence with the king's enemies, an order was prepared to bestow his lands upon Bernera; but their laird having compeared, and found colour to evade justice, retained his estate, and Sir Norman remained unrequited. He had a family of six children—by his first lady, Margaret, daughter to John Mackenzie of Lochslyne, John of Contulich, father to John of Muiravonside, whose house received Lady Grange—by his second lady, Catharine, daughter to Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, William, the father of Rodrick, who directed the abduction of Mrs Erskine from Edinburgh. His remaining children were Sir Alexander, greatly eminent at the bar; Isabel, married to Rodrick MacNiel of Barra; Marian, to Donald MacLean of Coll; and Catharine, first to Alexander M'Leod of Raarsa, and afterwards to Æneas MacDonell of Scothouse. MS. Hist. MacLeod, communicated by Donald MacLean, Esq. of Drimnen. Dougl. Bar. 378, 380.

* MS. History of the Clan Donald in our possession. Douglas errs in making the father of Lady MacLeod, second instead of *third* Baronet of Sleat. Baronage, 379.

† MS. History of the MacLeods above quoted. Dougl. Bar. p. 382.

blood, and united in common cause, hereditarily associated in all the projects and correspondence which preceded "the forty-five," or actively employed in the rising. Donald, fifth brother to John of Muiravonside, familiarly called "*Donnuil na roibeann*,"* was the gallant Donald MacLeod of Bernera, so much distinguished in the service of Charles Edward; his nephew Alexander, only son to Muiravonside, was one of the first to join the standard of the Prince, and acted as his envoy to the Chief of MacLeod and Sir Alexander of Sleat; and the well-known and faithful "*Ned Burke*," who attended the royal fugitive in his wanderings, was a domestic of Muiravonside, who had followed its heir into the service of the house of Stuart. John MacDonell of Glengarrie was son to the celebrated "*Alasdair dubh a' Bhrataich*," who carried the standard of King James at the battle of Cillecrancie, and though prevented by age from joining in the rising of 1745, his eldest son Alexander was taken prisoner in the service of the Prince, and Æneas his second, being thus left to lead out the clan, was killed at Falkirk on the morning after the battle. Such were the leaders in the enterprise against the denouncer of their party, and the inferior agents were made up of their followers and "*Linn-Chrios*." Lord Lovat undertook the most dangerous part of the enterprise, the seizure of the lady in Edinburgh, and her warding from the low

* Donald of the Moustaches.

country to the confines of the clan Donald. Gletgarrie engaged to transport her to the coast, and Sir Alexander of Sleat to convey her to the isles.

The details of the plan having been arranged, the subordinate agents provided, the first stages of the journey prepared, and a vessel held in readiness upon the west coast, a party of Lord Lovat's Highlanders was individually introduced into Edinburgh,* and the attempt was fixed for the night of Saturday the 22d of January 1732. Accident favoured the design. Lady Grange had taken a lodging near her husband, as she hypocritically professed, "for *the pleasure* of seeing him!"—but in reality for the convenience of pursuing her persecutions. Her hostess chanced to be a *Highland* woman named Margaret Maclean. Her two servants were also clanswomen, and whether they were personally acquainted with some of the Gaelic confederates, or influenced only by the strong associations of their tongue and country, they appear to have been gained over as partisans. Upon the evening destined for the enterprise, the house mistress permitted her servants to their repose an hour and a half earlier than usual, and even Lady Grange's own maid was either sent out of the way, or also made confederate.

Towards midnight, the appointed party, under the command of Rodrick Macleod, came to the door of

* Tradition communicated by the late Mr Fraser, minister of Kilmorack.

the lodging, and demanded admittance, saying that they had a letter for Lady Grange. They were immediately let in by the landlady, and conducted to her apartment. At the sight of such visitors at such an hour, she started up, with the spirit of "Dalry's daughter," and immediately recognised some of the highlanders whom she declared she had frequently seen in their master's livery. She had always manifested great terror of Lord Lovat,* and upon the men boldly declaring that it was necessary for her to leave Edinburgh, she immediately raised a cry of murder, and the party attempted to make her prisoner.† In the struggle which ensued, she defended herself with so much fury, that she was thrown down, but, with the spirit of which she had formerly boasted, she continued to make a desperate resistance, fighting with her hands, and beating with her feet upon the floor, to alarm those who were beneath. Her defence was so determined, that she lost some of her teeth and hair in the violence with which she tore away the cloth wherewith they endeavoured to sup-

* Upon one occasion, she had gone to her "husband's house in Niddrie's Wynd, where there is a court through which one enters the house; and the court being full of chairs and footmen who attended the company that were with himself or his sister Lady Jean Paterson, and among that mob shamelessly cried up to his windows injurious reproaches, and would not go away though entreated, till, hearing the late Lord Lovat's voice, who was visiting Mr E., and seeing two of his servants among the other footmen,—'O!' said she, 'is your master here!' and instantly ran off."

† Tradition communicated by the late MacLeod.

press her voice. At length, with great difficulty, she was overpowered, gagged, pinioned, blindfolded, and carried down the stair, at the foot of which, a chair was in waiting. One of the party was on the seat, and, receiving the lady in his arms, held her fast in spite of her struggles. Her eyes being covered, she could not see who were present, but she heard many voices round the chair; and the door being closed, she was carried off rapidly through the city gates to the north side of the town.

At length the bearers halted, the door of the chair was opened, and the covering was taken off the face of Lady Grange, to give her air. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light she discovered that the man on whose knees she had sat was Mr Foster of Carsebonnie, factor to Stewart of Wester Polmaise, and that they were near the Mouter's hill.* A number of persons were waiting by the chair, and besides the party which had brought it from the town, six or seven horses and riders, which Carsebonnie declared to be his, but some of which Lady Grange recognised to be Lord Lovat's, particularly one whom they named Peter Fraser, and who she believed to be his page.

As soon as Lady Grange had recovered breath, they set her on horseback behind Carsebonnie, and tying her fast to his waist, the rest of the riders mounted and

* At present the site of St James's Square.

set off with her “by the long way,”* and the back of the Castle, towards Linlithgow. Among the horsemen were Lord Lovat’s groom, two of his servants named James and Alexander Fraser, Andrew Leechman, tenant of the farm of Wester Polmaise, and Rodrick MacLeod, who did not, however, appear to Lady Grange, or give any visible direction in the party. The night was very cold and frosty, and, becoming pained and numbed with riding, Lady Grange requested Mr Foster to alight and rest ; he did not however think it prudent to risk a halt, and the day was already breaking when they rode through Linlithgow, and approached the end of their stage, the house of Muiravonside, then occupied by Mr John MacLeod, before mentioned.

Preparations having been made for their reception, they were met by three servants with candles in their hands, who lighted Lady Grange to “a very good room,” where a fire was burning. From this apartment she was conducted to a comfortable bed-chamber, with a fire “and good linen,” which, upon examining, she saw was marked with the name of John MacLeod. Here she was detained until after nightfall, but about seven o’clock in the evening, she was informed by Sandy Fraser that they must continue their journey. This she stoutly refused, and resisted so reso-

* Now Prince’s Street.

lutely, that Fraser was obliged to carry her down the stairs, and tie her behind Mr Foster, as before.

The party rode straight for Falkirk, and it being Sunday, the roads were unfrequented, so that they met none upon the way. As they approached the town, they turned off to the south through the Torwood, and having before travelled that road, Lady Grange recognised its features in the moonlight, until, leaving the wood, they took the direction of Wester Polmaise. Upon arriving at the house, Lady Grange was lifted from the horse, and brought through the vaulted entrance of the old tower* into an adjoining chamber, the windows of which were closed with thick boards, so that no light was admitted except by a shot-hole in an adjoining closet. Polmaise being at that time uninhabited, except a part occupied by the farm-tenant,† the tower was unfurnished, so that Lady Grange was very poorly lodged, the only moveables of her apartment having been “an old and ugly bed without a roof,” and a decayed chair in no better condition.

In this confinement she was detained, by her own calculation, “for thirteen or fourteen weeks.” Of the party by whom she was brought, only Sandy and James Fraser were left as her guards, and at the end of three or four days, the former was also removed. She was attended and civilly treated by an old gardener and

* Chambers's Journal, No. 114, p. 146.

† Tradition.

his wife, named George Ross and Agnes Watt, who seem to have been "decent people," and kept a meal yard in Stirling. They had two sons and a daughter, who frequently visited their parents, and saw Lady Grange during her confinement; but as they gave no information concerning her, it is evidence that the reputation of her case prevented their interference. Foster the factor gave all directions for her supplies, provisions, coals, candles, and all other necessities, which were brought by the tenant, Andrew Leechman, whose wife gave attendance about the person of Lady Grange. For a considerable period of her detention, she was closely confined to her apartment, the doors beyond being locked and barred; but at length becoming indisposed—most probably more by the violence of her passions, than any effects of restraint—she was allowed the freedom of the upper chambers of the tower, and permitted to walk in the court, under the attendance of James Fraser, who kept the keys of the access. During the time that she was at Polmaise, Lord Lovat passed frequently through Stirling, and received the reports of Mr Foster and James Fraser.

At length, upon the 12th of August, Peter Fraser, his Lordship's page, arrived at Polmaise; and upon the 15th, at ten o'clock at night, Mr Foster, accompanied by this domestic, James Fraser, and another highlandman who called himself Alexander Grant, entered the lady's room, and required her to accompany them

from the house. According to her systematic resolution, however, she refused, and resisted until she was taken from the room by force, borne out by the two Frasers, and set upon a horse behind the "Captain," Mr Foster. Four other horses were in waiting, and these being mounted by the Highlanders and Leechman, they set off by the Stirling road. It was a moonlight night, which enabled Lady Grange to see the houses near which they passed. Upon some of these occasions she attempted to give an alarm, but the attendants immediately rode up, and stifled her voice with a "large roll, made for the use of stopping her mouth, with a cloth to tie about it to keep it in."

The party crossed the Forth at Stirling bridge, and rode towards the Highlands until near daylight, when they halted at a house unknown to Lady Grange. Here they rested during the day ; and for a short time after their arrival, Carsebonnie sat with her, but after leaving her, he approached no more during the remainder of his convoy, and at this stage surrendered his charge to the man who called himself Alexander Grant, but who, according to the belief of Lady Grange, feigned that designation. The remainder of the escort continued to be Andrew Leechman and the two Frasers, and a new attendant named M'Donald, who asserted that he was born in Glen-Garrie.

At nightfall they summoned their prisoner to continue her journey, but, as she declares, upon this and

every subsequent removal, she never departed until overcome by force. Resistance, however, was vain, and she was placed on horseback behind Alexander Grant. This conductor, however, was a feeble and inefficient person,* and probably a bad rider, who could not keep his unruly companion in order, for she was soon remounted, and tied behind James Fraser.

They rode all night, and before daylight entered General Wade's road—apparently that line which leads through Perthshire from Fort-William. As soon as it was dawn, they halted at a house, in which they remained all day, but at night they again continued their journey, and travelled until the morning, when they took up their lodging in a shealing-bothy.† During their ride they had passed some houses, and Lady Grange had endeavoured to raise cries for assistance, but her mouth was immediately stopped ; and had she given an alarm, it would have availed nothing, for during her journey, to divert any suspicions from her conduct, the attendants were prepared to give out that she was an insane lady, whom they were conveying to or

* “Nothing but a *silly* fellow.”—Lady Grange's Narrative. “*Silly*,” in the Scotch dialect, signifies “feeble, insignificant.”

† Lady Grange, in her Narrative, calls it a “*barn*,” but in the Highlands there are no barns removed from dwellings. Her lodging was certainly one of the shealing-huts in which formerly the Highlanders lived for a considerable portion of the summer, when the cattle were taken to the hills, and which, for the remainder of the year, were left open and deserted.

from "St Fillan's Pool," * according to the relation of their route to that place ; an assertion which any violence or vociferation on her part would only have confirmed, and which her ignorance of Gaelic prevented her from understanding or contradicting.

Being now far in the Highlands, her escort relaxed their restraint, and rested only until four o'clock in the afternoon, when they again took horse, and rode till they came to a bothy, where they made another halt. At this place Foster and his attendant Andrew Leechman left the party, without taking leave of Lady Grange ; but through a hole in the hut she saw them mount their horses and ride away. At nightfall the remaining party again set forward, and rode until near morning, when, the lady being very weary, they lifted her from the horse, and laid her upon the grass. Having rested for some time, they remounted, and continued their route until they arrived at the side of a hill, where "the way was so bad," that Lady Grange was unable to ride, and equally unable, or perhaps unwilling to walk, and the men carried her in their arms.

* Tradition communicated by Dr Joseph MacIntyre, minister of Glen-Urcha. St Fillan's Pool is sometimes but inaccurately called St Fillan's *Well*, but in reality it is a pool in the Water of Dochart, near the abbey dedicated to, and believed to have been founded by, St Fillan. It is supposed to have been consecrated by him, and to possess medicinal virtues, particularly against insanity, for which reason, in the time of Lady Grange, and for half a century later, its bath was much frequented by the people, even from a great distance.

During the night they lodged in an open bothy,* near a water, which was so much swollen, that in the morning they were unable to ride the ford, and were compelled to wait till the evening for its decrease. At length, however, the flood having abated, they crossed the stream, and pursued their journey to a house called Baile-mhuileainn,† in Strath-Errig,‡ and tenanted by a man named Andrew Fraser.

* Open "*shils*," printed copy Scots Mag. I. 337 ; *i.e.* shealing. The low country people apply the term "shealing" to the pastoral hut, whereas it signifies the green patch of hill pasture itself. The shelter is called a "shealing" or "shealy-bothy."

† Lady Grange being ignorant of Gaelic, the name of this place was given to her in its English translation, "*Miltown*." Of its locality in Strath-Errig there can be no doubt, since she was told that it lay "in Lord Lovat's country;" and in 1732, that nobleman possessed *no other* lands south or west of the Aird, North Morar having been only purchased by his son, General Fraser, subsequent to the year 1770.

Before the depopulation of the glens, every highland district had its "*Baile-Mhuileainn*," or "*Miltown*," named from the mill of the country to which it was attached. In the days of Lady Grange, there were, in Strath-Errig, two farm houses so called, about seven miles distant from each other, the one at the "*Eas-dubh*," or "*Black Fall*," a cataract on the Water of Ferpeg,* the other on the lands of Dalcraig, on the banks of the Feachlinn, within a mile of the Fall of Foyers. Both these were originally upon the property of Lord Lovat, but the former has since passed to the Frasers of Altdourie; its mill is still existing, and, until the last sixteen years, was the only one of the district; but that of Dalcraig has disappeared with its people, and the ancient and less frequent name of its tenement is almost forgotten.

‡ Strath-Fhearg, Gaelic, so named from the stream by which its principal division is watered, and which receives its denomination from its fury.

* Pronounced "*FERICKECK*."

Here preparations had been made for her reception, but she became so much inconvenienced by an accident

by the younger and broken generation which remains. There is, however, yet alive in Strath-Errig an old man named Alexander Fraser, the last of the hereditary tenants of Dalcraig, a little offset of the "*Clann-Ailein*," or Frasers of Foyers, who held the lands from 1560 until 1824. Their present representative is perhaps now the only person in the strath who remembers the ancient name of his paternal dwelling, and from him we have received the following particulars concerning its tenants.

It was about the year 1560 that it came into the occupation of the Foyers family. Previous to that period it had been inhabited by various others of different names, but at that time it was acquired in tack by "*Uisdean-dubh*," second son to the Ceann-tigh, or head of the Clann-Ailein. That while the lands of the farm were called Dalcraig, the dwelling-house was named the "Mill-town," is evinced by the lines of the old Gaelic poem :—

—————"tha mi tuir, eadh
 Truir mhac nighean Uisdean 'ic Uilleam
 Alasdair an' cnoc-nan-Duilleag
Uisdean-dubh 'a'm *Baile-Mhuileainn*,
 'S Ian dubh mòr 'a 'm Beul-a-Mhonaidh."

————— I lament
 The three sons of the daughter of Hugh, the son of William,
 Alexander of Cnoc-nan-Duilleag
 Black *Hugh* of *Baile-Mhuileainn*
 And Black great John of Beul-a'-Mhonaidh "

Alexander, Hugh, and John, thus mentioned, were three sons of the Laird of Foyers, settled at the places named in the poem. Hugh, who obtained the Mill-town of Dalcraig, was succeeded by his son Alexander, to whom followed, in lineal descent, two Williams, Simon, and Alexander their present representative, who only left the farm in 1824. According to his information, Simon, his father, was born in

which had happened to one of her breasts in the fury of some of her struggles, that she was allowed to remain for rest and recovery. She arrived at Baile-mhuileainn upon the 20th* of August, the fifth day of her journey, and was permitted to suspend her departure for sixteen days. During that period, all the escort left her except

1729, and his grandfather, William,* was the tenant at the time Lady Grange was brought to Strath-Errig. This genealogy affords a negative demonstration of the farm visited by Lady Grange. According to her notice the house was "about a mile" distant from "a loch." Such was the distance of both the Mill-towns of Strath-Errig from *Loch-Ness*; that of the Eas-dubh being a mile and a half by the old hill track used by the people before the formation of the modern road, that of Dalcraig, nearly the same space, following the original way used in 1732, and which, crossing the Feachlinn, near the mills, proceeded directly across the hill through a pass called the "*glac bog*," or soft hollow. According to the foregoing genealogy, however, the preference of identity lies with the Mill-town of the Eas-dubh, since Lady Grange gives the name of her host as "*Andrew*," and following Alexander Fraser, the cotemporary tenant of Dalcraig was "*William*." The tacksmen of the Eas-dubh, however, were also Frasers, and though the disappearance of their descendants has prevented us from tracing their Christian names, there can be little or no doubt that the "*Andrew*" of Lady Grange's Narrative was the tenant in 1732.

We have inserted at length the particulars of this note, as a small example of the local illustrations now preserved, or now lost with the old hereditary people of the glens.

* The edition of Lady Grange's Narrative, printed in the Scots Magazine for 1817, I. 337, reads erroneously "the 28th;" the *MS.* copy in our possession gives the 20th, the correctness of which is proved by both duplicates naming the day of Lady Grange's arrival at Baile-mhuileainn, or Miltoyn, as the *fifth* of her journey, she having left Polmaise on the 15th of August.—*Scots Mag.*, I. 336.

* Alexander, our informant, possesses a rent receipt from Lord Lovat, to this William, dated 1735.

James Fraser ; but on the 5th of September, Grant returned with the guard, and at night, placing her on horseback, brought her to Loch Ness, about a mile from Baile-mhuileainn, where a boat was in waiting, and conveyed them to the opposite shore.

At this boundary they appear to have approached Glengarrie's country, and given up their charge to his people ; for on landing her from the boat, James Fraser and all his followers quitted her, and returned no more. Lady Grange does not mention by whom she was afterwards escorted, but there is reason to think that neither the person who called himself Alexander Grant, nor the Glengarrie man who joined the party at the same time, were followers of Lord Lovat, and it is therefore most probable that these and the boatmen now formed the escort to the coast.

After crossing the lake, they were some days on their journey riding during the night, and lodging in shealing-bothies* during the day, but upon the 9th of September they arrived at the side of Loch Huarn, the most northerly lake in Glengarrie's country. By the original plan of her route, the place fixed for her embarkation was Scothouse, on Loch Nevis, the residence of Æneas Macdonell, uncle to Glengarrie ; but this

* Lady Grange calls them *byres*, but they were undoubtedly the pastoral huts at that time universal in the hills, built of turf, timber, and boughs, for the lodging of the people, even those of superior rank, during that annual season of rural enjoyment and freedom, when the cattle were taken to the upper shealings.

design was changed, and the vessel was ordered to Loch Huarn, which was considerably nearer to Strath-Errig, than Loch Nevis.

At day-break upon the morning after her arrival, the escort prepared for her embarkation. As usual, she made such stout resistance, that her attendants were compelled to carry her on board by force, but all the men being highlanders, none understood her clamours except the master of the vessel, Alexander Macdonald, tacksman of Heskar,* a small island three leagues to the west of North Uist, belonging to the laird of Sleat. To this man, Lady Grange appealed and threatened, but he was too faithful to his chief to depart from or question a service for which he had received his commands.

Few or none who have not seen the deep black bosom of Loch Huarn—its terrific rampart of mountain turrets, and the long and narrow gulf in which it sleeps in the iron cradle of its Stygian abyss†—can conceive its profound and breathless stillness when undisturbed by the wild gusts of the coires, or the gales which sweep through its narrow gorge. It was in such an interval that Lady Grange embarked, and for nine days afterwards the

* *Iasgair*. Gael: The Fisher; probably so named from the vast resort and slaughter of seals formerly made on its rocks.

† The received etymology of the name of the lake is "*Iutharn*," or Hell; and though we do not adopt this derivation, its universal acceptance is a sufficient proof of the awful character of the scenery. The origin of the name, however, was more probably from the "*Iubharan*," or yew trees, which grew about the loch.

vessel was detained by a dead calm. During this delay, it was visited by young Scothouse and his uncle, but, doubtless, prepossessed with her character as the denouncer of their friends, they came, as she declares, "only to see, but not relieve her."

Upon the 19th, John Macdonald, one of the sons of Scothouse, Rodrick Macdonald, brother to Macdonald of Baile-Caisteal,* William Tolmy,† and John MacLeod, son to MacLeod of Droighneach in Skye, the three last tenants of MacLeod in that island, went on board the sloop. The first had a long conversation with the master, and to the rest Lady Grange discharged her discoveries and complaints, entreating them to convey intelligence of her situation to her solicitor, Mr Hope of Rankillor, in Edinburgh. Tolmy promised to fulfil this request; but as it was never performed, he was no doubt prepared with her history, and forbore to interfere. Meanwhile, a wind having arisen, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail for Heskari. On the voyage, however, it encountered a gale, in which, if a

* Castletown.

† There are still some of this race in Skye; the residence of the principal is at Uganish and Usabost, on Macleod's lands. The name is rare in any district, but derived, not, as classic punsters are pleased to conceit, from "*Ptolemy*," but from the honest Gaelic term "*Tolmach*," the Hillocks; a name, no doubt, of some place of which their first ancestor was the inhabitant. In the copy of Lady Grange's Narrative given in the Scots Magazine, I. 337, it is printed erroneously *Toling*, a name not existing, and unauthorised by the MS., which has Tolmy

lady's opinion may be taken, it was in danger of being lost ;* but on the 30th of September they reached the island.

Upon their arrival, Lady Grange was lodged with Macdonald and his wife, not only because he was the person entrusted with her charge, but because his house was the only decent habitation in Heskarr, the rest being merely fishermen's or cotters' huts. With the accommodation of a remote isle, it may be supposed that the lady of a metropolitan judge should be very ill pleased, but the latitude of her complaints may be appreciated by the assertion that she was "*ten months without bread !*" As there were then no potatoes in the Hebrides, the alternative of her longevity, left to the imagination, is, that she must have fed upon fish and *sea-ware* ; but the reality was, that by "*bread*" Lady Grange designed wheaten loaves, and that she disdained to bestow their honourable title upon oat-cake, which it is probable, like Dr Johnson, she stigmatised as horse-meat.

Opposed, as all the charges of Lady Grange must be, by the evidence of her violent and vindictive character, the denial of all around her, and the counter blame of shameless and outrageous vices, it is impossible to receive her statements with confidence. According to the report of all her attendants, she pursued in her banishment the same furious conduct which had scandalised her home. It might be expected that she abhorred

* Narrative of Lady Grange.

her host and hostess ; but the vent which she gave to her passion corroborates the accusations against her outrages in Edinburgh ; for upon one occasion she presented a loaded pistol at the former, and, upon others, threw a lighted candle in the face of the latter, and attempted to stab her with a knife.

It is not surprising that after ten months' experience of such an inmate, Macdonald grew weary of his charge, and paid a visit to his chief, requesting to be relieved of the burden. Sir Alexander expressed himself equally discontented with her expense, but, professing his inability to make any change at that time, commanded his clansman to maintain his ward until farther instructed. Irritated, probably, by this disappointment, Macdonald is represented by Lady Grange as less indulgent after his return to Heskar. He gratified her, however, by bringing a provision which she acknowledges to have been "bread," and satisfied her wishes for the conveyance of intelligence, by the information, that, while in Skye, he conversed with the two sons of Alexander Mackenzie of Delvine, who were on a visit to his chief, and declared to them the custody of his prisoner. Whether, however, he fabled, or that the gentlemen were influenced by the confederates, it does not appear that they made any favourable use of the intelligence.

Lady Grange used various endeavours to prevail upon her host to furnish her with the means of writing a communication of her case, but this he refused, as well as

to discover the name of the island where she was detained. At length, however, having obtained this knowledge, she addressed a message to the minister of Uist, requesting him to pay her a visit, "to pray for the distress of her family." It is however probable that this gentleman was sufficiently acquainted with her history, to think that this pious consideration for the peace of her relations had been better remembered when she disgraced their society, and disturbed their repose ; for he returned answer, that "he was bound to pray for all distressed persons, but could not visit her for that purpose."

After Lady Grange had been confined for two years in Heskar, in May 1734 Sir Alexander Macdonald visited his westward isles, and sent notice to her warder that he would shortly be relieved of his charge, and should deliver her to the first person who brought authority for her removal. Accordingly, upon the 14th of June there arrived at Heskar a sloop commanded by Norman, brother to John MacLeod, tacksman of Baile-tuath,* in Harris, and Steward of St Kilda : he was accompanied by the latter, who was proprietor of the vessel, and brought a letter, directing Alexander Macdonald to deliver her to the charge of the MacLeods. Lady Grange neglects to mention by whom this missive was written ; but it is to be inferred that it was from

* This place still bears the same name, and is an extensive farm lying "in the south-west corner or peninsula" of Harris. Its appellation is given by Lady Grange in her Narrative, as it was translated for her into English, "*North-town*."

Sir Alexander Macdonald, and it is probable that he had received information from the low country which prompted her farther retirement, for Rodrick MacLeod, who had directed her abduction from Edinburgh, had come to the neighbouring isles, and upon the day before the delivery of the mandate for her removal, had been seen by her host in the house of his* brother-in-law, the Captain of Clan Ranald, in Uist. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs Erskine, where she was to be conveyed, her host professed his ignorance, and the Macleods asserted that it was to one of the Orkney islands. Upon this information, the lady made her accustomed refusal to remove, and resisted with such violence, that she complains of the rudeness which she suffered in the struggle to convey her on board. Having, however, secured her, Norman MacLeod swore all his men to secrecy, and they hoisted sail for St Kilda.

Upon arriving at that island, Lady Grange was lodged in the best house which it contained, and was provided with a maid-servant,† and the assistance of an interpreter, named Donald MacLeod, who, besides this ser-

* Ranald, Captain of Clanranald, father of the young chief, so much distinguished in 1745, married Margaret, eldest daughter to William MacLeod of Luskind, and sister to Rodrick MacLeod. The "Account of the Clan of MacDonald," 8vo. Edin. 1819, 159, errs in naming her father MacLeod "*of Bernera*." He was *second* son to Sir Norman of Bernera, and always designated "*of Luskind*." The lands and title of Bernera descended through his eldest brother John, who left them to his fifth son, the gallant Donald MacLeod of Bernera, in 1745.

† The first attendant of Lady Grange was a humble native of the island, but subsequently she was replaced by another of superior condition, "the daughter of a gentleman," that is, a respectable tacksman, whose family could trace their descent from their chief, or *Ceantigh*.

vice, was also a tailor, and made different articles of furniture for her use. The house which was assigned to her had been built for the residence of the steward during his annual visit to the island to collect the rents and convey necessary supplies. It was forty feet in length, and divided into two comfortable rooms, of which the exterior was appointed for the maid, and the interior for the lady; a neat, clean, and warm chamber, with a chimney, and two windows; a cushioned arm-chair, a good bed, and other necessary furniture. For her domestic use the house was provided with utensils, and a store containing tea, sugar, spices, flour, candles, and an anker of spirits.

It may be objected that the latter supply evinced more liberality than discretion. The shameless indecencies committed by her in Edinburgh, strongly indicate that she had contracted a habitual practice of intoxication in that city; and accordingly, upon the third night after her establishment in St Kilda, she was found lying beside the rum cask, in a condition which obliged the steward and his servants to lift her from the ground, and carry her to her bed.

The MacLeods remained in the island only a sufficient time to settle their usual business, establish Lady Grange in her abode, and make the necessary arrangements for her future residence, for the convenience of which, the tailor was left as her interpreter and artiste. At departure, the steward not only issued express

orders, but left a mandate in writing with his deputy, directing that officer and the inhabitants to furnish her at her will, and without limit, all kinds of provision, fuel, and candles. These allowances were not only continued regularly, and in spite of a lavish expenditure, but the imported stores were increased during the latter years of her detention. The following is an account of her annual provision during the seven years that she was upon the island ; to which are added inventories of her furniture, napery, and wardrobe, provided at her coming, or afterwards added :—

NATIVE PRODUCE.*

MEAL	.	.	.	8 bolls
BUTTER AND CHEESE	.	.	.	12 stone
BEEF	.	.	.	1 cow
SHEEP	.	.	.	12

* According to the steward's returns, the following was the amount of produce in St Kilda for the year 1741 :—

COWS	.	.	.	.	.	.	160
SHEEP	.	.	.	.	.	.	1000
HORSES	sufficient for labour, number not given.						
MEAL, <i>exported</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	40 bolls
BUTTER AND CHEESE, <i>exported</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	70 stones
BEEF AND MUTTON, <i>exported</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 tons
FEATHERS OF WILD-FOWL, <i>exported</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	100 stones

Besides the quantity of produce exported, mention is made that a sufficiency was retained for the consumption of the inhabitants, who in 1703, thirty-eight years before the return, amounted to two hundred persons.—*Martin's Western Isles*, p. 284.

LAMBS	.	.	.	12
MALT	.	.	.	1½ boll
BARLEY for broth	.	.	.	1 do.
HENS' EGGS AND FISH	.	.	.	<i>ad libitum</i>
MILK* daily	.	.	.	2 Scots pints
CANDLES	.	.	.	6 stones
PEATS	.	.	.	<i>ad libitum</i>

IMPORTS

For the first four years, annually.

TEA	.	1 lb.	WHEAT	.	6 pecks
SUGAR	.	1 stone	SPIRITS	.	1 anker

For the succeeding years, annually.

TEA	.	2 lb.	CLARET	.	
SUGAR	.	1½	WHITE WINE,		12 bottles
WHEAT	.	½ boll	SPICES	.	
FLOUR	.	8 pecks	PRUNES	.	6 lb.
LOAVES, wheaten		4	RAISINS	.	6 lb.
BRANDY	.	2 ankers	RICE	.	8 lb.

* For this provision, the best cows in the island, during winter and summer, were placed at her command; and by the testimony of her servant, Florence Macleod, her supply was so abundant, that she not only "made fresh butter, but lavished a good deal of the milk among the inhabitants."

FURNITURE AND UTENSILS.

1 TABLE	1 TABLE
1 ARM CHAIR with a cushion	1 TEA do.
1 STANDING BED with curtains	CANDLESTICKS AND SNUF- FERS
1 NEW WOOL BED	TONGS
1 FEATHER BED	SPIT
4 PAIRS FINE BLANKETS	TEA SERVICE
5 PAIRS SHEETS	PLATES, DISHES, POTS, PANS, &c. as requi- site
These two last renew- ed as required.	

INVENTORIES OF WARDROBE

BY MARY MACLEOD, 1736.

5 GOWNS	1 SILK do.
1 CAMLET CLOAK	12 HEAD-DRESSES
1 CLOTH do.	1 NEW GOWN*
2 VELVET HOODS	2 PAIRS STOCKINGS
4 PAIRS STOCKINGS	2 PAIRS SHOES
2 PAIRS SHOES	2 SMOCKS
2 TWILLED PETTICOATS	2 WAISTCOATS
8 SMOCKS	1 APRON
8 WAISTCOATS	1 NAKPIN, <i>i. e.</i> pocket handkerchief
4 APRONS	

* The preceding items were in the possession of Lady Grange at the coming of Mary Macleod; the subsequent were provided afterwards.

4 NAPKINS, <i>i. e.</i> pocket handkerchiefs	1 SILK HANDKERCHIEF
2 COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS	4 HEAD-DRESSES
	1 PAIR SILK GLOVES

BY FLORENCE MACLEOD, IN 1738.

2 COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS	5 APRONS
2 SILK do.	5 NAPKINS, <i>i. e.</i> pocket handkerchiefs
3 SILK GOWNS	2 VELVET HOODS
2 HAMBURGH GOWNS	6 PAIRS STOCKINGS
1 Sewed, <i>i. e.</i> worked HOLLAND GOWN	3 PAIRS SHOES
2 TWILLED PETTICOATS	2 CLOAKS
10 SMOCKS	GLOVES, coarse
10 WAISTCOATS	1 PAIR do. silk
3 FLANNEL UNDER PET- TICOATS	16 HEAD-DRESSES, mus- lin and cambric

To these evidences of her wardrobe, witnesses who saw her annually added their testimony, that she was "always genteel, clean, and well clad." The liberality of her supply in all which she demanded from the produce of the island, is corroborated by several persons, who declared that, according to the mandate left by the steward at every visit, she was not only allowed all which she required, but drew so largely for provision, fuel, and candles, that "she maintained some families of the island with what she squandered upon them." This bounty was doubtless exerted to gain parties to her escape, for she frequently offered large bribes to the people to carry her off in their boat, and even tempted

the steward with a promise of three thousand marks for conveying her to any place from whence she could reach Edinburgh.

It speaks much for that incorruptible fidelity which distinguished the character of the clans—which ten years later refused a treasure for the head of one whom it was ruin to protect—that, in spite of the temptations to corrupt their obedience, the poor inhabitants of St Kilda could not be bribed to break their allegiance to their chief, while they cheerfully paid the heavy tax imposed upon them for the maintenance of one by whose release they would have been relieved as well as rewarded. But the spirit which refused three thousand marks to liberate Lady Grange, was the same which rejected thirty thousand pounds to betray Charles Edward.

If, however, Lady Grange endeavoured to purchase service by a bribe, her conduct and character was a stimulant more repulsive than the reward was attractive. To the simple and faithful clansmen of her time, an action against their chief could have been excited less by personal avarice than sentiments of admiration, or emotions of regard towards another. But while she strove to win them by purchase, the captive of St Kilda scandalized its simple people by intemperance and outrage.

During the whole period of her residence, she continued the same violent and vindictive conduct which

had disgraced her family at home. All the testimonies of those by whom she was known, declare that her life was a continuance of furious passion and gross intemperance ; that she beat her servants with sticks, household utensils, or whatever came into her hands ; and upon one occasion made an attempt to take a loaded pistol from the head of the steward's bed, where he was sleeping. She has complained that her interpreter once made show of drawing his dirk upon her ; but she did not discover that *she* had attempted to belabour him with a candlestick, which he only avoided "by taking to his heels before she could have at him."

All her attendants bear witness that she was "inconstant," furious, and vindictive, and so much "given to drink," that she was frequently confined to bed by intoxication.

At length, however, she obtained a tool, in the person of one of those illiterate and wretched catechists to whom, in the remote Highlands and Isles, the instruction of the people had been committed after the banishment of the ancient clergy, and the destruction of their numerous chapels, the ruins of which are now to be seen in every island, and frequently where none have since supplied their place.* In the most distant

* When Dr Johnson visited the Hebrides, he was sensibly affected by the past endowments, the present destitution of religion. "It was not only in Raarsa," said he, "that the chapel is unroofed and useless ; through the few islands which we visited, we neither saw nor heard of any house of prayer, except in Skye, that was not in ruins. The ma-

parts these itinerant missionaries visited their charge only at stated intervals, which in winter was rendered still more unfrequent, and often uncertain, by the weather and the wind. Many of the vagrant catechists were exceedingly low and illiterate ; and that the con-

lignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency altogether ; and if the remembrance of papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewise effaced." "In Coll, the minister has no public edifice for the exercise of his ministry, and can officiate to no greater number than can be contained in the room of a hut ;" and to this some of the inhabitants "must travel ten miles." "Two chapels were erected by their ancestors, of which I saw the skeletons—faithful witnesses to the triumph of the Reformation."—*Journey to the Western Isles*, 8vo, London, 1775, p. 146, 281.

Before that period of destruction, a chapel had existed in St Kilda, and in 1703, though its crucifix was broken down, it was still permitted to lie upon the altar. In its original days it was attended by a priest, who resided on the island, and was relieved every three months from North Uist. After the fiery persecution which, on pain of death, banished the Catholic clergy from the isles, St Kilda, in common with other remote places, was left deserted, and, for a time, even unvisited. At length a missionary was sent from the Presbytery of Harris, but, in the time of Lady Grange, he only visited the island once in the year. During the rest of that period the children were baptized, and the betrothed were married by the steward-depute, or *by any of the neighbours*, and all which remained of any religious observance was maintained by the people, who, upon Sunday, assembled "in the churchyard, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments." The form of their marriage was as concise as that of their "divine service." "The natives of both sexes being present, the steward, who performed the ceremony, tendered a crucifix to the married couple, who laid their right hands upon it, and then the marriage was ratified." In the sacrament of baptism, the steward, or the neighbour, sprinkled a little water on the face of the child, with the words—"I baptize you to your father and mother, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."—*Martin's Western Isles*, p. 287.

fidant of Lady Grange was one of this class, is evinced not only by direct evidence, but the Narrative which he wrote from her dictation, and which, in the greatest degree base and slovenly, in some places is almost unintelligible.

The name of this individual was Rodrick MacLennan, and he was married to a woman called Katharine MacInnon. Thus, unconnected with MacLeod by any ties of clanship, they were not only strangers to the interests and allegiance of his people, but, prompted by others of their own, and inspired by a domineering, greedy, and avaricious character, at the arrival of Lady Grange in St Kilda they were at discord with the inhabitants and their officers, and excited against their chief. Hence they were already prepared as confederates for his ward; and it is probable that with this view they were among the most particular objects upon whom she lavished her superabundant supplies.

Their characters, indeed, appear to have had some affinity to her own; and though, in other circumstances, their vices would have been dangerous to each other, both being at variance with the people, their hostility made common cause between themselves. Mrs MacLennan is reputed to have been "a bold and impudent schold;" the catechist of no better temper, and, like Lady Grange, greatly addicted to corporeal punishment, beating the men and assaulting the women, examples of which are given in precognitions, which

declare that upon one occasion he attacked a member of his congregation as they were leaving the church ; on another, that he endangered the life of a pregnant woman, by kicking her on the body ; and on two more, attempted violence of another kind upon the maid of Lady Grange.

In his spiritual vocations he scandalized the simple people for whose edification he was sent ; to those with whom he quarrelled, he refused the rites of Christianity, excommunicating a man for supporting his wife in a dispute with the *minestresse*, and denying prayers to a sick woman, and baptism to a dying child, because he had a feud with the husband of the one, and the parent of the other. His honesty was reputed to be no better than his charity, for he was accused of planning and sharing the theft of twenty-four wedders, and hiring divers boys to steal his neighbours' peats.

If he fell out with the people, he was upon no better terms with their superiors. For some time after his appointment to the mission, he had conceived an ardent desire to dispossess and supplant the steward of the island, by whom it was farmed from MacLeod.* With

* "The isle is the Laird of MacLeod's property," who "bestows it upon a cadet of his name, whose fortune is low, to maintain his family, and he is called the steward of it ; he visits the isle once every summer, to demand the rents, viz., down, wool, butter, cheese, cows, horses, fowl, oil, and barley. The steward's deputy is one of the natives, and stays always on the place ; he has free lands, and an omer of barley from each family, and has the honour of being the first and

this view he addressed to the chief a malicious memorial against his officer ; and when its allegations were exposed and defeated, raised a faction in the island, inciting the inhabitants to resist the jurisdiction of the steward, and the customary dues to the laird.

Lady Grange arrived during his usual periodical absence, but upon his next visit she lost no time in availing herself of an opportunity so favourable for securing a confederate ; but MacLennan, who is represented as having been as mean as he was avaricious, appears to have been timid of openly braving the power of MacLeod, and the displeasure of his ecclesiastical superiors. It seems the Presbytery of Harris was well acquainted with the character and banishment of Lady Grange, and discountenanced any interference in her favour. One of its members, the Rev. Mr MacAulay, was uncle to MacLennan, and he not only condemned his intermeddling, but bore strong testimony to his abuse of his clerical functions.

According to the Narrative of Lady Grange, the visit of the missionary to St Kilda was soon after her arrival in the island, but he did not convey any intelligence of her restraint until near seven years subsequently. She applied to him for materials to write her case, but he declined to undertake the hazard of this service, though he afterwards consented to write the account from her

last in their boat as they go and come to the lesser isles or rocks."—*Martin's Western Isles*, 290.

dictation. This document, however, he did not make known until he was expelled from St Kilda for his misconduct.

At length he became so intolerable in that island, and disreputable to his church, that his uncle, Mr MacAulay, accused him to the "agent for the kirk," recommending that its "commission" should recal him to his own Presbytery, to answer the charges of assault, rape, the celebration of clandestine marriages, and various other irregularities. Upon these grounds MacLennan was removed from his mission, and being thus placed in immediate hostility with the detainers of Lady Grange, resolved to make trial of her interest, and proceed to Edinburgh to discover her concealment, and denounce her abductors.

For this purpose he was provided by her with letters for her law-agent, Mr Hope of Rankillor, and two others of her friends; and in January 1741, accompanied by his wife, he set out for the metropolis. Upon arrival, his information was received by Mr Hope with the usual zeal of a lawyer for a promising case. Precognitions of the missionary and his wife were immediately taken, and as these were held in Stirling, it is probable that, guided by their revelations, attempts were made at the same time to sift the inhabitants of Polmaise. Upon the declarations thus obtained, the solicitor for Lady Grange made application to the Lord Justice-Clerk for warrants empowering him to search

for and produce the banished lady in Edinburgh, and also to arrest and bring up the Laird of MacLeod, and the others of his family and clan accused of aiding in her transportation.

Upon this demand the judge called two of the Lords of Justiciary to his assistance, and they directed that the accusation should be intimated to Mr John MacLeod the advocate, at whose house she had been first lodged, charging him to reply for his kinsmen and Lord Grange. Upon this citation, Mr MacLeod declared that he had no authority to appear for the latter, but repelled the charges against his chief and his clansmen, claiming that no warrant should be granted upon the evidence of such "scandalous" and discreditable persons as MacLennan and his wife. In consequence of this reply, Rankillor was directed by the judges to produce the letters of evidence purporting to have been written by Lady Grange, but these were recognised not to be in her handwriting, and having in reality been written by the catechist from her dictation, he was unable to substantiate their veracity, and they were dismissed as insufficient. After some debate, however, the Lords consented to grant the warrants, if Rankillor would give bail to establish his charge, or hold himself liable for all ensuing damages. But this he refused to undertake, and the warrants were denied.

Being thus foiled of legal aid, upon the 12th of February Mr Hope chartered a sloop commanded by a master

named William Gregory;* and having manned the vessel with twenty-five armed men, embarked Mrs MacLennan, and sent them to search for and “rescue Lady Grange wherever she could be found.” Meanwhile, information of hostile proceedings having been received by MacLeod, the object of their search was removed to Assint, where she was lodged in a farm-house, but allowed entire freedom, and as much accommodation as that remote seclusion might afford.† According to Mr Hope’s account, and the expenses charged for the voyage, his privateer proceeded to St Kilda, but too

* The following is the amount and items given by Rankillor :—
To freight paid William Gregory, shipmaster, who was sent to St Kilda with his sloop in quest of the Lady “Grange,” per charter party, submission, and decret-arbitral thereon; and Mr Gregory’s discharge, 29th March 1742, L.57, 8s. 10d. sterling, and the which sum was paid as follows, viz. :—

To cash paid him, 12th Feb. 1741, at signing the charter party,	L.30	5	0
To interest thereof from 12th Feb. 1741 to 12th Sept. 1744,	5	8	4
To cash sent him to Lorn, 1st May 1741,	15	1	6
To interest thereof from said 1st May 1741 to 1st Oct. 1744,	2	11	3
To cash paid him in full of the freight, per decret arbitral, 25th March 1742, and discharge thereof, dated 29th March 1742,	12	2	4
To interest thereof from said 29th March 1742 to 29th Sept. 1744,	1	10	3
	L.66	18	8

† Tradition of Skye, communicated by Mrs Major MacLeod and Sir John MacRae; also Scots Mag. I. 339.

late to intercept his client, returned to the Horse-Shoe Bay,* in Lorn, to await instructions and intelligence. Lord Grange, however, denies that the vessel ever proceeded beyond that anchorage, and declares, that upon arriving there, the captain, having had a quarrel with Mrs MacLennan, and becoming convinced that she was unworthy of any confidence, dismissed and sent her on shore.†

Unable to obtain any news of Lady Grange, he despatched an express to MacLeod at Inverness, from

* “The Horse-Shoe Bay” is a basin in the sound of Kerrara, deeply indented into the island from which that strait takes its name, and by which it is shut in from the western sea and winds. It is well known to mariners as the safest and best anchorage upon the west coast of Scotland; and even during a storm, large vessels may lie in repose upon its sheltered waters. In the early and middle ages, it was a principal rendezvous for the fleets of the Norwegians and the Isles, and it was there that Alexander the Second assembled the fleet for his expedition against the islanders, and, seized with sickness, died on board his galley. Within our recollection, it was said by an old seaman that at low water a cairn was yet visible where the royal ship was anchored; but according to present information, no such memorial is now known. Opposite the anchorage, however, upon the island, there is a field which still bears the name of “*Dall-Righ*,” “the King’s field.” It is proper to mention, that from its form, and by persons unacquainted with the localities of Lorn, the Bay of Oban has been confounded with the “*Horse-Shoe Bay*,” but the latter lies near the middle of the sound, and in the Island of Kerrara, while the Bay of Oban is formed within the mainland, at the northern opening of the strait.

† Rankillor’s accounts contain the following entry for her expenses:—“To cash given Mrs MacLennan, who went along with Captain Gregory, for her charges, and getting home her trunk and baggage, L.2, 14s.”

whence the chief returned a reply to Rankillor in Edinburgh. Of the nature of this communication, we have no knowledge ; but upon its reception, the bearer* was charged with a second letter from Mr Hope. MacLeod detained the messenger for ten days before he delivered to him his final answer ; upon the receipt of which, Rankillor, by the same runner, forwarded instructions to Gregory to continue at his anchorage until further orders.

Meanwhile Mrs MacLennan had returned to Edinburgh, but whether from the cause of her quarrel with Gregory, or any other displeasure, both she and her husband became discountenanced by Rankillor, and involved in difficulties. Upon leaving Lady Grange, the missionary, as before noticed, had been furnished with letters for two of her friends. Whether one of these was addressed to the Earl of Isla, afterwards Duke of Argyll, or whether, prompted by her own views, Mrs MacLennan made various applications to that nobleman by letters, which she delivered herself at his apartments in Holyrood, the earl, however, was so persuaded of the true character of Lady Grange, that he would not receive her emissary, and gave orders that she should not be admitted into the palace. Upon this repulse, the MacLennans, falling into distress, and finding no

* This person was a man named John MacCowan, one of a very small race principally inhabiting the districts of Lorn and Glen-Urcha. The expenses for his three journeys, including the ten days in which he was detained by M'Leod, were charged by him and vouched by Rankillor at L.6, 19s.

advantage in the cause of Lady Grange, made overtures to her husband, offering to make discoveries interesting to him if he would admit them to his presence, and favour them with his assistance. The judge, however, assured them that they were "*naughty* persons," and that he "would have nothing to do with them." Upon which they left Edinburgh, and were heard of no more.

Rankillor, though he could not discover his client, did not relinquish her cause. But none of her children, or any friends acquainted with her former scandals, would interfere in her case. At the time of his movement two of her sons were grown up to manhood, and one of her daughters was married to Lord Kintore, but all these tacitly acknowledged the justification of Lord Grange in the furor of his lady, and none offered any extenuation of her blame, or gave any countenance to the proceedings of her agent.*

Thus abandoned by her family, he endeavoured to raise a subscription for her cause ; but this also failing, he threatened to carry it on at his own expense. Upon this menace, Lord Grange caused precognitions to be taken in St Kilda of those who had served and been most familiar with his lady ; and upon obtaining the reports of those examinations, he laid them before a meeting of his friends, in which were assembled Lord Doune, the Solicitor-General Grant, Mr Robert Craigie,

* Scots Mag. I. 333.

Mr John MacLeod, advocate, and Mr Hugh Paterson, his own nephew, and son to the Baronet of Banock-bourne.

Upon the testimonies then produced, the auditors declared that Lord Grange had entirely vindicated himself, to which the legal gentlemen added, that if Mr Hope was not also satisfied, and still continued his pursuit, they would not appear in his cause.

Rankillor, however, did persevere, but, unable to make out any charge upon the banishment of his client, he assumed that her provision had been unequal to that prescribed by the settlement of separation, by which her husband had become bound to allow her a hundred a-year during their conventional divorce. Lord Grange declared that she had not only violated the stipulations of tranquillity upon which this obligation was given, but that, when tendered, she had thrice refused to receive the dividends of the annuity, and cited two gentlemen by whom he had transmitted the payments. Mr Hope acknowledged that one had been received, but no more ; and without noticing the breach of articles, or the balance of expenses for the lady's maintenance in St Kilda, he raised his action against her husband for all the arrears of her income.

This claim being brought into court in the absence of Lord Grange from Edinburgh, judgment went by default ; and upon the 12th November 1743, a decret was given against him for £1150, the amount of arrears

of annuity claimed from the period of his wife's separation up to the date of the action, that is, eleven years. Independent of the objections before stated, this verdict appears liable to the opposition, that the contract of separation under which the arrears were claimed was limited to a nomination of only five years, leaving six years for which no obligation had been provided. Whether for this and the foregoing exceptions, no payments were obtained from Lord Grange, and the case seems to have been left dormant until after the death of his lady.

Meanwhile, after a residence of some months in Assint, she had been removed to the Isle of Skye, but her condition had now undergone a great change, and no restriction was placed upon her liberty. For some time before her conveyance from St Kilda, her violent passions and habitual intoxication had begun to affect her moral and physical health, and produced symptoms of approaching imbecility.* Previous to this affection, at intervals of her fiery temper, when elevated by the inspiration of her stimulants, she would assemble the "lasses" of the island, and make them dance before her; but latterly she became gloomy and solitary, confined herself entirely in the day, and went abroad only by night.† During her residence in Assint, she had become enfeebled in body and mind. The sea-sickness

* Traditions of Skye, communicated by Mrs Major MacLeod.

† Tradition of St Kilda, communicated by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder

of her voyage is said to have brought on an illness from which, when she recovered, there ensued a settled imbecility of mind, in which her passions subsided, and she appeared indifferent to her condition, and manifested no desire to leave her retreat. After her removal to Skye, this sinking of the intellect increased, until at last it became alienated in almost perfect idiocy. She exhibited a restless desire to ramble ; and no motive remaining for restraint, she was allowed entire freedom, and became a wandering "*Amadan*," strolling from place to place, and maintained by the hospitality and tenderness which, in the Highlands, as in Switzerland, gives a sacred claim to the idiot poor. In this state, lost to her own recollections, and gently treated by all around her, she lingered for seven years, and at last, in 1749, died * at Idragal, in the house of one of the cotters.†

* The record of her settlement is dated 14th of April 1749.

† Tradition of Skye. Letter of Lord Grange, June 1, 1749 ; original in the possession of Mr Erskine, Editor of the Memoirs of the Emperor Baba. In the communication to which this letter is a reply, mention had been made that Lady Grange had "retained wit and facetiousness to the last." Her husband confesses his surprise at the mention of these qualities, which had never been discovered in her better days. On the contrary, he observes, "if she had not been possessed in an extraordinary and insufferable degree of the reverse, and after many fruitless endeavours to reclaim her, she had never seen those parts" in which she died.—*Letter of Lord Grange*. It is possible that what had passed for witticisms in the report of the informant, had been the idiocies committed by Lady Grange after her imbecility, and in which, like many naturals, she might have possessed that quaint foolery which

Her death, however, did not terminate the vexations of her husband. Soon after her separation, she had executed an unnatural will, by which she had disinherited all her children; and though the youngest, being almost infants, could never have given her serious offence, to their exclusion conveyed whatever she might be entitled to possess at the time of her death, to *Mrs Hope and her three daughters*, Margaret, Agnes, and Helen. Upon her decease Rankillor awakened his proceedings against Lord Grange on the part of these ladies, and, claiming their benefit in the award which had recognised the arrears of his wife's annuity, raised an action, not only for the amount formerly assumed to be due, but for its increase in the additional years which had elapsed between the antecedent judgment and the time of her death. Upon the 12th of December 1749, a decret was granted upon this claim, but it was not until 1751 that a final settlement was concluded. Lord Grange was brought to no concession; and by the tardiness of his antagonist, and the inefficiency of his success, he appears to have been sensible of the weakness of his cause.

At length, however, two years after the decree in favour of the Hopes, an agreement was entered into by all the parties to refer the matter to the arbitration of two advocates, Mr Joseph Williamson, and Mr Hamil-

still amuses the vulgar with the same inconsiderate and indecent pleasure which anciently infected their superiors, and introduced the cap and bells into the households of the great.

ton of Olivestob. In consenting to this reference, Lord Grange declared that he was induced only by consideration "for his children and his family," to relieve them from a litigation which kept alive the memory of their mother's disgrace. Both parties having laid their statements before the arbitrators, an adjustment was at length concluded, by which Mr Hope and his daughters quitted all claim under the will of Lady Grange, and discharged her husband of the decret given in their favour ; and Lord Grange, upon his part, consented to pay Rankillor all "his advances in the account of Mrs Rachael Chiesly." The ratification of this agreement was signed on the 24th of April 1751, and upon this termination of hostilities, the history of Lady Grange declined into that oblivion which has since given room for so much perversion of its truth.*

* This account is completed from two copies of the Narrative of Lady Grange, and documents and papers connected with her case, now in our possession. Where tradition has added any other notices their authority is marked in the margin.

ARREST OF THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA.

II. PAGE 198.

THE betrothed Queen of James VIII., daughter to the Polish Prince James Sobieski, was one of the richest heiresses in Europe, and cousin-german to the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Germany ; but her father was dependent upon the latter, who, at the time of her proposed alliance with the exiled King of England, was supported in his claims upon Sicily by the reigning dynasty of Britain. Taking advantage of this obligation, the ministers of George I., jealous of the influence and wealth which the union of the Princess would convey to the house of Stuart, made interest with the Emperor to interpose his supremacy for its suspension. In the summer of 1718, Clementina, accompanied by her mother, began her journey towards Italy, for the marriage. They travelled very privately ; but upon intelligence of their route being conveyed to Vienna, the Prince Sobieski was immediately arrested, and confined in the monastery of Breig, while the Princesses, in passing through the Tyrol, were arrested at Inspruck, and Clementina was committed to a convent, under such strict surveillance

that a garde du corps was placed in her antechamber. Her subsequent liberation is thus related by the Baron de Pollnitz:—

“King James having charged M. Gaidon, a major in the French service, with the liberation of the Princess, that officer, accompanied by an English gentleman named Ogan, and a Mr and Mrs Misset, who were Irish, set off for Inspruck, where they arrived with a great retinue, and all the appearance of people of consequence. At the gates of the town they contrived to break down their carriage, which served them for a pretext to remain in the city while it was repairing. They appeared at all the assemblies, and by the assistance of a nun, whom they gained over, found means to convey a letter to the Princess. The day and hour for the flight being fixed at eleven o'clock in the evening, “The confederates succeeded in passing through the guards in the princess's antechamber, a young girl who resembled her in figure. As soon as she was safely in her apartment, Clementina, who had feigned illness for two days, arose and put on the habit of the girl, who took her place in bed, upon which the disguised princess issued boldly from her chamber, passed the guards without discovery, and joined Misset, who, as it had been agreed, lingered whistling before the convent, that she might know whom to address. The princess was conducted to a hotel ; but as they went, the streets being covered with snow, and very dark and dirty, she slipped

her foot into a puddle, lost her shoe, and was obliged to walk through the wet upon her stocking. When they reached the hotel, they would not give her time to put on a dry pair of hose, but, wet as she was, obliged her to enter the carriage, with Mrs Misset and Major Gaidon. Ogan was on horseback at the door, but Misset remained behind for two hours, to observe if the flight of the princess was discovered. When, however, the tranquillity of the guards convinced him that nothing had been suspected, he followed the princess, but two posts in the rear, in order to intercept any pursuit. This precaution was not useless. At an early hour in the morning it was discovered that the princess had escaped, and the commandant of Inspruck immediately despatched couriers upon all the high roads, with orders to the county officers to arrest the fugitives. Misset was overtaken by the messenger, who had followed the same road as the princess, and he joined company with him for some distance, resolved, before he parted, to make him drunk, or break his head. Having, however, taken the precaution to provide himself with some soporific drug, he succeeded in the first alternative ; and having given the courier his dose, as soon as he saw him asleep, stole his despatches, and carried them off to the princess, who, at the end of three days' and three nights' travelling without a halt, found herself safe in the states of the Church.

“ At Bologna she was received by Lord Dunbar, who,

King James being yet in Spain, was charged with the commission of proxy in his marriage. This ceremony was performed without great pomp, and in a few days the princess set off for Rome. At her entrance she was received by my Lady Mar, and all the British Jacobites in the city, by whom she was preceded through the streets in the carriages of the prince. The cardinals, the Roman princes, and all the nobility, sent their coaches to join in the procession ; during the progress of which, the princess was every where received with the greatest marks of respect. Within a short period after her arrival, she was joined by her husband.”*

* Lettres et Memoires du Baron de Pollnitz, &c., 12mo. Liege, 1737, II. 217.

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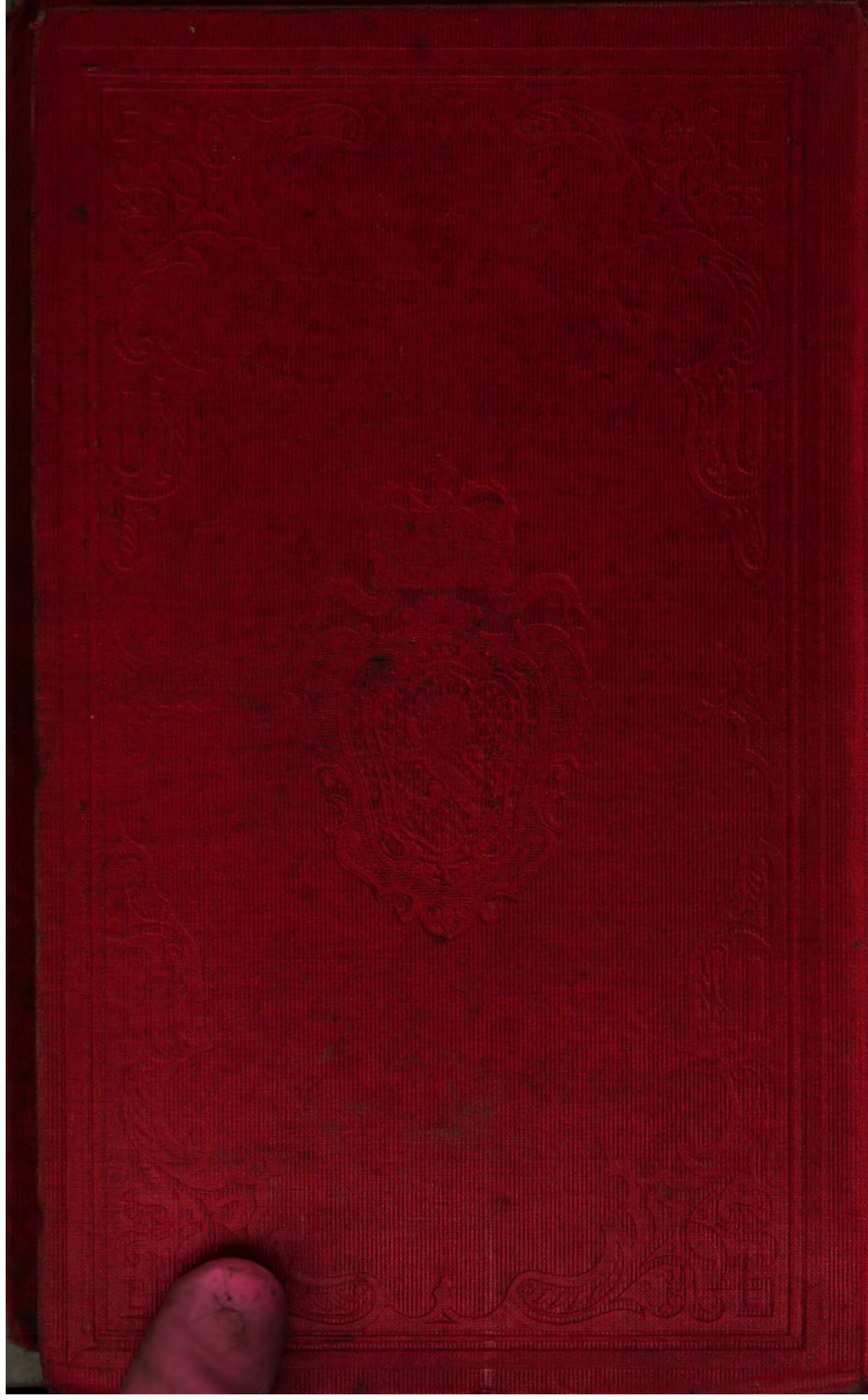
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